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THE SAGAMORE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

November, 1915

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SAXE

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Volume 22 NOVEMBER, 1915 Number 1

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII NOVEMBER, 1915 NUMBER 1

The Sagamore's Greeting

From the slopes of the pine-clad mountains,
From the ocean's storm-swept shore,
From the forest's shadowy glades I come
To welcome my friends once more.
I greet the new comrades who join us;
I mourn those of school days gone by.
May the mem'ries of old friends attend us,
May the powers of learning befriend us,
And from errors and failure defend us.
Hail! Students of Brookline High.

To a large percentage of Brookline students The Sagamore seems to be some abstract body, some school institution which takes no interest in them, and which, they believe, neither expects nor deserves their support. In this latter belief they are entirely wrong. It has been and always will be the policy of The Sagamore to interest itself in the welfare of the entire school and to afford the student body some opportunity of benefitting themselves from a literary standpoint.

Last year the experiment was tried of making every High School student send in a monthly contribution to The Sagamore. This, in a certain measure, was a failure. In many cases contributions of a decidedly inferior grade, owing to the carelessness

with which they had been written, were received, and several pupils even went so far as to send in material that was not original. In view of last year's experience, a new plan is to be adopted this term: after the appearance of each issue of The Sagamore the members of the various English divisions will be given the choice between doing the home lesson assigned for that night or writing some contribution for The Sagamore.

Now the success of The Sagamore rests largely with the school. The members of the editorial staff are occupied with their respective departments and can only devote a small portion of their time toward contributing to the literary section. It is the student body which must supply the necessary material, and it is hoped that a great majority of pupils will avail themselves of these Sagamore periods and insure the literary success of the paper for the coming year.

The death of Mr. J. Murray Kay this fall came as a severe shock to his many friends in Brookline. There have been very few citizens of this town who took so keen an interest in High School affairs and who had the welfare of the students so much at heart as did Mr. Kay. The fact that he left in his will a provision for the continuance of his annual prizes in elocution and English composition only goes to emphasize his desire to benefit the pupils of Brookline High. The Sagamore, speaking for the school, can only express the deepest regret at the death of one of the High School's most loyal and devoted friends.

In Mr. Brooks' resignation Brookline High has lost the services of one of the most efficient and popular members of its teaching corps. He was a prominent figure in many of the High School activities, and it was largely through his untiring efforts that the dramatic productions of past years proved to be so successful. It is deeply to be regretted that, owing to his absence last spring, the school was unable to tender him some token of its

appreciation of his work here. Mr. Brooks has been appointed Superintendent of Schools in Exeter, New Hampshire, and we all wish him success in his new position.

The opening of Tech Field is a source of great satisfaction to us all, but it is necessary to realize fully the grave situation which arises from such an acquisition. One of the chief reasons that prompted the High School authorities to urge their plea for the purchase of these grounds was that the possession of an enclosed field would greatly aid the athletic association in its financial difficulties. In recent years, however, the majority of Brookline students who attended the home games refused to purchase the tag tickets which were sold on the grounds, and the different teams managed to pay expenses only through the willingness of outsiders to help.

Now that Tech Field is ready for use it will be necessary for those who have previously attended home games free of charge either to pay the admission to the games or to stay away from the park altogether. The school authorities look to the student body to solve this problem. No member of Brookline High should be so lacking in school spirit as to stay away from the games when his team is battling with a rival school and is in need of his moral support. No member of Brookline High should balk at an admission fee when he is fully aware that his team requires financial aid. The town has spent a lavish amount of money in the purchase and repairing of Tech Field, trusting in the belief that such grounds would be a great advantage to the High School. It is our duty to see that this confidence is repaid.

The Captain of Company D

A STORY? Wal, I cal'late I can tell ye one if ye really want to hear it. Bring yonder stool and set here by me under this little tree I planted fifty years ago, afore I went South to fight for my country and my flag. Do ye want me to tell ye about them 'ar times? A story with an animile in it? Wal, wal, mix the two, eh? I cal'late I can. Wait till I get my pipe to drawin' an' I'll see whut I kin do.

The best little animile we boys of Company D ever had around us wor a little yaller pup we'd picked up in one o' the Carolinas some time in '61. I tell ye that little yaller pup wor the pet o' our company, he wor. Not a man o' us wouldn't 'a done 'most anything for 'im, but Bep—we named him "Bep"—would have none o' us. That is, he liked us, ye know, and he would stand thar an' wave his tail at us when we spoke to him, but bless you, all his little heart, which I guess wa'n't nigh so yaller as his coat, wor given, 'thout any reservations, to our Captain.

I don't know as I blame the pup for givin' his affections to our Cap'n. He was a likely lad, and every one loved him. He wor one o' them thar tall, slight, graceful looking boys, wi' black ha'r an' brown eyes, an' he sure wor good lookin', 'specially when he smiled. That 'ar Cap'n o' ours had all us boys pretty nigh a-worshippin' at his feet, he had; an' not one o' us thar but would 'a' died for him, cheerful, any day. Bep wor only followin' the gineral trend o' the times in handing over his youthful puppy heart to our Cap'n for safe-keepin'.

The Cap'n returned the affection. He loved dogs, so he said, an' to see 'im with Bep you sure would 'a' guessed he'd spoke the truth. I swan, it made us young soldiers smile sometimes—not at 'em, you know, but jest for 'em, 'cause they looked so happy—to see the two o' them together. Thar they sot, the young Cap'n on a rock, or a log, or the grass, or any ol' thing happened to come along handy, Bep aside him, the lad a-talkin' to the pup as if he were human an' could understan' him. An'

Bep, wi' his head pressed up close to the boy's knee, would set thar an' set thar, a-lookin' up into them brown eyes, an' his little tail would thump an' thump on the ground.

I tell ye, we boys kind o' kep' away from them little confidential chats o' theirs, so I don't rightly know what they used to talk about. Yet, thar's one day I rickollect I passed 'em real close whar they was settin' together in the woods. They was a-talkin' 'bout home an' ma, so fur as I could make out. The boy said somethin' about how glad his ma would be to see Bep when the two went home agin. Them las' words are jes' whut he sed. "When you an' I go home agin." I wondered if he'd ever thought thar might be no "when." Seemed to me "if" wor a better word to use—in war times—but I passed on an' lef' them.

Wal, them two stayed with our company nigh onto four years. The young Cap'n seemed to bear a charmed life; for of all the battles an' skirmishes an' sech-like, altho' he wor in the thickest smoke-cloud o' them all, he never wor on the sick-an-wounded-list. Bep, bless his little heart, wor in thar wi' him. Guns an' horses an' stampin', yellin', war-mad human critters had no terrors for him if his master didn't fear them, an' he fought at the Cap'n's side, addin' his small mite of a bark to the gen'ral distarbance, which wor consider'ble. So things went, for nigh onto four years.

I remember the day I'm a-goin' to tell ye about now right well. I ought to, for 't wor the day as I wor captured by them Rebs an' took to Libby prison. I wor wretched enough arter that, whut with thinkin' o' the many things I'd seen on the battlefield that day. Not that they wor so diff'runt from things I'd seen on other battlefields, but they seemed worse, somehow. I cal'late 't wor Bep an' our Cap'n made 'em seem so.

'T wor right in the middle o' the fight. Men an' horses and guns an' smoke an' dust wor in one gen'ral grand mix-up. Thar wor shrieks an' cries from the livin' critters, human an' otherwise, an' thar wor roars an' rumbles an' blazes an' I don't know whut-all from the other kind o' critters, the cannon an' the guns, an' the bayonets. Above all this distarbance o' the peace, we

boys heard a sudden yell, which we wor fa'rly well acquainted with arter nigh onto four years o' fightin'. It wor the Rebel yell. We saw them on the hill, a long, gray, deadly line, a-swoopin' down on us through the red smoke an' mist, an' we hesitated, kind 'o troubled-like. 'Twor then we saw our young Cap'n. Thar wor a little lull in the confusion, an' he had took advantage of it, and wor a-standin' up thar, his sword in his hand, a-shoutin' to us to come on an' give 'em whut they wor a-wantin' to give us. I can see him now as he stood up thar, so straight and tall, with the madness o' battle in his face, and his sword a-pointin' to the heavens we couldn't see. He jes' let out one yell, matchin' the Rebels' own.

"Come on, boys, an'—!"

He didn't even have time to finish, 'though we knew what he meant, all right. We saw the smile fade, an' the brown eyes close, an' the face go white. He dropped his sword, an' jes' fell, an' wor lost in the maze o' human critters fightin' all about him. Wal, arter that, a cage of lions let loose wouldn't 'a' held us back. We wor mad clear through, 'cause we'd 'a' seen that look a-fore, an' we knew that our young Cap'n would never fight agin. We beat them Rebs back, an' sent 'em over the crest o' the hill a-wonderin' why their charge failed when they had so many men.

Then we went back to find the Cap'n. He wor lyin' jus' whar he had fallen, all white an' gray, wi' streaks o' red—, wal, never mind that part. Bep, poor, faithful critter, wor a-lyin' by him, as stiff as he wor, an' I guess the time had come when the two had "gone home agin." All us boys wor mighty silent as we picked up the two an' carried 'em back to camp, an' thar wor a look on many faces that boded no good to the Rebs what had killed our Cap'n—an' Bep. I know my own lips were set in a straight line an' when I caught sight o' myself in a glass, I wor afraid o' my own reflection.

Wal, I got captured that night, tryin' to avenge our Cap'n, an' when I wor exchanged, I tried to fin' the man what killed 'im. It's been fifty year now, an' I aint done it yet. They've put up a

monument to Bep at Laconia, a real reg'lar monument, an' I cal'late it wor deserved. But I aint foun' the Reb whut killed our Cap'n. No, I aint found him.

D. C. A. I., '16.

Song of the Pine

Gone are the sultry summer days
And gone are the still, hot noons.
The season trees are a crimson blaze,
But their glory dies with the autumn haze
In the first of the winter moons.

But a changeless green is mine—
Summer or fall,
Winter and all,
Sturdy and tall.
Sing I the song of the pine.

When the grip of winter is on the land
And the printed snow lies deep,
Silent, solemn and green I stand,
With the leafless limbs on either hand
That stir the forest's sleep.

Oak for arrow and ash for bow,
But pine for the man-made fire.
I fear not cold and I fear not snow;
I scent the winds of the woods that blow
Through my pine-strung, hillside lyre.

And a changeless green is mine—
Summer or fall,
Winter and all,
Sturdy and tall.
Hurrah for the great, forest pine!

W. H. W., '16.

French Strategy

MRS. J. Worthington Smythe leaned luxuriously back in a first class compartment of the London-Southampton express and smiled contentedly at herself in a tiny gold-framed mirror, an important part of the fitting of her dainty vanity bag. Mrs. J. Worthington Smythe had good reason for such satisfaction: was she not on her way to the battlefields of France with her darling Pekinese Spaniel, "Do-Do," and her ever-useful maid, Yvette? And would not her friends read with envy of her heroic work for the wounded soldiers of her native land? Of course she must, of necessity, renounce the pleasures of London, but the satisfaction of doing the work in which many of England's peeresses were engaged would more than compensate for such a loss. Mrs. J. Worthington Smythe was, indeed, a supremely contented woman.

As the train pulled out of Aldershot station a tall, good looking man entered her compartment. Mrs. Smythe was greatly distressed at this unexpected turn of events. The presence of strangers always annoyed her. Moreover, she was carrying her jewels and a large sum of money in her traveling bag. This in itself would cause the greatest apprehension to a person of Mrs. Smythe's nervous temperament, and Yvette was constantly reminded to be on the lookout for the safety of the precious bag.

The stranger sat down rather hesitatingly on the seat opposite her. "I trust, madam, that my sharing this compartment will not inconvenience you?" he began. "The others are all occupied."

His manner was so courteous, his smile so engaging, that Mrs. Smythe resigned herself to the intrusion and designed to enter into conversation with him. As the minutes flew by, and his discourse proved extremely entertaining, the somewhat cold indifference she felt toward her traveling companion disappeared. Even "Do-Do" and her traveling bag were forgotten as she listened with rapt attention to his thrilling experiences as a newspaper correspondent on the battlefields of France. She soon felt called

upon to reveal the fact that she, too, was to visit those bloody scenes and smiled with intense satisfaction at the stranger's fulsome praise of her heroism.

Thus, during the remainder of the journey his charming manner, and his vivacious conversation thoroughly captivated the impressionable lady; and when the train arrived at Southampton she accepted his offer to escort her to the Havre steamer.

With true gallantry he helped her to alight from the train and handed her traveling bag to a porter near by. Mrs. J. Worthington Smythe, descending the steps of the railroad coach with great dignity, did not see her courteous companion give the porter a knowing wink. Her composure, however, was greatly upset when, on reaching the platform, she discovered that the porter and her precious bag were missing.

The stranger hurriedly accosted her. "This is a most distressing occurrence, Mrs. Smythe. However, if you will excuse me for a moment, there is every possibility of my finding the porter and recovering the bag." With this last remark, he, too, disappeared into the fast gathering crowd of passengers.

Mrs. J. Worthington Smythe sank limply upon a bench, sobbing hysterically. Could she have ever dreamed, as she sat in her luxurious London mansion that morning, that she would thus be left upon the platform of a railroad station, robbed of her money and abandoned by everyone: for she had seen her maid Yvette set out hastily in the direction which her former traveling companion had taken.

"Poor, darling 'Do-Do,' my last and only friend," she sobbed, and the little Pekinese Spaniel was subjected to a series of convulsive hugs on the part of his frantic mistress.

Suddenly the black pall of misfortune was swept away and the agonized countenance of the unfortunate lady shone with an expression of joy, for coming quickly toward her was her ever-useful French maid with the precious satchel in her hand.

* * *

"Yvette," said Mrs. J. Worthington Smythe as she was comfort-

ably resting on the deck of the Channel steamer that afternoon, "I really believe that the man who traveled with us this morning intended to steal my bag."

"Madame may be right," replied the maid.

"Yes, I am positive that I am right. But how were you able to obtain possession of it so quickly, Yvette?"

"Oh," laughed the latter, "I have my suspicion of ze man when he talk wiz Madame on ze train. So when he follow ze portier I run after him. Soon I find he is carrying ze bag of Madam and I tell him zat Madame is in ze pay of ze Kaiser and will destroy ze docks at Portsmouth. I say to him, 'ze bag is one big bomb which will explode ze moment Monsieur opens it.' Zen he give it to me, quick—comme 'ca, and,—"

But she was interrupted by an angry exclamation from her mistress. "You told him that I,—I was a German spy? What a shocking thing to say!" And Mrs. J. Worthington Smythe subsided into an aggrieved and sulky silence.

M. T. B. S. '16

Autumn

Ripe Autumn beams o'er yellow wood and purple hill,
The mellow days grow short, the misty nights grow chill;
At morn the silent vales with frost are pearly white,
At dusk the meadows brim with ruby sunset light,
And in the night, across the golden harvest moon,
The honking wild geese fly to reach the south land soon.

Autumn! The time when Mother Earth her harvest yields,
When brightly gleaming scythes the brawny laborer wields;
Apples their reddest blush and grapes to purple turn,
And falling, whirling leaves are raked in heaps to burn;
Yet, though the autumn wind o'er the bare branches grieves,
We know that spring will wake ere long the flowers and leaves.

J. E. A., '17.

To a Newsboy

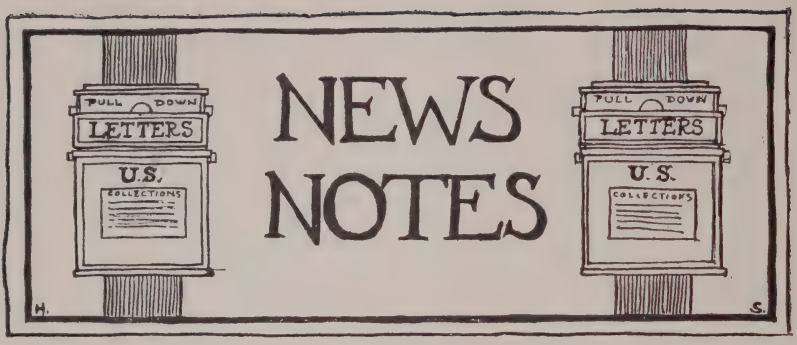
Oh, dark haired Boy, when you left Greece,—
Or was it Naples' wondrous bay?
Was this the end you had in view?
Did you intend to make your way
By standing on the busy street
And calling all the live-long day:
"Paper, Paper, Paper, Boston American, Paper."

Perhaps you hoped America,—
The land you thought so rich and free,
Where all men have an equal chance
To make themselves what they would be,—
Would give you better work than this,
To shout into that rushing sea:
"Globe, Record, Traveler, Boston American, Paper."

Climbing o'er the vine-clad hills
Beneath the smiling, sunny skies,
Is not much like your daily task
Of seeking out each one who buys
And risking death at every turn
To reach him with your loud-voiced cries:
"Latest War Extra, Boston American paper."

But who can tell what Fortune holds
In years that soon come rolling by?
And who can tell what wondrous wealth
Lies hid for those who work and try?
And some will miss the high, shrill voice
Who used to pass your corner by:
"Post, Herald, Journal, Boston American Paper."

A. O. P., '16.



B. H. S. Calendar for November

Nov. 2. Marshall Darrach's Shakespearian Reading—"Macbeth."
Nov. 2. Competitive Debate—Girls' Debating Club.
Nov. 4. Competitive Debate—B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 4. Competitive Debate—Girls' Debating Club.
Nov. 6. Football game—Brookline vs Wellesley at Wellesley.
Nov. 9. Competitive Debate—Girls' Debating Club.
Nov. 11. Competitive Debate—B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 12. Football Game—Brookline vs. Cambridge at Cambridge.
Nov. 18. Competitive Debate—B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 19. Football Game—Newton vs. Brookline at Brookline.
Nov. 25. Competitive Debate—B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 26. Football Game—Brookline vs. Lynn Classical at Lynn.

Greatness Personified

THE SAGAMORE Board: See Title Page.

The B. H. S. Debating Club: Ogden Porter '16, president; Lawrence Roeder '16, vice-president; Frank Vorenberg, '17, secretary-treasurer; rhetorial committee: Merrill Spalding '16, chairman; Robert Cook '16 and Leonard Saxe 17; Mr. Snow, faculty advisor.

The Girls' Debating Club: Hope Snedden, '17, president; Katherine Lynch, '17, vice-president; Mildred Price, '16, secretary-treasurer; rhetorical committee: Elizabeth Rintels, '18, chairman; Hilda Shepard, '16, and Dorothy Pollard, '17; Miss Lewis, faculty advisor.

Senior Class Officers: Kenneth Akers, president; Hilda Shepard, vice-president; Frank Fennessy, treasurer; Caroline Potter, secretary.

Junior Class Officers: Gordon Cushman, president; Katherine Lynch, vice-president; E. Wolcott Booth, treasurer; Helen Sherman, secretary.

Sophomore Class Officers: Douglas Collier, president; Eleanor Lowe, vice-president; Everett Ryan, treasurer; Doris Neal, secretary.

Freshman Class Officers had not been elected at the time of going to press.

B. H. S. A. A.: John Litchfield, '16, president; vice-president to be elected; Mr. Winfred Akers, treasurer; Mr. Robert Delehanty, secretary; Mr. William Chisholm, faculty advisor; Edmund O'Hearn '16 and Leo Handy '17, members of the advisory board.

The Mandolin Club: Merrill Spalding, '16, leader; Kenneth Akers, '16, manager; Russell Goodnow, '17, treasurer; Robert Wright, '17, librarian.

The Football Team: John Litchfield, '16, captain; Kenneth Akers,'16, manager.

The Baseball Team: Chester Arthur, '16, captain; Theodore Atkinson, '16, manager.

The Crew: John Litchfield, '16, captain.

The Hockey Team: Frank Fennessy, '16, captain; Tom Woods, '16, manager.

The Rifle Team: Pierce Massey '16, captain.

This year on Monday, the thirteenth of September, Brookline High opened its doors for another school season. It was indeed a great throng that entered those open doors. To be precise: fifty-eight girls and fifty-three boys honored the Senior Class; seventy girls and seventy-five boys called themselves Juniors; one hundred two girls and ninety-five boys became Sophomores; and one hundred twenty-five girls and one hundred thirty-two boys swelled the Freshman ranks. That makes seven hundred ten in all — a hitherto unknown enrollment. Brookline High School is fast growing too large for its present accommodations.

Who has ever experienced such a thing before? Yes, it was actually so hot the first week of school that on Thursday, the sixteenth, the ringing of the fire-bells at 7.45 A.M., dismissed us from all duty for the day. It was, indeed, a greatly appreciated holiday.

It usually happens that in the fall there is a slight change in the faculty. This year Miss Gambrill, who taught at B. H. S. the winter of 1909-1910 and is welcomed back after instructing five years at Wellesley College, has succeeded Mr. Brooks as first teacher in the French Department. Miss Marjorie Henry, B. H. S. '04 and Smith '08, is taking the place of Miss Hayden as French teacher. Miss Henry, who has studied several years abroad, taught last year at Somerville High. Miss Sawyer, a graduate of Wellesley College, comes here from Reading High School to assist in the English Department. The University of Chicago gave a degree to Miss Kern who is here teaching History and Physical Geography. Miss Morgan has been appointed to help Miss Ross exercise the girls in Physical Training.

The Friday morning assembly of October first was devoted toward arousing debating club enthusiasm in the three upper classes of the school — no, it isn't that the Freshmen are too young, but there are too many of them to be seated anywhere with the rest of the school at one time. Thomas Derr '13, Victor Kramer '14 and Ogden Porter, president of this year's club, discussed the Triangular Debating League, urged the necessity for its support, and laid stress on the many benefits which may be realized from the

practice of debating. The three officers of the Girls' Debating Club, Hope Snedden '17, Katherine Lynch '17 and Mildred Price '16 announced the formation of a Girls' Triangular Interscholastic Debating League and appealed for school spirit on the part of the girls.

The B. H. S. Mandolin Club held its first regular rehearsal on Tuesday evening, October fifth, and will soon be ready to fulfill engagements. The club is much improved by the addition of those who qualified in this fall's competition, and is at present composed of the following members: Spalding, '16, leader; Akers '16, manager; Goodnow, '17, treasurer; Wright, '17, librarian; Saxe, '17, pianist; Leonardi, '17; Boyden, '16; Cook, '16; Crowell,'19; Darling, '18; Davis, '16; Dowd, '17; Gray, '16; Leland, '17; McMacken, '17; R. Morse, '17; Nelson, '16; O'Mealy, '17; Porter, '16; Powell, '18; Roberts, '17 and Vorenberg, '17. A new collection of music has been arranged.

The interests of the Sagamore were put before the school Friday morning, the eighth of October. Editor-in-Chief Spalding compared the appearance of our school paper rather unfavorably with others, and announced that to overcome this defect and to help pay off the present debt it had been decided to raise the price of the Sagamore from fifty cents to seventy-five cents a year. He strongly urged financial support from all. A. Ogden Porter, business manager, went on to emphasize that even seventy-five cents is cheap in comparison with the price of other school papers, and that the subscription list really ought to equal the circulation. What are you, the reader, doing for *your* Sagamore?

On the evening of Friday, October fifteenth, Marshall Darrach gave the first of his series of Shakespearean readings, "The Merchant of Venice." Shailer Hall was well filled and an appreciative audience witnessed, and surely must have enjoyed, Mr. Darrach's recital. So closely does he hold the attention and so perfectly inpersonate the different characters that it is difficult to realize that there is but one person on the stage. Brookline High School is indeed offering something worth while to the public.

Personal Items

Brookline High School in general, and the Senior class in particular, welcome back Caroline Potter who spent last year travelling abroad with her parents. She attended school in a suburb of London and in Geneva, Switzerland.

Miss Pease used her vacation to advantage in extensive travelling. Sights of our National Parks, Seattle, the Exposition, and the Hawaiian Islands must have indeed been a rare treat.

Three other members of our faculty, Miss Marshall, Miss Adams and Miss Churchill also enjoyed visits to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Verily a boys' holiday! There being no school on hot Friday, September 17, Archie Ridley, Olaf Snedden, Richard Ehrlich, Emery Atherton, and Herbert Kramer took their lunches and went out to the Blue Hills. They swam most of the day at Hoosickinhusick State pond.

Robert Burtt, ex '16 and captain-elect of the track team, has left B. H. S. to go to Hotchkiss Academy.

Miss Wiswell was married at her home on October thirteenth to Mr. Clement Barton. They will live in Waban.

Mildred Mackey, '19, gave a card party at her home Monday, October 11. Some of those present were: Hilda Smith, '19, Marjorie North, '16, Helen Sherman '17, Charlotte Stevens '18, Barbara Bouve '18, Doris Nash '19, Dorothy Swartz '18, and Louise Chrimes '18.

Addice Nelson '16, has won an appointment as alternate to Annapolis from the Thirteenth Congressional District.

Merrill Spalding is High School correspondent for the Chronicle while A. Ogden Porter holds the same position on the Townsman.

Friends of Franklin Whitney '16, are glad to see him back at School after his year's residence in Troy, N. Y.

There was a committee of ten appointed to take charge of the Marshall Darrach Recitals. Those from the Sagamore Board were: Miss Isenbeck, Miss P. Williams, Ryer, Porter, and Saxe; and Miss Murray, Miss North, O'Hearn, Woods, and Fennessy represented the Senior class.

About My Watch

I HAD had my beautiful gold watch for two years. During that period it kept good time. But, woe is me, at last I let it run down and had to set it by guess. Next day I went into a jeweler's where a clerk politely offered to fix it for me. Lord knows what that expert did to it, but from that day on it gained. Faster and faster it went, until it had overlapped all the clocks in town about a hundred times. Therefore I took it to a watchmaker to be regulated. He eagerly looked at it, and then, putting a microscope to his eye, gave my beloved watch a critical examination. He said it needed cleaning and oiling besides regulating, and would be ready in a week. After this operation my watch slowed down 'till it seemed like a tolling bell. Feeling that such a state of affairs could not last I again took it to a watchmaker. This one said the barrel was "swelled," but that he could reduce it in three days. After that the watch *averaged* well, but not much more. For half a day it would go like the very dickens, but for the other half it would lag behind. So when nine o'clock came around it would always be right on the dot. Then I began to get disgusted but took it to still another watchmaker. He took the remains, picked them to pieces and then fixed the ruins. The watch went perfectly now, except for one little thing. At ten minutes to ten the two hands would lock and thereafter travel

together. Of course this would not do, so I had the thing fixed by another doctor. This specialist appreciated the fact that the crystal had become bent somehow, and as a favor put on a pair of rubber heels free of charge. I was overwhelmed by his generosity but now found that at quarter to five the poor old relic would start spinning around with such a wheezing, whooping and snorting that I would have to muffle the confounded thing. I used to surprise my friends by taking it out at four forty-five o'clock and making it perform. Well, by this time the thing was serious, so I decided to see one, and only one, more mechanic. I went, with heavy heart and moist eye to one more watchmaker. In him I recognized an old locomotive engineer, who had once wrecked the State Express. After a minute examination he gave out the verdict that she was making too much steam, and the safety valve needed tightening. Thereupon, disgusted, I straightway departed and went to the nearest junkman's, where I received a quarter for my once dearly beloved old timepiece.

L. S. S., '17.

To the Wind

O Wind, do you think, when you ruffle the sea,
How many ships will be lost?
Do you trouble each time that you rush o'er the lea,
That the farmer's corn will be tossed?
When you shatter great trees in your riotous game
It may be you think it is fun;
But are you not filled with a feeling of shame
To know all the harm you have done?

O Wind, when in summer your fresh, cooling breeze
Sweeps over the land, parched and dry;
When you murmur and sing to the quivering trees
Giving promise of rain by and by:—
When you fill our white sails as we happily glide
'Neath the beams of the glorious sun,
Then are you not filled with a feeling of pride
To know all the good you have done?

M. H. S., '16.

Such Is Life

BURTON hung up the receiver of the telephone with an angry oath just as his wife entered the room. "Can you beat that?" he exploded as he caught sight of her. "Stone told me to call him up at five, and said that he would tell me his decision on an important deal; now his private secretary says he went out about ten minutes ago and didn't leave any message."

"I—," began Mrs. Burton.

"I know what you're going to say," interposed her husband, but being sorry doesn't find Stone. In ten more minutes it will be too late and,—where the deuce can he be?" he finished angrily.

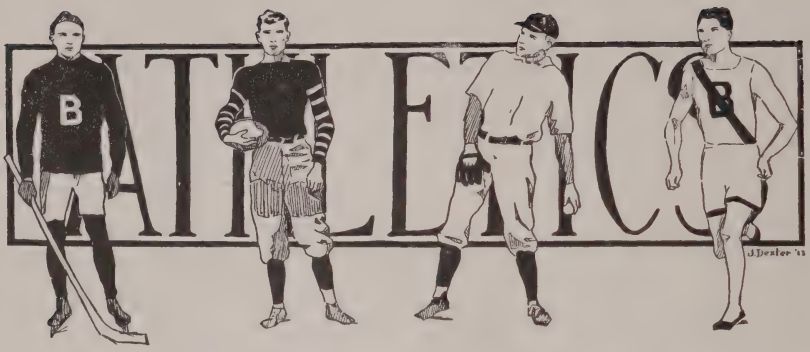
"But dear—"

Burton did not heed her, but went on with renewed vigor,— "made me wait 'till the last possible moment and then,"— he finished with an angry gesture, but continued hurriedly as Mrs. Burton made an effort to speak,— "I've called his house and he isn't there. If I could only catch him,—"

Mrs. Burton interrupted him desperately "He is down stairs waiting to see you."

"Well, why didn't you tell me so before?" Burton grumbled as he made for the door.

M. S., '19.



Of the ten "B" men expected back on the football squad, but five, Cushman, Johnson, Lally, Capt. Litchfield and Woods have returned. Nevertheless we have a great crowd out for the team and feel sure that we'll be right there when the crucial games begin. Many of the early season faults have been eradicated. We were penalized one-hundred and eighty yards in the first three games, and there were over a dozen fumbles in the M. A. H. S. contest; but, in spite of all that, we can honestly say that we were at no time in danger of being scored on. The boys are heavy, game to the core, fighting hard, and full of the spirit which brings success. Mr. Delehanty has been greatly aided by "Ike" Andrews, the former Yale guard, "Joe" Lynch of Exeter and "Kid" Mason of our 1910 Triangular League champions.

All Brookline will have a fine opportunity to "make good" when our eleven meets Newton's on Tech Field, November 19. This is actually the first appearance of a N. H. S. team in Brookline, and it will be the last, unless the attendance is worth while. Of the thirty-eight games printed further on in this section, but three were played in Brookline, all of which were won by the Red and Blue. This was on account of a poor field and a very slim attendance; but now that we have an excellent gridiron, it is up to the student body to make the games pay! It is the duty of every student to be present and support the team!

At a recent meeting of the B. H. S. A. A. the following business was transacted:

(1.) The Sagamore is to act as mouthpiece for the association.

(2.) Messrs. Akers, Delehanty and Nichols are to revise the Constitution.

(3.) A Committee of Seniors is to be appointed to complete a series of pictures of various athletic teams.

(4.) Tom Woods was elected hockey manager.

(5.) Report of Messrs. Floyd and Delehanty concerning the managerships accepted.

(6.) Messrs. Floyd and Nichols appointed graduate members of the body.

(7.) Dr. H. W. Dana presented two guns to the rifle team, offered a cup to the season's high man, and hopes to secure a coach.

Brookline 7; Lexington 0

Although Tech Field was opened with a victory on September 24, it was far from an impressive one. Collier's sixty-yard run on the kick-off, followed by two long gains around end, put the ball on the visitors' ten-yard line, but we were then held for downs. A punting duel ensued, O'Hearn gaining a little on every exchange. On the first play in the second quarter, Collier dove over for a touchdown. O'Hearn kicked the goal. Brookline had the ball on Lexington's ten-yard line when the final whistle blew. Three long runs by Collier and the defensive work of Woods and O'Hearn featured.

Brookline 7; Arlington 0

We scored our second victory on October 1. Our eleven had (notice the past tense) a great "rep" in Arlington, as they cancelled the game, but finally agreed to play seven minute quarters. It proved that we were only human, as the best we could do was to score a touchdown and goal in the last two minutes of play. Arlington punted from behind their goal-line to Collier, who skirted the short-side of the field for thirty yards and a score. O'Hearn kicked the goal. Woods turned in some fine tackles.

Brookline 46; Worcester North 0

On October 6, Worcester North allowed us to pile up the largest score that any B. H. S. eleven ever made. The tackle-around plays featured, while "Johnnie Litch" ripped up the opposing line for great gains. The game was marred by many penalties and by the frequent injuries of our light opponents.

Brookline 14; Tech '19, 7

In a fiercely-fought contest on Saturday, October 9, the Red and Blue came out on top. With thirty seconds to play in the first half, Litchfield threw a forward which was intercepted by Reiss of Tech, who ran seventy yards for a touchdown. However, we settled down in the second half and Collier soon scored, after catching a forward from Litchfield. A Tech half-back evidently mistook "Dud" for a punching bag and started to get some practice. He did! Later B. H. S. recovered a fumbled punt and marched twenty-five yards for a touchdown, Collier carrying the ball over. Litchfield and O'Hearn starred, the latter kicking the two goals.

Brookline 33; M. A. H. S. 0

Instead of the usual tussle with the Back Bay boys, Brookline had a rather easy time of it on Columbus day, although we scored but seven points in the first half. The game was spectacular, O'Hearn and Woods carrying the ball for many long runs. Litchfield also played well. Johnson appeared for the first time this season, scoring the last touchdown.

Brookline 16; Powder Point 0

Brookline played its first game away from home, Saturday, Oct. 16. Collier and Lally each scored a touchdown, the result of steady banging at our opponent's line. O'Hearn kicked a fine field goal. The private school boys were unable to gain an inch

by straight rushing, although in the first half they made some good forwards. These, however, were broken up during the remainder of the game. The squad stayed at Elliot Brown's house at Duxbury Saturday night and greatly enjoyed his hospitality.

Waltham 35; Brookline 0

On October 23, the Watch City boys administered the first defeat of the season to our eleven. A crowd of over one hundred went out to Waltham to see Brookline win, but when the opponent's speedy backs went through our hitherto invincible line for great gains and pushed over a touchdown in the first three minutes of play, we suffered a rude shock. Capt. Litchfield played a wonderful defensive game, getting tackle after tackle. O'Hearn and Woods also played well.

Here and There in Athletics

Leo Handy missed a fine chance to call out the candidates for the swimming team during those hot days at the beginning of school.

"Barney" Thielscher and "Bob" Paine, both B. H. S. '13, were the only Dartmouth men to play every inning of every game for the Big Green nine last spring.

Capt. Handy of the National Interscholastic Champions won the 220, 440 and 880 yd. N. E. championships this summer, while Ralph McKinnon won the century in fast time.

Henry Stevenson '17, was the only one of the many Brookline junior State tennis aspirants to meet with much success in the Chestnut Hill tournament last September. He was put out of the running in the semi-finals by Favreau, who won his second championship in as many years.

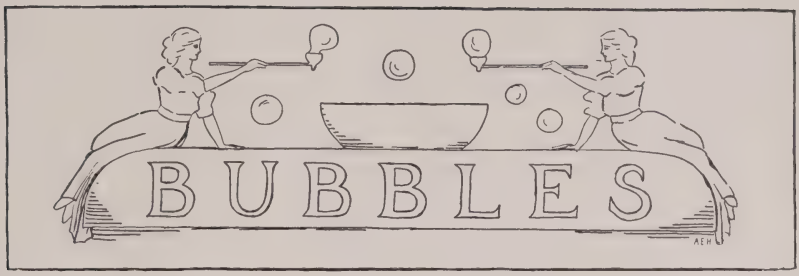
When the Williams eleven played Vermont several seasons ago, "Tom" Furness, ex. '11, played tackle against Harry Denning, ex. '12. When the latter jumped to Trinity the next year, the same two Brookline boys fought it out again. Williams won both games.

A few scores between old rivals:

YEAR	BBOOKLINE	NEWTON	BROOKLINE	CAMBRIDGE
1894	6	0	no game	
1895	20	0	18	6
1896	no game		12	0
1897	" "		no game	
1898	" "		6	5
1899	11	6	6	18
1900	6	15	16	6
1901	0	5	13	11
1902	6	0	0	17
1903	0	18	0	24
1904	5	16	0	5
1905	5	0	6	15
1906	6	12	29	0
1907	0	15	4	8
1908	0	4	11	0
1909	0	6	6	0
1910	6	0	12	5
1911	0	3	0	0
1912	10	7	0	10
1913	0	21	0	7
1914	0	33	0	12
	—	—	—	—
Points scored	81	161	139	149
Victories	7	11	9	9

Swimming

On Wednesday, October 27, Captain Leo Handy called out the candidates for the swimming team. Among those who reported at the meeting were: Massey, Marshall, Tyler, Roberts, Bowdidge, Vorenberg, Blanchard, Schildback, Klein, Twenstrop, Koch, Bird, F. Woods, P. Richardson, Darling, McMillan, Thompson and Prendergast. Practice will be held on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.



A Toast

Here's to Brookline's teachers,
Yea, here's to each and all;
And here's to all her students,
I greet them great and small;
And from our stern head-master
To our kindly janitor,
I love the High School dearly,
But I love THE SAGAMORE.

Miss C:—"What does a juror do?"
Miss M—h—n:—"Sits on cases."

Miss B— mentions the fact that cheese (der Käse) is strong in German. O-ho, it's just as strong in English.

We have just got hold of one of the famous Mossman translations: "During his sojourn in Italy Hannibal had such severe trouble with his eyes that in the future he was unable to use his left arm."

A. between bites:—"Do you like patés?"
B:—"Yes, they're very good pictures."—Figure it out.

Found on an English examination paper: "He could hear Modestine eating thru the wall." How assinine.

Mr. C:—"How else may we measure it?
Beal:—"Ordinary people do it in rods."
Mr. C:—"I don't." Very deep, very.

Two girls stood in the doorway waiting for Mr. S— to return from the library. It was pouring torrents outside. A young man approached. "Waiting for the rain to stop? he queried.

"Oh, no," the girls chorused, "We're waiting for Snow to come down."

Pierce Massey wished his fame would spread
And travel wide and far.
He joined the Rifle Club, and now
He is a shooting star.

Mr. Delehanty: —"Take gym?"
Freshie :—"Yes sir, where shall I take him?"

Chollie: —"Hear about the fight in the lunch room?
Percy :—"Why, yes, I do believe the coffee soaked the doughnut."

After an example had come out zero, Woods was heard to mutter feverishly: "Curses! All that work for nothing."

B—t—n: —"Where shall I go for A Greek?"
Voix :—"To the fruit store, Anchises."

This is a fine example of Senior sophistry heard in I Latin A : "We will now celebrate the joyful funeral ceremonies."

Koch is trying for Swenning's famous place in German, viz: "An acorn sprang over their heads from bough to bough." Sounds nutty enough.

Miss G—to Freshmen: —"When you copy this dictation in your notebooks please copy it in-correctly."

No magazine is complete without a Ford joke, so here goes :

Mary had a little Ford,
The engine gave her fits.
A match fell in the gasolene
And blew the things to bits.

'08. Walter H. Cady won first honors in the open amateur golf tournament held recently by the Albermarle Golf Club.

MARY MORRIS '12

'10. William Sidis is an instructor of Mathematics in the University of Texas.

'11. Martindale Shedden, captain of the Yale 1916 track team, is studying at the Harvard Medical School.

'12. Mary Morris has left her senior year at Radcliffe to go on the stage.

'12. Karl Thielsher '12, and "Flo" Dusossoit '14, are both playing on the Dartmouth varsity football team.

'13. The engagement is announced of Waldo C. Peebles to Miss Elinore Cutting of Brookline.

'14. Eugene Dewey is at Tufts Engineering School.

'15. "Ham" Craig, Sherman Myers, Philip Rice, Laurance Richardson, Donald Stanley, Norman Kerr and Francis Kittredge are among the Freshmen at Harvard.

'15. Margaret Daniels is taking a course at Simmons College.

'15. Shields Warren is a Freshman at Boston University.

'15. Tsuya Matsuki is studying at the N. E. Conservatory of Music.

NORMAN KERR '14

'15. "Tom" Kendrick has chosen the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., as the institute in which he will complete his education.

TOM KENDRICK '15

'15. Marguerite Ayres has entered the Emma Willard School of New York.

'15. B.H.S. is well represented in the Freshman Class at Tech by Philip Selya, Wirt Kimball, Fred Parker, Russell Hamilton, William Montgomery, Arthur Wales and Max Untersee.

'15. Caroline Mackey is making an extended tour through Canada.

'15. Dorothy Webling is studying at the Garden Studio of Art in Boston.

'15. Philip Bird, Gifford Wilcox and Clifford Hayes are Freshmen at Dartmouth.

'15. "Sam" Bartlett is learning the secrets of farming at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

DOROTHY WEBLING '15

SAM BARTLETT '15

Ex-'16. Leonard Butler is attending Kent's Hill School in Maine.

Ex-'17. "Tim" Souther is being initiated into the mysteries of fruit growing on his father's grape fruit plantation in Porto Rico.

Ex-? "Kid" Mason is in the real estate business in Worcester.

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THE SAGAMORE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

December, 1915

SAXE

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Volume 22 DECEMBER, 1915 Number 2

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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MARSHALL DARRACH

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII DECEMBER, 1915 NUMBER 2

Editorial

TWO years ago an attempt was made to organize a cadet corps in the High School. Unfortunately, there was not sufficient interest shown by the student body to support such a movement, and the idea of military training at Brookline was consequently abandoned. Today the need of such a body is even more apparent. The European War has given rise to much discussion on the subject of preparedness, and men of note in this country are constantly seeking means of promoting an interest in military training among the students of our high schools and colleges. There is not the least ground for condemning the organization of a cadet corps at Brookline High as a hazardous experiment. Many schools throughout the United States have adopted military training, and in nearly every case their action has borne satisfactory results. We are all aware of the success which has marked the establishment of military training at the Boston high schools. Why not follow the example of these schools by organizing a cadet corps at Brookline High?

Mr. Marshall Darrach's three Shakespearean recitals will always be remembered as one of the most interesting and success-

ful series of readings that have been given at the High School. No better means could have been found of impressing the true significance of Shakespeare upon the minds of the student body. With no properties, no costumes, or scenic effects to distract one's attention, it was possible to appreciate more fully the beauty of the lines and the effective manner in which each character was portrayed. It was a great privilege for the school to attend these readings, and the engagement of Mr. Darrach's services for another year would be warmly welcomed by the students.

During recent years, the interest in debating which was formerly shown by the student body has gradually disappeared, and a marked spirit of indifference has taken its place. To many pupils the debating clubs seemed to offer too little in the way of amusement to warrant any interest on their part. As a result, the membership in the two clubs is confined to a very small percentage of students, and of this number there are only a few who take an active part in the clubs' affairs. It is not our purpose to mention the many benefits that are derived from debating. This subject has been frequently discussed in the columns of THE SAGAMORE without effecting any noticeable change in the attitude of the student body. We would, however, suggest that the students who are now indifferent toward debating attend a few meetings of either club, merely as an experiment; that those, who, when present at a debate, have no desire other than to play the role of disinterested onlookers, take a more active interest in the meetings; and that the present members of the club devote their energies toward inducing other members to join. To entertain any hopes of winning the championships in their respective leagues, the B. H. S. and Girls' Debating Clubs must have abundant material from which to choose their teams; and to provide interesting meetings these clubs must secure the attendance of a large number of students. It is hoped that the members of the High School will realize their duty toward the debating clubs, and give them the support they unquestionably deserve.

The Informer

(After James Fenimore Cooper)

By L. S. S., '17

Chapter I

The dreamy crags with raucous voices croon
  Across the zephyr's heliotrope career,
I sit contentedly upon the moon
  And watch the sunlight trickle round the sphere.
The shiny trill of jagged, feathery rocks
  I hear with glee as swift I fly away,
And over waves of subtle wooly flocks
  Crashes the breaking day. ANON.

It was dawn on Lake Erie. The sun, rising in majestic splendor, revealed the summer landscape apparently undisturbed and tranquil. But to the skilled eye of the woodsman a camp was disclosed by a thin haze on the horizon.

The party here was evidently preparing for departure, as the woods thereabouts abounded with furious scalping parties, one of which was on their trail. On the right, several Indians, hideously decorated in horrific war paint, squatted around a smouldering fire, while to the left a young man and maid busied themselves in cleaning and packing the utensils of the previous eve.

James Saint Clair and his comely sister, Millicent Dorothea, were the children of the commandant at Fort Ticonderoga, whither they were being conducted under the guidance of the noble redmen. The former was an agile youth of about eighteen years, his sister, a maid of twenty summers.

At length the female arose, and, tripping gracefully across the space separating the Indians and herself, spoke to the stolid group. "Arise, O noble redskins even as Pat-a-Pat, the fox," she said, and as she spoke thus she playfully boxed the leader's ears.

The haughty Aborigine sprang to his feet in a rage and, brandishing his tomahawk, let fly at the nearest tree (which happened to be an oak) chopping the trunk completely in two, so that the whole tree fell with a thud. This son of the forest was garbed in

buckskin leggins, moccasins, and trousers. A rawhide belt supported the latter and from it dangled the scalps of two dozen victims, the oldest dry and wizened with hair falling out, the latest acquired gory, but gradually becoming coagulated. His head was shaved bare, save for the scalp-lock and feather attached, while a blanket hung negligently over one shoulder. Across the forehead were three stripes: red, white, and blue; on each cheek were daubed thirteen vermillion stars, topped by two circles smeared around the eyes, one orange, the other black. The brawny chest, as far as one could see, was smeared green to blend with the scenery, while postage stamps, looted from the cash box at Fort Wayne, were plastered on top of his cranium.

As he stood there drinking in the ravishing beauty of the maid, his savage soul melted, and drawing his blanket closer, to conceal his embarrassment, he addressed the maid in a low sweet voice which startled her: "Ugh. Why does the White Mouse wake the great Kee-Choo? Why is the sleep of Juncas the bear cat, Caw-Caw the screech-owl, and Moo-Moo the buffalo, broken?"

"Kee-Choo has done?" enquired Millicent.

"Me done," grunted he.

Suddenly while he awaited her rejoinder in silence, a dried twig snapped, causing the rapid awakening of the Indians, and the concealment of all concerned.

Chapter II

"What is an aborigine, anyhow?"—Carolyn Wells.

It needed no second glance to ascertain the character of the new arrival as he meandered down the forest glade, nonchalantly whittling his rifle-stock. In height he measured six feet, eleven inches, chest normal, fifty-six inches, biceps twenty-one and one-quarter, thigh twenty-eight, and calf twenty-three inches. His costume was, for the most part, composed of dressed deer-skins, save for a rather antiquated stove-pipe hat, cocked jauntily over one ear. An elaborately carved hunting knife in a leathern sheath protruding from beneath his belt, proclaimed a recent visit to some settlement, and on his other side hung a shot-pouch. The

necessary powder horn was suspended from a baldric over his right shoulder. His whole appearance announced an age of not more than five and twenty.

It may not be impertinent for us to state here that this lithe figure was none other than Thaddeus Buck-Killer, Night-Hawk, Slim-Barrel, Slippery-Tongue, Lead-Foot, Lop-Ear, Path-Blinder, Bumper, hero of the Northwest Territory and all-round prodigy.

Kee-Choo and his aborigine associates, realizing the great compliment bestowed upon them, giving their blood-curdling war-whoop, rushed upon him, and, forming a circle showed their extreme gratitude by participating in the Ghost-Dance, bellowing the following refrain, meanwhile: "Welcome, Oh Night-Hawk, Welcome at wigwam of Kee-Choo, the big sneeze. Got heap fire-water for Injins?"

On the third day the ceremony was interrupted as Millicent, unmindful of danger, dropping from a sapling overhead, fell upon the newcomer and showering him with kisses, cried out, "Oh, Thaddeus."

"Wal," he exclaimed with his delicious consistency of speech, biting off another plug of tobacco, "Here I be."

But now the approach of the Hostiles caused a sharp break in the conversation and the party, shouldering their packs, penetrated into the gloomy woods, Path-Blinder leading, and soon was swallowed up in the vast depths of the forest.

(To be continued)

The Evening Star

The sun is set; the night-wind softly sighs;
The crimson path dies from the ruddy skies;
Far down the vale the tinkling cow-bell's knell,—
Then silence falls on hill and wood and dell.

Now up the slowly darkening sky, empearled
With soft pale tints, the night lamp of the world,
The evening star, climbs up the glowing west,
And sheds a ray of peace and hope and rest.

J. E. A., '17.

Columbus' Luck

"Two dollars and twenty cents!"

It lay there before me on my desk. No matter how many times or how many ways I counted it, I could not make it come to more. A dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece, two quarters, a dime, and two nickels. Quite a collection, but not worth much.

I rose in despair and went to the window, looking out dreamily.

I was a failure! Yes, there was no doubt about it. I had idled away my time in school in my younger days, and never amounted to much; in college I had just managed to get through; and now in business I had failed to be a success.

I was broke,— stone broke,— aside from the change on my desk. I should never have picked out a playwright's career, anyway. My father had always said I ought to be a farmer. Hayseed! Bah!— But perhaps he was right. At least I would have to go into the country now and try to earn a few dollars to keep me going.

Two dollars and twenty cents! A nice sum for a man who had just finished the "work of his life." Yes, I think the play I had spent months in preparing, meanwhile living on my stored-up fortune and my credit, might be called such. It wasn't much to be sure, compared with other great drama, but it was my best and, as it seemed, last. I had sent it to my good and honored friend of long ago,— Jasper Henshaw, "The Little Wizard," New York's greatest theatrical manager.

Friend of long ago! That was when he and I were school boys together at home. That was when he was just "Jasp" Henshaw and not "The Little Wizard." I had no friends now. Of course not. I was down and out.

I had mailed that cursed manuscript, "The Yellow Crescent," three weeks ago and never a word, nor, more important, a check had come to my rescue. I had heard absolutely nothing; and two dollars and twenty cents on my desk. What should I do?

I carefully placed the blessed treasure in my pocket, opened the door of my room, passed out, closed the door and locked it behind me, and slowly, despairingly, descended the stairs to the hall. I placed the key on the table and stepped out on to the pavement. What should I do? Should I — No, No!

A noisy, grimy, ragged, little ruffian popped up in front of me and yelled, " 'xtra! New-w York A-meri-can! Paper, sir?"

I shook my head and he leaped off to meet another prospective customer.

What should I do? The question repeated itself over and over again in my mind as I stood there on the sidewalk. What would another man do if he were in my place? What would that little newsboy do? Ah, a happy thought! I stepped quickly over to the lamp post which the boy was helping hold up during a lull in trade.

"Paper, sir?" he drolled.

"No, son, I just want to ask you a question."

"Yeah? Well, spill it."

"My boy, tell me, if you only had two dollars and twenty cents to your name and didn't have any prospect of getting any more, tell me, what would you do?"

The lad's long black eyelashes lifted and he looked at me questioningly. He saw I was in earnest.

"Aw', dat ain't straight, is it, Boss? Yer mean ter tell me yer in der hole as bad as dat?"

"Well,— yes," (I hated to admit it,) "yes, that's 'straight.' "

He looked puzzled for a minute and then with a knowing smile he blurted out, "Why I'd blow it in! Blow it in, all in a lump! Yer can't be much worse off an' it's somethin' to feel yer can't get no worse. Blow it all in. Take a chance, Boss. Columbus did, and he won out. Yer might have the same luck."

And with these words of philosophy he darted off after a couple of business men who had just got off a trolley at the next corner.

I stood for a minute and watched him running up the brilliantly lighted street, yelling at the top of his lungs, " 'xtra! New-w York A-meri-can! ! "

Was he right? Is it something to feel you can't get any worse? At any rate I'd take a chance "like Columbus." It was possible something might turn up to set me right again and — well, I felt reckless.

I walked quickly to what was, in the days of my luxury, my favorite haunt, the Buckingham Cafe, and picked out a little table over in the corner with my back towards the door. I did not wish to be disturbed at my last meal.

. . . . . .

I was drinking my last demi-tasse and smoking my last cigar. The waiter brought the bill,— two dollars and five cents. I dug deep down in my pocket, took out my two-twenty, looked at it religiously, and then handed it over to the waiting man.

Broke! My last cent was gone. Providence and Columbus' luck were my only hopes.

I sat there, blowing the soft blue smoke of my last cigar upwards, thinking, thinking. Such pleasant thoughts! No work! No bed! No food! Just b-r-o-k-e!

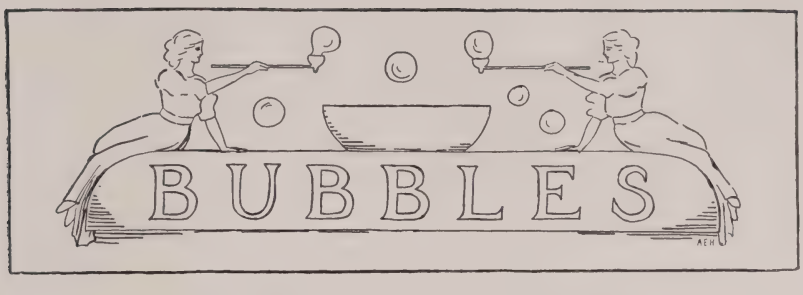
I must have been sitting thus for some time when a commotion behind me aroused my curiosity. I turned, and there — there — coming toward me puffing like a locomotive in his hurry was my "Columbus' luck." "The Little Wizard" came rushing up to me.

"I have been looking all over for you; went to — your rooms and — you weren't there; went to the "night lunch," where your landlady said you might be—and you weren't there; finally met — friend of yours and he said you might be here. Found your manuscript under — pile of papers this afternoon. Great! Bully!! What do you say to two thousand dollars?"

He dropped into a chair beside me mopping the perspiration from his brow. "Was afraid somebody else would sign up first!" he puffed.

As for me, I buried my face in my arms on the table and murmured, "Columbus' luck."

G. M. L., '17.



The "Back Sagamore" Number

This is not poetry.
The printer just
Set it up this way
To fool you.

A.—"What was that noise I heard in room 20?"

B.—"Oh, only a conflict between A Latin and II Mathematics."

A kiss is a noun, tho generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined, more common than proper, is not very singular, generally used in the plural, and agrees with me.

III French. "The lamb was roasting on the fire. Each one helped himself to a leg or a wing."

Prof.—"How do you know Caesar had an Irish sweetheart?"

Freshie—"Because when he came to the Rubicon he proposed to Bridget."

Mr. Packard is blameable for this: "With one of those preservers you cannot drown yourself to save your life.

If there's anything that maddens me
Or anything that hurts,
'Tis to see long jeans on a freshman
When he should be wearing skirts.

Pranks of punctuation. "Caesar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, his sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye; an angry gleam saying nothing; he sat down."

Angry teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"
Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Professor—"Gentlemen, I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,
And watched with expressions pained—
The milkman's stunts, and both said at once,
"Our relations are getting strained."

English teacher:—"Too much slang—cut it out."

Graduate, at parting, with emotion:—"Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."
Prof.:—"Pray don't mention such a trifle."

Wanted—at the lunch counter, a boy to butter rolls, 14 years old.

Backward Scholar:—"Pa, what's the board of education?"
Father:—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

A young theologian named Fiddle,
Refused to accept a degree,
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D.D."

Prof. (taking Freshman by the shoulder)—"I believe Satin has hold of you."
Freshman—"I believe he has, sir."

Sagamore Reporter:—"I understand that one of your guests committed suicide last night by hanging himself out of a third-story window."
Proprietor—"Well, there was such a roomer in the air for a while."

(Ed. Note: This is the first of a series of collections of jokes and is to be followed by the "Classic Number" next month. Incidentally, all jokes handed in count towards next year's Sagamore Board.)

How Chris Hit the New World

"Hello, Ferdi, I'm Chris. How's the world treating you today?"

"Oh, so, so. Come on in and make yourself at home."

"Sure, I've come on 'portant biz."

"What's that, Chris, my boy?"

"Well, it's this way, Ferdi, old scout. I was born at Genoa, so you see I'm an Italian. My ancestors were seamen and I ain't goin' to be the first one to change. Fact is, I knows quite some 'bout seas and all, and I'm wantin' some fellar like you to fit me out to find the Indes."

"Old top, I'm not the chap for you. You can't fool me into thinking you can find the Indes."

"I say, Ferdi, I know I'm not the first one to think the earth's round, but I'm going to be the first practical investigator. Come on, you poor nut. Show your common sense and get your fist in first on this new land."

"Maybe, Chris, since you plead so hard. I'll let you have a say with wifey."

"Hello, there, Isy! I'm Chris, and I want you to be my pal. I've got a slick scheme up my sleeve to sail and get a grab at the Indes. What do you say, will you help me, Isy?"

"Sure, Chris, what can I do for you?"

"I want money and ships to sail with. That's what I want. Is it a go?"

"You bet it is. There'll be three ships for you and men, too, at Palos on the third of August."

"Thanks, muchly, Isy. You're a good sport. See you later."

Later. After seventy days on the sea.

"I say," (this from one of the sailors) "we can't put up with this any more. It's all a fake. Let's kill Chris, or put him overboard, or lock him up 'till we get back. I bet there's no land on beyond here, and every night I think we're about to be dropping off over the edge."

"What's this," pipes up Chris, "Going to kill me, are you? Well, wait one more day for we'll see land by that time sure."

"I'll watch tonight," volunteers Rodrigo Triana, "and if anything happens I'll let you hear of it."

(A few hours afterward)

"Wake up, wake up, you rough necks! There's land! land! Chris, see, there's the land! Hip! hip! You're some kid after all. Three cheers for Chris"!

"Sure enough, there's some wood floating out."

"And here are some gulls."

"Look! There's sea-weed."

"Let me land first."

"No, I'm going to. You can't, you're only bottle washer."

"Why, I'll step out first," says Chris, and he does. "This land," he pompously declares while the rubber-necked natives stared, "I take for Isy, the Queen of Spain, and it's name is San Salvador."

H. G., '18.

To the Important Student

Why worry, why fret—
Your time's not come yet,
There are plenty of years for all that;
You'll have only one youth
Yet you carry, forsooth,
A nation's weight under your hat!

You don't have to shirk,
Or fail in your work,
But for goodness' sake, once in a while,
Unbend from your gloom
And illumine the room,
With a sunny and natural smile!

D. W., '15.

A Tragic Tale

A pensive, ruminative hen,
  One given to depth of thought,
Came out one morn to hunt for bugs
  As every good hen ought.

She wandered o'er the grassy lawn
  And then, with careful mien,
She started o'er that strip of dust
  Where dangers lurk unseen.

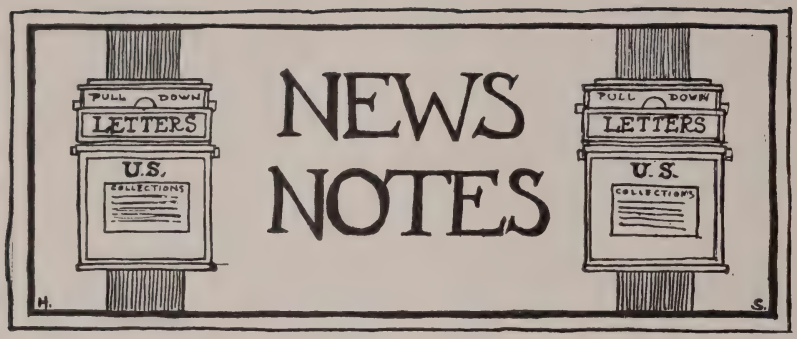
She heard the auto's loud honk, honk,
  The motor's endless roar—
A monster of such frightful shape
  She ne'er had seen before.

She, frantic, ran from side to side,
  At loss which course to take.
The driver saw her frightened rush
  And jumped upon his brake.

The poor hen ran, she rushed, she flew,
  Quite overcome with fear.
And now, dear reader, let me warn,
  'Tis time to drop a tear.

A mournful squawk, a crash, a whirl
  Of feathers in the air.
The hen is now a total wreck
  And smashed beyond repair.

A. O. P., '16.



B. H. S. Calender for December

Dec. 2. Meeting of B. H. S. Debating Club.
Dec. 7. Meeting of Girls' Debating Club.
Dec. 9. Meeting of B. H. S. Debating Club.
Dec. 16. Meeting of B. H. S. Debating Club.
Dec. 17. Senior Social.
Dec. 23. Meeting of B. H. S. Debating Club.
Dec. 23. Vacation begins.
Jan. 3. School re-opens.

On October 28, the first competitive debate of the Brookline High School Debating Club took place in Shailer Hall. The question read, "Resolved: That the So-called LaFollette Seaman's Bill Should Be Repealed."

AFFIRMATIVE	NEGATIVE
Merrill Spalding '16	Leonard S. Saxe, '17
A. Ogden Porter, '16	Eliot P. Hirshberg, '17
Rebuttal	Rebuttal
A. Ogden Porter	Leonard S. Saxe

The judges, Miss Pease, Mr. Akers and Mr. Snow, awarded their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The second of the trial debates of the High School Debating Club was held on November 4. The question for discussion was as follows: "Resolved, That Italy's Entrance into the War on the Side of the Entente Allies was Justifiable."

AFFIRMATIVE	NEGATIVE
Ackland Powell, 18	Frank Vorenberg, '17
Archibald Ridley, '18	Warren Morse, '17
Rebuttal	Rebuttal
Archibald Ridley	Frank Vorenberg

The decision of the judges, Miss Pease, Mr. Akers and Mr. Baldwin, favored the negative.

The third competitive boys' debate took place on November 11. The question read, "Resolved: That the United States Should Prohibit the Exportation of Munitions."

AFFIRMATIVE	NEGATIVE
Kenneth Roman, '16	Albert Bentley, '17
Franklin Whitney, '16	Kenneth Moody, '17
Rebuttal	Rebuttal
Kenneth Roman	Albert Bentley

Miss Pease, Mr. Akers and Mr. Baldwin, as judges, gave the decision to the affirmative.

On the evening of Oct. 22, Marshall Darrach gave the second of his series of Shakespearian readings in the Brookline High School. This time the subject was "The Tempest," and its presentation was a masterpiece. Mr. Darrach's transition from the hideous character of Calaban to the light, fairy spirit of Ariel was in itself a work of art. In fact every personage of this delightful play was executed with perfection. No one left Shailer Hall that evening who had not thoroughly enjoyed the two hours spent there.

Mr. Darrach gave the third of his Shakespeare recitals in Shailer Hall on Nov. 2. His theme on this occasion was the tragedy of "Macbeth" and it was both well delivered and appreciated. The High School may be justly commended for having brought such a man as Marshall Darrach before the public of Brookline.

In order to stimulate more careful study in the student body the Faculty have devised a method of posting honor rolls on the bulletin boards each month. First honor requires three As and no mark below B; second honor, one A, four Bs and nothing below C. Those on the first honor list for October were: Franklin Whitney '16, Wilhelmina Pree '17, Elizabeth Sutherland '18, Miriam Doan '18, Charlotte Cowles '19, Ednah Shepard '19, Conrad Salinger '19.

Those attaining second honors were: Marion Bywater '16, Dorothy Von Olker '16, Dorothy Isenbeck '16, Merrill Spalding '16, Ariel Carstens 17, Adolph Allen '17, Warren Morse '17, Rosamond Allen '18, Harriet Bridgman '18, Edwina Kittredge

'18, Estelle Alcaide 19, Dorothea Crowe '19, Adelaide Hustis '19, Iris Woodman '19, Ernest Angevin '19, Geoffrey Bolton '19.

The Girls' Debating Club has been exceedingly busy and very much alive this year. In fact there were so many contestants for the team that it was necessary to hold the competitive debates twice a week.

The first meeting was in the form of a social in Shailer Hall on October twentieth. The club and its friends were cordially welcomed by the president, Hope Snedden, '17, and were then entertained with songs, readings and piano solos. A very pleasant afternoon was brought to a close by dancing and refreshments.

The competitive debates of the club were as follows:

October 22, "Resolved: That National Prohibition Should Be Established by the United States Government." Affirmative, Miss Pollard, Miss Hussey, and Miss Schacht; negative, Miss Bridgman, Miss Sutherland and Miss Austin. The judges' decision favored the negative.

October 26, "Resolved: That all those Pupils of the Brookline High School Getting B in their Work Should Be Exempt from Examinations." Affirmative, Adeline Pfleghar, Wilhelmina Prée, Claire Shapiro; negative, Amanda Mayo, Elizabeth Rintels, Virginia Brigham. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

November 2, "Resolved: That Military Training Be Compulsory in the High Schools." Affirmative, Miss Schwartz, Miss Ward and Miss Nichols; negative, Miss Williams, Miss Peters and Miss Snedden. The negative were awarded the decision by the judges.

November 4, "Resolved: That Circumstantial Evidence is not Sufficient to Convict." Affirmative, Miss Aronson, Miss Spaulding and Miss Gordon; negative, Miss Chandler, Miss Joyce and Miss Plaisted. The judges were in favor of the affirmative.

November 9, "Resolved: That the Government Should Own and Operate the Railroads." Affirmative, Miss Liebman, Miss Tripp and Miss Reizenstein ; negative, Miss Kittredge, Miss Alison and Miss Doan. The negative secured the decision of the judges,

November 11, "Resolved: That Obligatory Voting Shall Be Made Compulsory for all Eligible Voters." Affirmative, Miss Von Olker and Miss Kistler; negative, Miss Grilley and Miss Isenbeck. The judges favored the negative.

November 16, "Resolved: That Party Bosses Should Be Abolished." Affirmative, Miss Lynch, Miss Neal and Miss Davidson; negative, Miss Carstens, Miss Feldman, and Miss Price. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

As a result of this competition the following girls were chosen to debate in the triangular league debates against Somerville and Newton: Miss Alison, Miss Bridgman, Miss Lynch, Miss Sutherland, Miss Rintels and Miss Snedden. For the debate with Girls' Latin School Miss Austin, Miss Gordon and Miss Neal were selected.

The annual reception tendered by the Sophomores to the Freshmen took place in Shailer Hall on the fifth of November. The newcomers, fittingly welcomed by President Collier '18, responded suitably through their president, Leslie Saunders. Following a selection by the Mandolin Club, a playlet entitled, "West of Omaha," was well presented by the following members of the Sophomore Class: Barbara Bouvé, Harriet Gulick, Doris Neal, Herbert Darling, Henry Horn, Barnard Tucker and William Wall. The Mandolin Club was again heard from and the floor was cleared for dancing. This was thoroughly enjoyed until "Home, Sweet Home" announced the time for departure.

The committee in charge of the reception, consisting of Janet Stanley, Barbara Bouvé, Harriet Gulick, Barton Leach and Miles Hubbard, may well pride themselves on the result of their labors.

On Monday morning, November 8, the whole school was crowded into the hall, which was taxed to its utmost capacity. There for over an hour we were all greatly amused by that humorous entertainer, Mr. French. His funny stories, his clever imitations and his ventriloquism kept us in continuous and hearty laughter. It was certainly a pleasant way of beginning the week.

On the morning of the Cambridge game, the school was assembled in Shailer Hall to be inspired with the right fighting spirit.

The speakers were Branton Kellogg, "Joe" Lynch, and Captain Litchfield and Manager Akers of this year's team. So much confidence and enthusiasm was aroused that the whole school as well as the team was determined to win the coming contest.

Poor old Shailer Hall was again filled to overflowing just before the gridiron struggle with Newton. Enthusiastic speeches were made by Defriez, "Dick" Floyd, "Kid" Mason, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Delehanty and "Johnny" Litchfield. Cheers and songs echoed and re-echoed through the hall while the prospects of victory were great. The results of this meeting could easily be seen that afternoon by the number of "royal rooters" who turned out in the pouring rain to support the team.

Finally, after many heated and prolonged sessions, the Freshman Class decided on their officers. The elections resulted, as follows: Leslie Saunders, president; Ina Bentley, vice-president; Frances Kelley, treasurer; Helen Skinner, secretary.

The officers of the German Club for the ensuing year have been elected. They are: president, Philip Remington; vice-president, Helene Kornfeld; treasurer, Edwin Ryer; secretary, Dorothy Von-Olker.

The Seniors have elected the following committees: Senior Social: O'Hearn, chairman; Miss Snyder; Miss Souther; Carr; and Whitney. Senior Dance: Fennessy, chairman; Miss Shepard; Miss Murray; Miss North; and Ryer. Photograph Committee: Miss Amsden, chairman; Miss Chandler; and Miss McKernon. Class Day: Woods, chairman; Miss Gibbons; Miss Price; Litchfield; and Lyman. Nomination Committee: Atkinson, chairman; Miss Isenbeck; and Kendrick.

On Monday, October 25, Hilda Smith gave a card party at her home. Among those present were: Muriel Wilson, Frances Clark, Eleanor Lowe, Doris Nash and Mildred Mackey.

Amanda Mayo gave a Hallowe'en party at her home Thursday evening, October 28.

Clare Anderson gave a delightful card party on Monday, November 8.

'09. Herbert Greenwood is at the head of the loan department of the Mutual National Bank in Boston.

ALBERT POLLARD '11

'09. Eugene B. Floyd is employed in a Boston leather concern.

'10. Carolyn Burdett, a former pupil of Arthur Foote, is now giving music lessons at her home in Brookline.

'10. Edwin Stewart, Jr., is with the United Metal Seal Company.

'10. Elizabeth Bowker was married to Chester Butts of Newton on October 8.

'11. Albert Pollard has a position in the Brookline Trust Company.

'12. Adolphe Becker is working in Rochester, N. Y.

'13. Freeman Swett was home October 22 for a flying visit from his duties as a junior at Amherst.

'14. Marian O'Connor had the honor of being elected to the editorial staff of the NEWS at Bryn Mawr.

'14. Helen Kaan has entered Mt. Holyoke College.

FREEMAN SWETT '13

'14. Eleanor Carlisle and Margaret Wesner are in their second year at Sargent.

ELEANOR CARLISLE '14

'15. Dorothy Elden is at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.

'15. Marshall Pursell is employed by Stone and Webster Company.

'15. Catherine Tonra has entered Notre Dame.

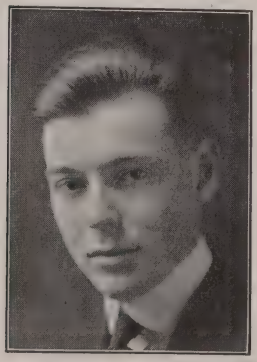
'15 Charlotte Prosser is attending the Fenway Art School.

'15. Laurance Richardson was in the first group of the list of students who received a grade of honor in the Harvard Entrance Examinations last June.

'15. Alphonse Swenning has entered Syracuse University.

'15. Dorothy Champlin is attending Miss Garland's School of Domestic Science in Boston.

MARGARET WESNER '14



ALPHONSE SWENNING '15

'15. Ruth Reizenstein is studying at the Garden Studio of Art.

Ex. '15. "Eddie" Cobb is now at New York University.

Ex. '16. Robert Shedden is at Andover.

Ex. '17. "Steve" Brodie is a business man now. He is working at Filene's.

Ex. '17. Warren Lawrence is at Holbrook Preparatory School, New York.

Ex. '18. Arthur Collins is in the cast of "Experience," now at Ye Wilbur.

Three cheers for Capt. Johnny Litchfield and his team of husky warriors! As we look back over the season's record we have good reason to be proud of the eleven's work this fall. We have not been represented by such a team for five years and no previous Red and Blue eleven has ever rolled up such a grand total of points for a season. Although the first few games were poorly played, the team soon found itself and started on its victorious way. The only setback was at Waltham, when the Watch City boys got the jump and with it the game. It is a strange coincidence that every five-year team is a corker. The 1905 eleven lost but one game and defeated Newton 5 to 0. The 1910 eleven also lost but one game, the opening one, and defeated both Cambridge and Newton; and now the 1915 eleven, the heaviest and most powerful in recent years at B. H. S., is able to be ranked among the leaders in the state. May the future teams meet with the same success as our gridiron stars have had this fall!

At a recent meeting of the B. H. S. A. A. the following managers were elected:

Track—John Kendrick.
Baseball—Theodore M. Atkinson.
Rifle—Philip Remington.

Brookline 49; Woburn 0

On Friday, October 29, originally an open date, the Red and Blue easily defeated the Woburn eleven in a very poorly played game at Tech Field. Our team appeared rather slow as if it had not quite recovered from the game at Waltham. "Dick" Johnson played a sterling game, scoring three touchdowns.

Brookline 28; Wellesley 0

Our heavy eleven easily defeated Wellesley High at Hunnewell Field, Wellesley, on Saturday afternoon, November 6. The score should have been much larger, although we had most of the breaks. A Wellesley back allowed two successive punts of O'Hearn's to hit him on the shins as the ball rolled along the ground, Brookline recovering in each case. However, the referee saw otherwise and gave our opponents the ball on both occasions. Putnam played a wonderful game, repeatedly going through the Wellesley line for great gains.

Brookline 7; Cambridge Latin 0

Our first league game took place on Russell Field, Cambridge, on Friday afternoon, November 12. A crowd of about one hundred fifty of our supporters attended and easily out-cheered the C. L. S. section. Owing to an argument concerning the size of the football, and because of the late hour at which a Cambridge official arrived, the game was delayed thirty minutes.

At last O'Hearn kicked off, the Latin School back being tackled after a short run. On an attempted end play, Woods got his man for a ten-yard loss. Our opponents were then forced to punt. The Red and Blue could make no gains and soon returned the kick. After several exchanges, we started to have a short march down the field and were not stopped until we reached their seventeen-yard line, there losing the ball on downs. In the first half, we had the ball within Cambridge's twenty-five-yard line four times, making a total of six first downs to their one. O'Hearn missed two impossible tries for field goal from the forty- and fifty-yard lines respectively.

In the third quarter we came back with the "old pep." Cushman recovered a blocked punt in midfield. Capt. Litchfield burst through the center of the line for thirty yards, the prettiest run of the game. O'Hearn and Putnam made it first down on two tackle plays and Litchfield went over for the only touchdown. O'Hearn kicked an easy goal. As it had gradually grown darker and darker, Referee Andrews warned both captains that the last period would be of but five minutes' duration. C. L. S., not to be outdone, decided to have a little parade of their own. Several forwards and two long runs carried the ball sixty-yards to our nine-yard line. On two end runs they lost four yards. With third down, thirteen to go, time was called and the game was ours. Our opponents claimed that it was still light enough to continue. All we can say is that it was too bad that they didn't have two more plays to see if they could gain thirteen yards and finish the game without the least protest. Our line put up a good game, while Litchfield and Putnam got off some good runs.

Brookline 6; Newton 6

Before a rather large attendance, two old rivals battled to tie on Friday afternoon, November 19. The heavy rain made Tech Field a veritable swamp and the spectators were placed under the most trying conditions, as they waded through the mud and pools of water on their way to and from the gridiron.

As usual, the game started over thirty minutes after the scheduled time. Newton kicked off to Cushman, who ran the ball back ten yards to our forty-yard line. As the wind was very high, O'Hearn kicked to Newton's fifteen-yard line. Our opponents soon fumbled, the Red and Blue recovering on the twenty-three-yard line. Several line plunges by Putnam, Litchfield and Lally made it first down. Litchfield hit center for two yards and Putnam went through tackle for seven. With one yard to go we were unable to gain on the next two plays, Newton getting the ball on downs. Vachon punted from behind his goal line, but was unable to place his kick, as the Brookline forwards broke through. The punt hit the goal post and caroming to the left,

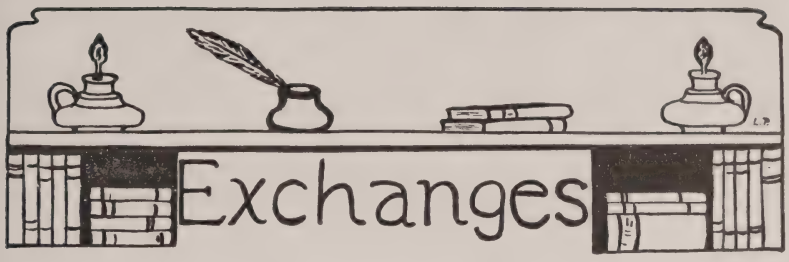
became our ball on Newton's ten-yard line. It was a matter of but three rushes to take the ball over, Collier making the touchdown. The remainder of the half was hard fought, although many fumbles were registered, Newton recovering in most cases. In the third quarter, the Orange and Black worked several forwards and brought the ball from mid-field to our twenty-yard line. On the next play, Vachon hurled a forward to Bryson, who juggled the ball. "Pop" Lally, attempting to break up the pass, dove for it. The impact caused the ball to pop up into the air, whereupon Garrity of Newton, after a short sprint, got under it and easily ran ten yards for Newton's touchdown. When Capt. Dorney missed the goal, it was not a sigh of relief that went up, but a whoop. Although a fluke was easily able to win the game, none was forthcoming. The play ended with the ball in our possession on our own seven-yard line After the game, both coaches and captains favored a play-off and it is hoped that a game will be arranged. Putnam made some fine line bucks and O'Hearn's long, high kicks and Cushman's tackling featured.

"For the Red and Blue"

Tune of "Jane Dear"

Brookline, Oh dear old Brookline
We've come to see you win today.
We know you can win and therefore begin
For the finish of the fray (we all are waiting).
Get a touchdown, the needed touchdown
That will bring us great glory.
Oh! We're cheering here for you,
Just for the Red and Blue,
And we'll share with you the victory.

Football Song written by F. W. '16 and R. B. '17



Exchanges may not seem a very important part of THE SAGAMORE, yet they are one of the best means we have of improving our magazine. We are not able to see all our faults, but we are able to correct them when they are pointed out to us by others. Through exchanges we come in contact with other schools by whose friendly criticism we are helped, and we hope to assist them in the same way. The magazines on our exchange list may be found on one of the shelves in the library. Everyone is invited to read them and see what is happening in other schools.

We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Imp*, Brighton High School; *The Mercury*, West Springfield High School; *The Sunnyside*, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *Lasell Leaves*, Lasell Seminary; *The Ramble*, N. Y. Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

The Sunnyside. The name of your paper is very appropriate. Why not have a table of contents and your editorials at the beginning?

Lasell Leaves. Yours is a very attractive paper. Your cover design is most artistic.

The Ramble. Why have your advertisements scattered through your paper? It would give a much neater appearance to have them at the back.

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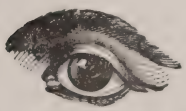

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BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

January, 1916

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Volume 22 JANUARY, 1916 Number 3

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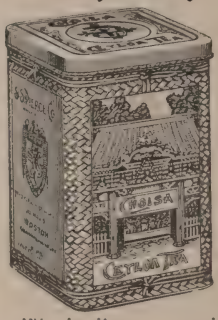

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII JANUARY, 1916 NUMBER 3

Editorial

THE SAGAMORE extends to the members of the faculty and to the student body its best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

One of the big high school problems of the day is the amount of time a student should give to the many school functions which are not connected with the daily program at the office. Is it fair to the student, to allow him to take part in so much "outside" work that he can not get the most out of his school life?

In many schools a system of credits is given for "outside" work and no one is allowed to have more than a certain number. For example, as a member of the school's paper staff, a student obtains one, two, three or four credits, according to the responsibility of his position; as a member of the debating team, he receives four credits; as a manager of a recognized school sport, he obtains five; or as a class officer and as a member of other organizations, he receives certain credits. By limiting the number of credits, a student is prevented from taking part in too much "outside" work.

Why could not Brookline adopt a similar system? The High School cannot go on for years to come along the same lines laid

out twenty years ago. Tradition has to be broken some time. Why not along this line?

K. F. A., '16.

In past years, one of the chief criticisms that has been made of The Sagamore was that our paper was entirely lacking in cartoons dealing with high school life. It has been the desire of The Sagamore this year to act upon this suggestion, and we take great pleasure in printing a page of cartoons in this issue. In so doing, The Sagamore is offering to the students who are interested in Art an opportunity to contribute to their school paper, and we hope that this step which has been taken will be a foundation for an Art Department in future years. The Sagamore wishes to thank Barnard Tucker '18, Lawrence Wogan '18, and Wallace Putnam '18, whose excellent work made possible our first page of cartoons.

Are you out for any branch of school athletics? If not, why not? The real purpose of all our school teams is to develop you, each and everyone, and to make a man of you through clean and wholesome sports. Do you realize the opportunities you are wasting? You need the school athletics even more than they need you; then why not show a little school spirit and develop your muscles at the same time? Go in for at least one sport. This winter there is hockey and swimming, next spring baseball, crew and track. Claiming no chance of making the team is absolutely no excuse; you can't rate your abilities until you have tested them. You may be agreeably surprised and be wearing a "B" next summer. If not try, try again; then try some more. If you are a Freshman, get an early start; if you are a Sophomore, don't be lazy another year; if a Junior, half your opportunity is still left; if a Senior, your last and best chance is here. Get busy! Wake up! Show a little school spirit for your own good as well as for dear old B. H. S.

E. P. H., 17.

The Noises of Silence

THE sun had begun the course of another stifling day. Although it was only six o'clock, the sands of the Arizona desert were already becoming unbearably hot. The very silence of this great oven seemed to overwhelm the mind. This may have been why the lone man who was dragging his weary body over the scorching sand was hoarsely shouting. The sound of his rasping voice seemed ghastly to him. He stopped short; then the silence was shattered by his cursing.

Tim O'Hara was noted for his original and sometimes amusing "cuss words." Now he let his fertile imagination have full sway in devising new imprecations. He cursed the world, the sun, the desert, himself and finally the man who had made his canteen. As he came to this point in his monologue, words almost failed him. For had this man not left a tiny hole in the water bottle? Was this not the reason for Tim's "going dry" for forty-eight hours?

Suddenly, he stopped with an exclamation. Interested in his originality, Tim had neglected to look where he was going. In his haste, he had stumbled over a skeleton, half buried in the sand.

Again the imprecations poured forth, this time with a new subject; a man who would die and leave his skeleton where other men could fall over it. Then he laughed. Among the bones was a little heap of nuggets. At that moment fate seemed very humorous to Tim. Here was a man who had found a mine and was almost back to civilization, to be wealthy and comfortable. Now he was dead. O'Hara glanced up from the bones. Then he began to laugh, indeed. A short distance off, a fluttering red flag showed the location of a water barrel, recently placed by the "Prospectors' Relief Association." Here was indeed irony. The man whose wealth might have done some good in the world had died; he, the vagabond, the always unsuccessful prospector, was to live. With a chuckle, the wanderer started toward the flag.

He had not considered his plight serious before, but the actual assurance of safety was too much for his over-wrought nerves. He sang and danced, he even tried to pucker his parched lips into a whistle as he raised the cover of the barrel. He dropped his canteen to the full length of its strap and listened for the splash that meant so much to him.

"Thump." Like the blow of a hammer, that sound struck Tim's heart. The new barrel had leaked. This time the man did not curse. The shock had been too great. He buried his head in his hands. But immediately he raised it; he had heard running water. Rising to his feet he looked about. Only the desert. The sound came from everywhere. It came from nowhere. It was so loud it deafened the ears; at the same time so soft it could scarcely be heard. Suddenly it stopped.

Tim sat down and began to cry like a child. Again his thoughts were recalled by the sound of running water. So clearly that he could almost see the stream; he heard water softly tinkling over pebbles. He struggled again to his feet. Everywhere stretched the dry, hot desert lands. The same deadly silence as before.

The prospector covered his eyes with his hands. He tried to retain his slipping grasp on his senses. The sound of falling water interrupted him. Now he could not be mistaken. He uncovered his eyes. The sound ceased. So quickly one could not follow his motions, he drew out his revolver. There was a flash and a loud report.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later a team came across the desert. The man who got out to fill the barrel, stepped over the corpse and stirred it with his foot.

"I reckon it's a tenderfoot," he remarked, "they can't stand this noisy silence, somehow."

P. R., '16.

A Letter from the San Francisco Exposition

3365 Clay Street
San Francisco, California

Members of the Brookline High School,

Dear Friends: When one of the Sagamore editors heard that I was coming to San Francisco, to see the Exposition, she asked me to write to the Sagamore telling my impressions. I'm going to begin at the very beginning, which of course is the trip across the Continent, and try and tell you from that time on everything of interest that I have seen.

We left Boston, on Sunday, Oct. 17, a perfectly glorious day. We went through the Berkshires to Albany. Oh what wonderful country it was! Nature just seemed to be playing tag with fire. He had chased her all over the mountains, and at last had almost caught her, in one great flame of red and gold.

We arrived at Chicago on Monday morning, a gray day, the only one so far, and stayed there until nine at night.

Then, the next day, we started on the longest part of our journey. For two days the country through which we passed was very uninteresting. For miles we could see nothing but the sage brush on the prairies of Iowa, Nebraska, and Wyoming.

But the third day began to make up for the previous monotony, as snow-capped Rockies appeared in the distance, and trees became more numerous. That evening we crossed Great Salt Lake, and it was exceptionally beautiful, because of glorious moon-light on the water. As we went along, the country grew more and more picturesque and lovely; and on Thursday afternoon, I don't think anybody felt very kindly toward the forty miles of snow-sheds in Nevada which obstructed most of that wonderful view.

We reached California in the late afternoon. The country is

simply too beautiful to try to describe. At a little out of the way station a real Western cow-boy boarded the train, and kept the passengers amused for a time with "Wild and Wooly" tales of the west.

Our train was very late so we didn't arrive at Oakland until nearly eleven o'clock at night. Then came a trip across San Francisco bay, and finally, about half past eleven, we were really truly ready to say "Hello, Frisco."

Now I'm coming to the most important part,—The Exposition. First I realize that I should try to tell you all about the wonderful country out here, the climate and so forth (native Californians will never forgive me for not doing so); but I'll spare you that, or rather leave it to your imaginations.

The Exposition grounds are partly on government land, which is usually used for military purposes, and is called the Presidio. They face the bay, and the glorious blue of the water, together with the fresh green of distant mountains give them a most beautiful situation.

As you enter the vast grounds, your attention is first called to the Fountain of Energy, a most artistic piece of statuary. However, your thoughts are quickly called away from this, and you behold the Tower of Jewels. This is a wonderful structure, entirely covered with pieces of colored glass, which dance in the sunlight. From its name, one would think that a dreadfully brilliant and dazzling light would emanate from this tower. However, it is quite the contrary. The light gives an irridescent shimmer, more like the quiet pearl than the glittering diamond. At night it is even more beautiful with powerful artifical light thrown on it. The lighting throughout the Exposition is done indirectly. Thus all glare is done away with. Especially at night the Exposition looks like fairyland.

In front of the Tower of Jewels is the Avenue of Palms. Down this avenue a small contrivance consisting of what looks like a rather big toy automobile with a train of cars hitched to it takes people to different parts of the immense grounds. It is called by many different names such as fragile catapillar, and so forth.

Beautiful palms, which are only a small sample of the exquisite gardening throughout the Exposition, line this Avenue. Everywhere are flowers and trees, which, although planted only a few years ago, seem to have grown there for ever and ever.

On either side of the Avenue of Palms, come the different buildings or palaces: Palace of Machinery, Varied Industries, Manufactures, Liberal Arts, Education, Food Products, Horticulture, and, most beautiful of all, the Palace of Fine Arts. This is simply perfect. Not only the building itself and the wonderful art which is shown in it, but also the surrounding grounds.

Then come three courts: Court of the Universe, which symbolizes the joining of the East and West by the Panama Canal and which really gives the true spirit of the whole Exposition; the Court of Four Seasons; and the Court of the Ages. The two most beautiful pieces of statuary are in the Court of the Universe. They are The Rising Sun, which stands in front of the Eastern side, and Descending Night, which is placed in front of the Western side.

Each state has its own building on the Avenue of States, the duplicate of a famous building in its own territory. Also some foreign nations have representative buildings. The California building, of course, is host to the world, and it is there that entertainments of all sorts are given to officials who visit the Exposition.

Of course no tremendous fair of this sort could be without its pleasure street, and so the Joy Zone affords amusement for all. It is a second Revere Beach, or Coney Island. Boys, you'd have a lovely time there for Scenic Railways and such things are very plentiful. Also some interesting attractions, as a fac-simile of the working of the Panama Canal.

Why, I've only begun to tell you about half what I wanted to, yet here are six pages of note book paper already, so I just can't go on, even though I'd like to. I am very glad to have been able to tell you my impressions, and only wish that all of you could come and see this wonderful Exposition, and take home impressions of your own.

Sincerely yours,

R. A., '16

The Informer

(After James Fenimore Cooper)

By L. S. S., '17

Chapter III

"The plot thickens."—Unknown.

THE discovery mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter caused, as we have stated, immediate withdrawal of our friends. They had not proceeded many miles when suddenly they happened upon a little brook not more than fifty feet in breadth and spanned by a wooden plank. The sylvan beauty of nature was indeed seen here, in the rippling cataracts and sequestered pools, shaded by an overhanging arbor of alders. Path-Blinder stopped and stepping upon a flat rock turned rapidly about to those following, "Harkee frinds," he cautioned, "Them thar injins is still afollerin we-uns. Naow, seein as how all things thet touches a frind consarns a frind, I've undertook t'save ye. Here's the idee. You all must set on this here rock and soak your feet in the river. Then ye must pull em out and twist yer old moccasins hind end foremost. Thin jump to yonder bridge, an' when ye gits to t'other side see that ye leave a single trail behind ye."

This great and ingenious device from the fertile imagination of the Path-Blinder was greeted with shouts of approval, but again he raised his hand serenely. "And that ain't all, neither," he continued, "I'll stay here and reconnoiter them red-skins a bit. And so saying he reversed his un-homely leather stockings and strode back the way he had recently come.

The rest followed his instructions to the minutest iota, and soon came to one of those innumerable lakes so common to western New York. Here they bivouaced, and awaited the return of Path-Blinder.

After some hours, just as the sun began to wane, Kee-Choo's attention was suddenly arrested by the chirp, or peep of a woodchuck in the underbrush, but still he remained immovable, continuing his seeming reverie, and merely removed his pipe to utter the single word "Come."

Thereupon in stalked Path-Blinder, breathing hard and with signs of a tussle all about him. He quickly made it known that their pursuers still pressed close. So again accepting the heavy burden of the party's safety, and going to the six or seven hollow trees which clustered on the lake-side he felled all, and from their centres drew forth as many dug-out canoes. Hastily launching these, he and Millicent jumped into one and shoved off amidst much confusion.

Chapter IV

How beautiful is love.—Old Song.

We know of no more unpleasant sensation than that of starving. Just as ship-wrecked sailors grasp some desert island as a place of safety from the terrors of the sea, and while in the act of celebrating their good fortune are abruptly brought to reason by their even worse plight, such was the condition of the fugitives. For, once resting upon the placid bosom of the lake, what was their dismay to discover no outlet.

The moon arose and shone pitilessly down upon them. The nocturnal silence was intermitted by the hoots of Indian ingenuity. All was calm.

"Indubitably, the hectic rapaciousness of yon aboriginees will confine us in our eldritch situation Mr. Bumper," crooned Millicent from her position in the bow of Path-Blinder's dug-out canoe.

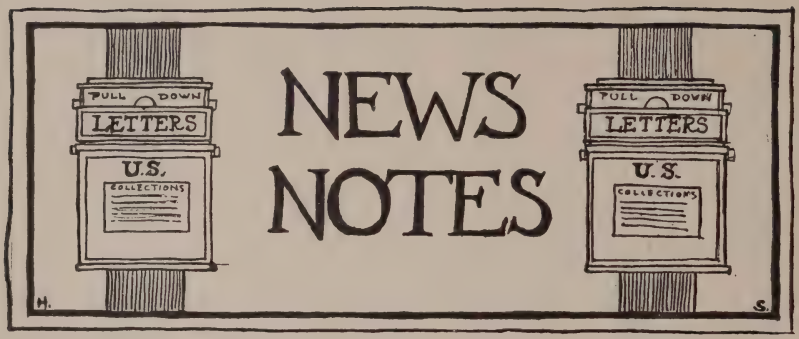
Rising and stretching his weary limbs, the hunter answered, "Wal, I reckon so. Ye see, them Mingos is paid by the scalp, an ef they c'd cotch us all why dern their pesky skins, 't would mean a fortune to 'em."

"Noble being," thought Millicent inwardly, but aloud, "And does the efficacy of the Path-Blinder yield to sudden hebitude? Is it that he is no longer to ratiocinate?"

"Wal, ef ye mean what I thinks you do, no, 'cause seein' as haow this here lake has an inlet and the current bars us for'r'd, stands t' reason we're 'proachin' an outlet."

"Yes, she sighed, and looking straight at his honest countenance, "Yes, I will marry you, Thaddeus."

(To be concluded)



B. H. S. Calendar for January

Jan. 6. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
Jan. 11. Meeting of the Girls' Debating Club.
Jan. 15. Track Meet, Brookline vs. Watertown at Brookline.
Jan. 19. Hockey Game, Brookline vs. Newton.
Jan. 20. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
Jan. 27. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.

On November 23, the B. H. S. Debating Club held the fourth debate of its competitive series. The question for the afternoon read, "Resolved: That the Chances of Ultimate Victory in the Present War Lie with the Central Powers." Xiques and Ryan argued for the affirmative; the negative was upheld by Cook and Snedden. The judges, Miss Pease, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Snow, gave their decision to the negative.

The fifth competitive debate of the B. H. S. Debating Club took place on December 2. The question was "Resolved: That Protection is Preferable to Free Trade as a Commercial Policy of the United States." Roeder and Vadner spoke for the negative and Shapiro for the affirmative. The vote of the house was in favor of the affirmative, but the judges saw otherwise and awarded their decision to the negative.

The B. H. S. Debating Club held the sixth competitive debate on December 9. The following topic was discussed, "Resolved: That Military Training Should Be Compulsory in the

Public High Schools." Beal and Wason upheld the affirmative, while Leach and Bowdidge defended the negative. Leach and Bowdidge took the rebuttal for their respective sides. The judges and the house awarded the decision to the negative.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Interscholastic Triangular Debating League the following officers were elected: A. Ogden Porter of Brookline, president; Charles Noble of Newton, vice-president; and Joseph Smith of Somerville, secretary-treasurer. It was decided that the triangular debates should be held on Friday, March 6, 1916. The question will read: "Resolved, That Military Training Should Be Compulsory in Our Public Schools."

On the afternoon of Monday, November 22, the members of English I had the pleasure of hearing a short talk on the Drama by little Miss Ethel Downey of the "On Trial" Company, then playing at the Tremont Theatre. Miss Downey, who so cleverly interprets the part of the child in the play, spoke of the mechanical devices used in the quick changing of scenery in this novel production. She also gave many interesting impressions of the stage, and stated some of her own views as to plays and the theatre in general.

The Girls' Triangular Interscholastic Debating League held its first reception and dance in the auditorium of the Somerville High School on the afternoon of Friday, December 3. Entertainment was provided in the form of vocal and dance solos and readings. The affair was well attended, and all who were present had a very delightful time.

The Senior Social was held on Friday, December 17, and, in spite of a rather small attendance, the affair proved to be a great success. The program commenced shortly after eight o'clock when the Mandolin Club played four selections: "Blue-White March" by Schmidt; "Angels' Serenade" by Braga; "Anita" by Allen; and "Dance of the Clowns" by Trinkaus. Next came a one-act farce, "Trot" by Dorothy Isenbeck '16. The characters in the order of their appearance are as follows:

Virginia Fairfax	Mildred I. Price
Ernest Gordon	John Julian Ryan
Aunt Mary	Helene Kornfeld
Bob Fairfax	A. Ogden Porter
Messenger Boy	Alexander Mossman

Each part was very well taken, and the play was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The floor was then cleared for dancing, which lasted until twelve o'clock. Miss Gambrill as faculty advisor, and the committee consisting of Edmund O'Hearn, chairman; Frances Souther; Helen Snyder; Franklin Whitney; and Ralph Carr deserve the greatest credit for one of the most successful Senior Socials that have been held in the High School.

Personal Items

The Class of 1913 made this year's Senior Social an occasion for their Triennial Reunion. They had a short business meeting in the library of the school, and then adjourned to Shailer Hall for the entertainment and dance. Robert Paine, Dorothy Rhodes, Madelaine Hunt and Julian Spitz formed the committee in charge.

"Tom" Woods, '16 has been elected Vice-President of the B. H. S. A. A. to take the place of Robert Burtt, ex. '16, who has gone to Hotchkiss Academy.

Richard Ehrlich, '18, is "thankful" to his parents for having taken him on a trip to Washington over the late November holidays.

The second of the Society Dances, under the management of Charles Coon, was given in Beacon Hall on Friday, November 12. A large number from the High School were present.

Many of the High School friends of Edwina Kittredge '18 enjoyed a dance at her home on November 19.

Madelon Chandler '16, entertained several of her friends at her home the evening of November 20. Among those present from the High School were: Virginia Grilley, Kenneth Akers, Raymond Davis and "Al" Johnson.

Where All Men Meet

"Ah! fair Ophelia!" said Mark Antony, as he stepped lightly from his club house. "How is our friend Hamlet?"

She blushed prettily, but retorted, "And by the way, how goes our friend Cleopatra?"

"Oh" said Mark lightly, "She is a thing of the past. I have at present an ardent affection for Josephine."

So they talked, mentioning various characters who go to make up that most interesting part of the world (or rather the underworld) Hades.

After conversing for some time they separated. Ophelia walked up the shade of Fifth Avenue, and was hastening on her way when a low whistle from across the street attracted her attention to D'Artagnan, who, handsome and graceful as ever, was beckoning to her. She nodded, and he hurried across to her. The greeting, which they exchanged, was formal enough, but their glances were far too warm for ordinary indifference or even friendship. As they walked slowly along, they first talked of political questions in Hades, of finance; and then, the conversation assumed a different trend.

"Have you seen him?" whispered D'Artagnan breathlessly. "Will he help us?"

"Yes, to both of your questions," answered the fair Ophelia.

"My master is becoming strangely suspicious of the advances Caesar is making to some of the most prominent citizens of Hades. His latest acquisition is the Duke of Wellington, of course an enemy to my master's projects. Tomorrow night at ten we hold a meeting in the house of Macbeth. You will come?"

"Aye."

"Until then farewell."

We shall now pass on to the above mentioned meeting; and with Bosworth's assistance, we shall try to report minutely the events which occurred. Among those present were: Napoleon, the leader, Ophelia, D'Artagnan, the Iron Mask, Dr. Johnson, Shakespeare, Hannibal, Disreali, Cicero and the newly admitted one, Richelieu. Napoleon opened the meeting by welcoming the newcomer, and called upon Disreali to state the business of the meeting.

"Friends," began the shade of England's greatest statesmen, "We are assembled here to carry out a plan, which will benefit not only ourselves, but all Hades. We are going to establish an empire. Napoleon will be emperor; Cicero, prime minister; Hannibal, minister of war; while the portfolio of foreign affairs will grace my person. As for the rest of you, with Richelieu as chairman, you will form a committee or cabinet, which shall absolutely control Hadean affairs. Are we agreed? Judging by the lack of voices to the contrary, we will assume it to be so. Accordingly, Hannibal will, with the aid of Napoleon, attack the city; Cicero will stir up his followers inside with Ophelia's assistance, while the rest of us will see that Caesar's men do nothing to thwart our plans. Therefore———."

At this juncture, the meeting was disturbed by a voice from the doorway. "Hands up! gentlemen and fair Ophelia! Watson, keep these people covered while I call for a prison-van! Caesar may be interested in these proceedings."

"D——— it!" cursed Napoleon. "Sherlock Holmes, the one man we didn't consider."

That evening our conspirators were peacefully residing in the shade of the "Tombs."

F. F. V., '17.

The Raven

(Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once upon a night of study, as the embers threw a ruddy,
Gloomy light upon the muddy boots that dried the grate before,
Methought I heard a tapping, as of some one gently rapping—
As of river ripples lapping on a smooth and sandy shore.
What was that so strangely tapping just outside my chamber door?
Some enchanted ghost of yore?

I had no especial yearning for the lighted halls of learning,
And my thoughts were ever turning from my geometric store;
And so gently came the tapping that I fear it caught me napping,
And so softly came the rapping that a minute passed before
I had started from my reverie and opened wide the door.
Opened wide the bolted door!

Surely I was mad or dreaming, for the lamplight, faintly streaming
O'er my shoulder showed a seeming somber bird of Stygian shore;
And a raven crossed my portal with an aspect hardly mortal
And a ghastly sort of chortle, that the empty corridor
Gathered up in hallow echoes, rolled along the polished floor,—
Swelled into a soundless roar.

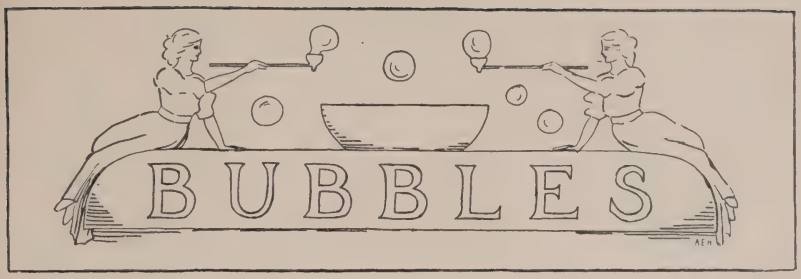
"Fiend or prophet," said I, "surely," as the raven hopped demurely
To my bureau, "this is purely rank invasion, nothing more.
Tell me quickly of your mission, or your own heartfelt contrition
Will not help your sad position, cold and wet outside the door."
Then, as chilling silence angered, "Leave this house and come no more!
Hence, ill-omened bird of yore!"

I could see its eyes were gleaming with a subtle sort of scheming
As it said, "Your futile screaming will avail you now no more.
For I represent the spirit of the grade of E or near it.
When your card comes home I fear it will explain the matter more."
Then the bird of somber darkness perched above my chamber door.
Like a ghastly ghost of yore.

"Fiend," I thundered, "if you do it, understand that you shall rue it!"
And I took a chair and threw it at the ghost above the door;
Such a crash and crackle making that I, suddenly awaking,
Found myself, all bruised and aching, in a heap upon the floor,
In the early twilight looking like a relic of the war.
Cake for dinner—Nevermore!

W. H. W., '16.

AS THE CARTOONISTS SEE US



Classic Number

Little lines of Latin,
Little lines of Greek
Make the learned scholar
Labor for a week.

Mr. S.:—"That should be minatur not miniatur. Morse, take your i out."

Teacher coming into room 28 just after the bell had rung: "Order please."

Little Bird: "Ham and eggs."

Did you know that—

"Medusa was a woman who had a head?"

"Thetis was the daughter of Nereus and the father of Oceanus?"

"Cassandra was an auguress who bored the Trojans?"

"Apollo is the God of chocolates?"

"Vulcan was the man who invented vulcanizing?"

Original Translations

"Alcibiades changed neither his customs nor his clothes."—Disgraceful.

"So citizens, it is fitting that he be killed by death." Capital idea. Think it over.

"Libation must be made with the heart of a Greek"—Whew!

"And we place the unhappy pest on the sacred citadel."—Sad, sad.

"He flung his sacred spear from his back."—Doubtless, as Dr. Roberts says, "A porcupine."

"Night passed, he felt it not."—Oh, what a night!

"Here my conquered father raises himself in the air."—Featuring Keller.

"He carried sheep and wine in a finely embroidered cup."—Some cup!

"How joyfully do we see you after your many deaths."

"Speaking thus, she remained silent."—At last the eighth wonder.

"Thereupon Neptune soaked him on his head."—Must have been shocking.

"Just as when the bees sit down to sing on flowers."—A coming naturalist.

"They took the juice of the grapes, some olive juice and some honey juice."—That is sufficient.

"Thereupon the Greek warrior hit the Trojan upon his horn."—The first intimation that there were rhinoceri in the Trojan army.

Zeus once fell in a river
He was in an awful fix;
But quickly he poured out some glue,
And now the River Styx.

Miss Ch-- :—"What is the reason for the rapid growth of New York and Boston?"

M--phy: —"Increase of population."

Student :—"Coming home, John?"

John: —"Nope, I have to go back to see Akers and Dey (die)."

There once was a fellow named Trunion,
Who swallowed a whopping big onion;
He was built like a hose
So it fell to his toes;
And now he is famed for his bunion.

(Ed. Note: The above rhyme is a limerick. The Bubbles Section will conduct a limerick contest between now and February. The prize will be a subscription to next year's SAGAMORE. The next issue will be the "Modern Number." More jokes please.)

ALVMNI COLVMN

'10. Harry Collins is surveying with the town engineering department.

FLORENCE EISENHARDT '12

'11. Mildred Masse is teaching school in Bethel, Vermont.

'12. Florence Eisenhardt is a gymnastics teacher at Smith.

'12. Cornelia Mossman, after studying dancing under Mme. Pavlowa, has a class in the annex of the Opera House.

'12. Edward Manning is president of the Phi Eta at Harvard.

'12. Nellie Woodward, who graduated from Lasell Seminary last June, is now traveling in the West.

'12. Elise Kraft, after leaving Radcliffe, is taking a course at Technology.

'13. Helen Goodnow took an active speaking part in the recent Suffrage Campaign.

'13. Edward Goodnow had the entire stage management of the play, "Perseverance of Pamela" by Virginia Church, the first production of the season to be given at the Hasty Pudding Theatre by the Harvard Dramatic Club. This performance was given on December 14, and was followed by dancing. Harmon Craig '15, had a part in the play.

NELLIE WOODWARD '12

'13. Robert G. Paine has been elected vice-president of the Junior Class at Dartmouth.

EDWARD GOODNOW '13

'14. Mary Knowles is residing in Montreal, Canada.

'14. Margaret Tuttle, Alice Stewart and Mildred McCollum are taking no small part in the activities of the Sophomore Class at Radcliffe.

'14. Helen Badger is very busy with her social duties at her home on Corey Rd.

'14. Dorothy Price, in her second year at the conservatory, took an active part in the fair given in Recital Hall, Dec. 3.

'14. Rosamond Flanders is taking a course at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.

Ex. '14. Phyllis Potter announced on Thanksgiving Day her engagement to Mr. John McDonald of Ashmont.

'15. Phoebe Hyatt is spending a year at Dana Hall, Wellesley, preparatory to entering Smith.

'15. Arthur P. Shugg is with the firm of Paine and Webber, Boston.

ROBERT PAINE '13

'15. Dorothy Wiggin is attending Miss Cumming's School.

ROSAMOND FLANDERS '14

'15. Francis Kittredge and Jack Craig ex-'16, played in the recent interdormitory football series at Harvard, and Donald Stanley '15 rowed bow on the Gore Hall shell.

Ex-'15. Chester Goldberg has undertaken the management of the flower store, "Chester's," at Coolidge Corner.

Ex-'17. Fred Maugey is a student at Worcester Academy.

Congratulations to "Pop" Lally, captain of next year's football team. Although greatly handicapped by injuries this season, he has played a steady game throughout, showing especial skill in breaking up the enemies' forward passes. The prospects for next year's team are very bright. Seven "B" men are scheduled to return, who surely ought to make the sport-followers sit up and take notice next fall.

The following business was transacted at the last B.H.S.A.A. meeting:

(1) "Bs" in football were awarded to: Captain Litchfield, Captain-elect Lally, Putnam, R. Johnson, A. Johnson, Collier, Cushman, Dunn, Woods, O'Hearn, Davis, Garrity, Thompson and Manager Akers.

(2) Considering the school spirit towards the crew, all efforts for continuing this sport will be made.

(3) The Board looks favorably upon awarding "Bs" to the girl debaters. This matter will be brought up at another meeting.

(4) Action on the admission of Wellesley into the Triangular League was postponed until the meeting of all the Massachusetts schools in Boston when state high school athletic requirements will be drawn up.

(5) Awarding of sweaters to football eleven laid on the table.

Brookline 29; Lynn Classical 0

The Red and Blue eleven ended its season in a blaze of glory at Lynn on Thanksgiving Day, when it defeated the Shoe City boys in a hard-fought contest, although the score appears otherwise. The chief feature of the game was the success of a dozen

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

of our forwards out of fourteen attempts. Litchfield played a fine game and A. Johnson kicked a goal from the field which is worthy of mention.

Interclass Football

Sophomores 19; Freshmen 0
Juniors 6; Seniors 0

FINAL
Juniors 0; Sophomores 0

Although lack of space prevents us from going deeply into the subject known as Interclass Football (?), we can at least say that 1918 had 1919 down and out at the end of the fourth round, in a combination of debating club, prize fight and swimming meet. The star 1919 back-field failed to materialize as the "sophs'" line broke through, stopping each play before it was fairly underway. O'Mealy and Jordan each played a good game.

The second meet was much more refined, although Bird tried to wipe up the field with his face and succeeded in doing so. The Seniors excelled with the forward pass, but when they got within scoring distance, they failed to have the punch. Newman caught a forward in the last quarter behind the 1916 goal line and scored the only touchdown of the game.

Although the last contest of the season resulted in a scoreless tie, the Juniors had the advantage throughout, being only prevented from scoring by frequent penalties.

Hockey

The prospects for a successful season in hockey at B. H. S. (an exceedingly rare occurrence) are very bright indeed. Five veterans of last year's team form a nucleus for the 1915 hockey team. In addition to this, an unusually large number of candidates has reported. They are, Palmer, Follet, Dooley, Gaynor, J. Hennessy, Gilbert, Taylor, Kenney, Thompson, Murnane, Arthur, Fennessy, Young, R. Johnson, Cameron, F. Kelley,

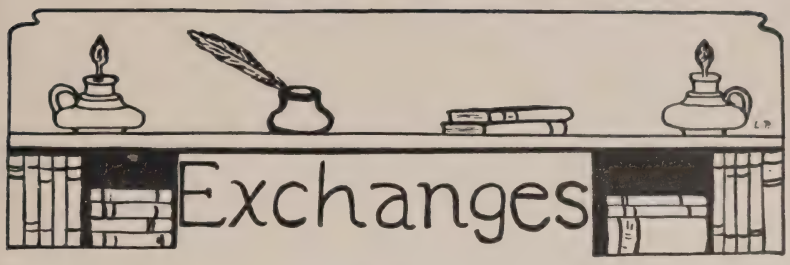
Bowker, Litchfield, Carver, E. O'Hearn, Hubbard, Canning, Ryer, Tyler, Newman, Remington, Marshall, McGillen, Coon, Collier, and Schellenburg. Fennessy is captain of the team, and Woods, manager. The co-operation of the school in this branch of athletics is earnestly solicited. The schedule for the season is:

Jan. 5. B. C. High at Brookline.
Jan. 7. Boston Latin at Brookline.
Jan. 12. Somerville at Brookline.
Jan. 14. Rindge Technical at Cambridge.
Jan. 19. Newton, place undecided.
Jan. 26. Arlington at Arlington.
Jan. 28. English High at Brookline.
Feb. 9. Milton Academy at Milton.
Feb. 14. Cambridge at Brookline.
Feb. 18. Stone at Brookline.

Track

The call for track candidates was issued on Monday, December 13. Among those who reported were: Amsden, Canning, McGarry, Murnane, Grant, Horne, A. Johnson, Nolan, Sullivan, A. Ryan, Saunders, Roman, Daley, Lally, Litchfield, Garrity, Cushman, Edgar, Houghton, Lyman, Hirschberg, Houston and Crowell. Out of these, five are veterans. T. Daley is captain, and Kendrick, manager. An attractive schedule has been arranged, and is as follows:

Jan. 15. Watertown at Brookline.
Jan. 22. Coast Artillery Games.
Jan. 29. Irish American Games.
Feb. 4. Open.
Feb. 12. Medford at Brookline.
Feb. 18. Lynn at Lynn.
Feb. 22. Mechanic Arts at Brookline.
Mar. 4. B. A. A. Interscholastic Games.
Mar. 11. Lowell at Lowell.



The number of our Exchanges has increased this month, and among them are some very interesting papers, which are well worth reading. We would be very much pleased if our Exchanges would offer us suggestions concerning THE SAGAMORE, so that we might profit by their criticism.

The following Exchanges have been received during the past month:

The Sunnyside, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *Lasell Leaves*, Lasell Seminary; *The Ramble*, New York Military Academy; *Packer Current Items*, Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *The Keramos*, East Liverpool High School, East Liverpool, Ohio; *The Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; *The Imp*, Brighton High School; *The Clarion*, Arlington High School; *The Western*, Western High School, Washington, D. C.; *The Brimmer School Magazine*, Boston; *The Argus*, Hunter High School, New York.

Lasell Leaves: You are to be congratulated, especially on your excellent cover designs.

Packer Current Items: Why not have more contributions from the older pupils in your school?

The Keramos: It would give a better appearance to your paper to have the editorial staff and editorials at the beginning.

The Megaphone: A paper full of school spirit.

The Imp: Why not get your artists to work, and have more cuts?

The Argus: Your cuts and cover design are very good.

The Brimmer School Magazine: A most excellent paper in every way. Your editorials are exceptionally good, also your school notes.

Preparedness!

INCREASE the Charles River NAVY
by adding a new B. H. S. SHELL

A CONCERT and DANCE will be given at the TOWN HALL, Friday Evening, FEBRUARY 25, '16, for the purpose of having "SOME" TIME and for raising funds to PURCHASE a new SHELL for the CREW

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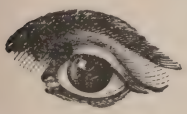

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THE SAGAMORE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

February, 1916

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Volume 22 FEBRUARY, 1916 Number 4

THE SAGAMORE

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII FEBRUARY, 1916 NUMBER 4

Editorial

IT IS a common belief that the prime function of public high school is to arouse a strong feeling of good fellowship among its students. Perhaps we are assuming too severe an attitude in saying that the majority of the members of Brookline High School have acquired no such democratic spirit. There are many students who band themselves together in certain cliques and look with indifference upon all those whom they consider do not belong to their own particular "set." It is a very difficult task for a stranger to form friendships among this class of students. There may be exceptions, but it is generally some athletic or social recommendation which secures for a newcomer a hearty welcome among the members of these high school cliques. In the majority of instances the stranger is looked upon with indifference, and the essential points which make up school spirit are forgotten.

At the time of THE SAGAMORE'S going to press there was a movement under way to hold social gatherings in Shailer Hall in order to arouse a more democratic feeling among the High School students. Whether or not these first gatherings are marked with success is not the question. Many students are inclined to become enthusiastic over some event which they consider a change from the every day routine of high school life, but when the novelty of the idea has worn off, all their interest disappears. The

point is whether this step which has been taken will be continued, or, through the indifference of the students, will result in dismal failure. No one can form an accurate opinion upon some radical change until the latter is thoroughly tested. If we desire outsiders to look upon our school as a democratic institution, if we wish the social cliques to be replaced by a real school spirit, let us see to it that these Friday afternoon socials meet with the hearty co-operation of the entire student body of Brookline High.

Although several of our athletic teams during the last few years have had seasons that were far from satisfactory, there has been one branch of athletics which has always turned out what is popularly known as a "winning combination,"—the crew. Whenever Brookline met with disaster in football, whenever the baseball, track, or hockey teams were forced to lower their colors, the crew always "came through."

It is probable that the majority of students have already heard that an entertainment will be given in the Town Hall on February 25 for the purpose of raising money to purchase a new four-oared shell. Heretofore our crews have used the Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association boats. These, however, are no longer suitable for further use, and it has become necessary for each school belonging to the association to furnish its own shell. The majority of Greater Boston schools are relying an outside assistance to raise the necessary two hundred dollars; Brookline, however, is depending entirely on its own resources. By the entertainment on February 25 the Athletic Association hopes to raise the sum of money to purchase its shell, and only a large audience can make this possible. Let it be said that all the members of Brookline High gave their utmost support to one of its organizations when that organization called for their assistance. Let it be said that Brookline students, who have long prided themselves on the showing of their crews, were willing to "play fair" and give their help towards continuing this sport at the High School. The success or failure of this entertainment rests entirely with you.

The Last Fight

IN the daytime the marsh was a mass of verdant green flecked here and there with brighter colors such as the blue of a patch of open water or the yellow and white of a cluster of lilies. Now, it was a dark billowy mass of fog. In the evening shortly after sunset this fog or mist began to form. From every pool and bit of moist ground it rose till the whole marsh resembled a great smouldering pipe. About three in the morning, as the wind started up, the mist thinned out, and it was then that the life in the marsh commenced to stir.

The old owl sitting on a stump at the edge of the marsh began to hoot more terribly and at shorter intervals, for dawn was fast approaching, and he must soon stop his hunting and fly to his nest in the cedar swamp. A fox skulking in and out of the tall grass in search of mice pricked up his ears at the distant baying of some hounds, for who knows but that they were on his trail. A streak of black shot in and out of the dead stumps, through the grass, and into every nook and hole; it was a lithe and cruel animal, the mink, who gives no quarter and expects none.

Down by the water's edge and in the dark depths there was an even greater show of life The surface of the water was broken by tiny little rings. These were made by schools of shiners which were so plentiful that the whole surface seemed as if it was being rained upon. Once in a while there would be a huge swirl in the water and a pickerel would dart back to his lair under the pads to swallow his prey and lie there like an arrow about to be shot from the bow.

There was a slight commotion at the edge of the pads and a small black head was raised; then sinking almost to the tip of its nose it swam slowly to a log in midstream, leaving a widening furrow behind to mark its course. On reaching the log the muskrat, for such it proved to be, swam slowly around it several times as if looking for a landing place, then finally pulled herself upon it. Characteristic of her sex she first saw to her personal appearance. She smoothed out her fur, wiggled her whiskers, and washed her little paws and then as if quite pleased with herself

sat up on her haunches and gazed around. The first thing she noticed was a ripple approaching the log in almost the opposite direction from whence she had come. Instantly divining what it was, she crouched flat on the other side of the log and awaited the stranger. When he was about ten feet off she slid quietly in water and under. The stranger approached the log and climbed upon it. As he did this she re-appeared about twenty feet off with just her nose sticking out of the water. As soon as he saw this he dived for her. She instantly swam under water in a circle for the log and climbed on it just as he came up in the same place she had been. Twice more they exchanged places; then, suddenly two muskrats appeared on the log at once. One of them was the male who had been playing "Daddy on the Castle," but the other was a stranger. He was almost half as big again as the first one and was probably the winner of a great many battles, as he was all slashed and scared. In fact he presented a disreputable appearance: one ear was slit, he was missing a front foot—probably he had left it in some trap—and his teeth were jagged and yellow.

For about two seconds they looked at each other; then the old grizzled one made a rush in an endeavor to push the little muskrat off the log, but the latter was game and met his opponent with a leap at his throat. They fought up and down the log, in the water and out, till finally the female, who had been watching the affair, got tired of it and swam to her hole in the bank. The young male, seeing the prize had vanished, began to lose courage and was about to give up the fight when suddenly there appeared a canoe around the bend.

The smaller muskrat dived from the log in a hurry, but the larger was just a moment too slow. A rain of shot suddenly peppered the log and water. With a convulsive twitch or two he rolled off the log, flopping in his death agony. The canoe quickly approached the rock and he was thrown in the bottom with a thump.

The old muskrat had fought his last fight.

H. P. M., 16.

The Informer

(After James Fenimore Cooper)

By L. S. S., '17

Chapter V

"Ninety-nine bottles a-hangin' on the wall."—Forty-Niner's Song.

IT was not until three hours had elapsed, and the moon was casting its reflection upon the placid waters of the lake, that the silence was again broken. Path-Blinder suddenly stiffened and murmured "Hush!" With scarcely a sound he bent his head close to the lake's surface, causing the fragile canoe to rock fearfully.

At last he ceased paddling and rapidly but stealthily his arm shot out into the opaque gloom of the lake, where it appeared to be groping for something beneath the surface. Presently his premonition seemed verified as he drew his arm back with a roll of birch-bark tightly clenched in his hand.

Saying nothing he busied himself with this roll and soon placed to his lips a strange instrument resembling a horn and conical in shape. A deep throated bay resounded from the mountains on the left. It was the call of the moose.

Path-Blinder leaned forward and now to the left came a moose-call, which was followed sometime later by another to the rear and still another straight ahead.

"Twar ez, I surmised," sighed Path-Blinder, "Millicent, we're surrounded."

Upon hearing this, Millicent burst into tears, but quickly composing herself replied: "Mais non. N'avez pas peur car le bon Dieu nous aidera."

Scarcely had she spoken these words when Path-Blinder shouted: "Look," and waved his arm about his head.

Both gazed in horror at the sight which met their eyes. There in the darkness, which the moon relieved somewhat by its resplendent beams, floated at least two-score Indian canoes containing ninety-nine Indians of the Iroquois tribe, as denoted by

the pink polka dots all over their bodies. As Millicent and Path-Blinder watched, the Indians drew their surrounding cordon closer, their hideously-painted faces contorting frightfully in the moonlight. At a distance of fifty paces they stopped.

"Thaddeus, I fear me we are lost," groaned Millicent, who seemed to have lost her former complacency.

"Not yit," muttered the hunter between his teeth, as he clutched the slim barrel of his far-famed rifle. "Them thar Injins ull never git me alive."

So they remained for not more than three hours, the Indians not daring to attack the pale-face warrior even with such great odds.

"Milly, this sort o' thing gits on me narves," hissed Path-Blinder as he prepared to light his eleventh pipe.

But the female was long since in the arms of Morpheus. Now, however, she awoke with a start. Clink, clink, clink, came a sound to their ears. Millicent shuddered. "What is it?" she cried.

"Jest a moment," replied Bumper and slowly lighted his pipe. For there, glimmering in the path of the moonbeams, floated ninety-nine bottles.

Hardly had they come to the Indian's view when the ominous silence was broken with a terrific whoop and the whole party rushed *en masse* upon the treasure, shouting: "Heap big fire-water for good Injins! Eyah!"

"We are saved, Thaddeus," shrieked Millicent, proceeding to swoon.

"Yeh, gol durn it," remarked Path-Blinder as he picked up his paddle, and the canoe glided noiselessly away.

Chapter VI

"Folly! Thy name is Woman."—Apologies to Shakespeare.

Sometime has passed. All are safely ensconced within the rude but powerful fortifications of Ticonderoga. But nay, not yet safe, for now it was bruited about that a new campaign had been inaugurated by Burgoyne and that the first point of attack would be Ticonderoga. Although this announcement caused a lachrymal effervescence on the part of Millicent, who bewailed

her fate as is customary with females in the most trivial of circumstances, nevertheless the garrison remained confident.

There is a mountain by Lake Champlain which towers six hundred feet above the lake and commands Fort Ticonderoga. This hill or mountain remained unfortified and unprotected because it was deemed impossible of ascent for cannon. Path-Blinder used to stroll here often, for "scouting purposes" he said.

One muggy July day while the garrison was partaking of their plain but nutritious breakfast of porridge and venison, word was brought in through scouts that General Burgoyne was approaching with an army of two million men, half as many horses, two-thousand cannons and twenty-five war elephants.

The reader can easily imagine the consternation in camp produced as a result of this report; but in spite of all, to man the loopholes was but the work of an instant.

But when General St. Clair sought Path-Blinder to ask his advice in such a crisis he was nowhere to be found. The general stomped, fumed, and swore in vain, for that intrepid warrior was gone. What was to be done now?

That night Millicent found a note on her pillow scrawled as illegibly as it was spelled illiterately.

"deer millsint i am a bas spi. i hev proberbli reeched the British lins sayfli wen u reed this episel. du not think tew bad uf mee. i did it for ten pounds butt remember thet Path-Blinder allus luvd yew.

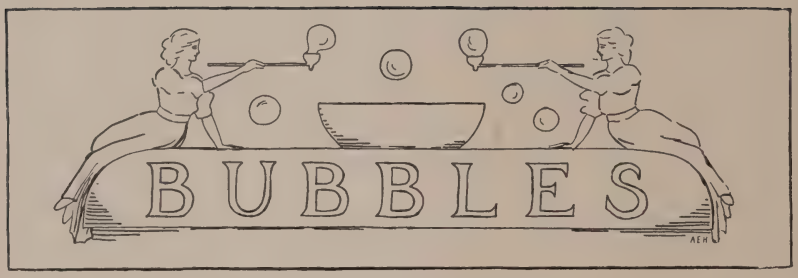
Affectshunaytli—

Taddy Bumper."

Did Millicent weep at the reading of these lines? Did she renounce the detestable so-called love of Path-Blinder? Au contraire she fairly flew to the British lines.

The British, by means of their elephants, easily fortified Sugar Loaf Mountain that night, and next day the garrison withdrew from Ticonderoga. General St Clair died of a broken heart many years after, with words of forgiveness upon his lips, a decrepit, destitute, and obscure being.

The End.



The Modern Number

I very often wondered, when I was rather young
At all the eccentricities of this our native tongue.
I used to keep a copy-book, in which I copied down
The strange and eery phrases I heard about the town.
And having these collected I put them into verse.
Please give to me your verdict, for better or for worse.

Night falls but does not break,
Day breaks but does not fall.
When Caesar started conquering
He didn't have much gall.

A visitor drops in
Altho he climbs six flights.
Tobacco has no mouth,
But ne'ertheless it bites.

A rifle always kicks
And yet it has no feet.
Ideas have no cement,
But somehow are concrete.

Road-beds have many springs,
Yet no one on them rests.
Thoughts strike but do not harm,
While slander stings our breasts.

* * * * *

What's that the reader says?
"Where does he get that stuff?"
Oh well, if that's the way you feel
I guess you've had enough.

Miss A–ms :—"What does hervorbringen (afford) mean?"
Stimme :—"Animated tin can."

Miss K–l–r in Latin :—"I don't know the verb."
Prompter :—"Fecit."
Miss K–l–r:—"No, I won't fake it."

Miss L–w–s :—"Who were the greatest poets of the eighteenth century?"
Gr–y :—"Kelly and Sheets."

"Pray do you speak the ancient Greek?"
Quite coyly queried she.
"Nay," he replied with proper pride
"But French is Greek to me."

Koch is living up to his record in German, viz: "He put on his blessed clothes and stood with his nose looking down."

R–l–y—"I was peddling down Beacon Street last week."
Kid Ehr–ch—"What were you peddling?"
R–l–y:—"My bicycle."

Hark! Was that a Bubble bursting?

Sr:—"Have you ever read Evangeline?"
Fresh:—"No, I don't read much Shakespeare."

Miss W–ldo to class studying Tennyson:—"You really cannot appreciate this poetry unless you have been in love." Whodathunkit?

(Ed. Note: Somebody has a chance to win a year's subscription to The Sagamore in the limerick contest now being held. Unless there are more contributions, however, the contest will be closed and the offer withdrawn. Get your limerick ready. The next issue will be the "Scientific Number.")

Where Cupid Helped

KENNETH MITCHELL drew a small blue envelope from his inside coat pocket, and leaning back in his comfortable Morris chair, gazed lovingly at it. On the envelope was written, in a feminine hand, his own name. Carefully he drew out the little folded sheet it contained, and for the forty-seventh time he read:

Dearest Kenneth:

I have decided to accept. Call this evening at eight.

Affectionately,

MADGE.

Bu——zz, bu——zz. Kenneth sprang to the telephone.

"Halloo," called a deep voice over the wire, "is this Kenneth Mitchell? Well, this is your old pal, Jack Mason. I'm just in town for the night. Say, if you still want to sell that automobile of yours, I'd be mighty glad to buy it. I'm staying at the Hotel Claflin. Why don't you come down for dinner at six?"

"Sure thing," responded Kenneth, and promptly at six o'clock that evening he entered the main dining-room of the Claflin. When the two friends had exchanged greetings and ordered their dinner, Jack said, "I suppose you still stick to your price?"

"Well, that's a pretty good car; I guess five is the least I could let it go for."

"You're right old chap. I was afraid, when I called you up, that the car might be sold. I want it pretty bad and to clinch matters brought the money with me." As Jack spoke he handed a small blue envelope to Kenneth, who holding it just a trifle beneath the table, withdrew the crisp, new five hundred dollar bill which it contained. Slipping the bill back into the envelope, he placed it in his inside coat pocket. As he looked up, he thought that a man who sat at a table a few yards away was staring intently at him

When the meal was over, Kenneth arose saying, "Well, old man, sorry I can't stay with you any longer, but I've an important engagement at eight."

As Kenneth walked out of the hotel and hailed a taxi, he was startled to see the man who had been looking at him when he received the money. The fellow was standing some distance off, eagerly watching the hotel entrance. When he saw Kenneth he turned around and slunk slowly away. The taxi had hardly started, however, when thoughts of his lady-love, and of the good bargain he had just made drove the remembrance of the man from the lover's mind.

* * * * *

It was late when he reached home that night. On entering his room he flung his clothes at the nearest chair, and was soon in bed. Pleasant thoughts resolved themselves into pleasant dreams. He had been asleep what seemed to him a very short time, when a sound near at hand brought him suddenly to his senses. The door swung open, and a bright stream of light swept around the room just as Kenneth leaped to his feet.

"Hold up your—"

Instead of peacefully surrendering Kenneth made a wild dash at the speaker. He had almost reached him, when he felt himself seized roughly by the shoulders and thrown violently backward. His head struck the wall a terrific blow and he sank without a murmur to the floor.

* * * * *

At a quarter past six that morning Kenneth slowly opened his eyes and looked vacantly around. He was conscious of a dizzy throbbing in his head. Little by little he realized what had taken place the night before. Suddenly he staggered to his feet. His very heart stood still, and his breath came in startled, gasp-like sounds as he moved toward his coat. Frantically, he snatched it from the chair—the five hundred dollar bill was there in the little blue envelope, but Madge's note was gone.

A. W. P., '17.

The Healing

The sun is rising from the crags,
  All grey and rose and gold;
The mist moves softly o'er the lakes,
Grows thinner and thinner, and gently takes
Itself away, while the wild world wakes
  And stirs in the morning cold.

The wild world leaps to meet the dawn,
  With a spring and a blithesome bound;
The forest sings with the singing birds,
The waterfall calls to the gay deer herds,
And the winds give voice to meaningless words
  In the harmony of sound.

A canoe comes gliding o'er the stream
  At a swift and steady pace,
And paddling there, in a powerful way,
A redman sits, but the coming day
No joy has brought to the soul at bay,
  Who flees from the human race.

The redman sits in his boat of bark,
  And thinks with a racking pain,
Of the hate that had entered into his heart
Against his neighbor, a brother in part,
And how he had shot that fatal dart,
  And thus his brother slain.

And now he has come far, far from his tribe,
  Away from all mankind,
To the lakes, the rapids, the sweet bird call
With the healing woodland over all,
To bring back peace from the bitter gall
  Of his heart and soul and mind.

Now, dim to his ears, a sound is brought;
  He sees the storm's dark cloud;
And now the rain comes pelting down,
And after the rain, a rainbow crown,
Then in his heart the response is found:
  He has made his peace with God.

E. B. R., 18.

ALVMNI COLVMN

'90. Hiller C. Wellman is Librarian of the Public Library of Springfield, Massachusetts.

HENRY F. DUNBAR '09

'97. Charles W. Kellogg is manager of the dam at Keokuk, Iowa.

'05. Alfred G. Kellogg, a well known portrait painter of Boston, spent some time in France during the first year of the war.

'08. Frances Carver Brooks (Mrs. Frank N. Brooks) is being congratulated on the birth of a son, Robert Carver Brooks.

'09. Henry F. Dunbar is an instructor at Worcester Academy.

'11. Francis Capper is engaged to Miss Kathleen Cobb of Newton.

'12. Helen Hastings has again been elected leader of the Glee Club at Radcliffe.

'12. Philip Nordell, now at Dartmouth, will start his business career at Filene's.

'12. E. Thurston Clarke is studying to be a lawyer at Harvard, having finished his course at Williams in three years.

HELEN HASTINGS '12

'13. The class of '13 had a reunion in the reception room at the High School on the evening of December 17. Those present were: Julian Spitz, Thomas Derr,

Robert Paine, Mildred Stronge, Joaquina DaEva, Louise Murray, Lincoln Cummings, Elizabeth MacNoughton, Katherine Davis, and Mrs. Downes (Ruth Damon).

E. THURSTON CLARKE '12

'13. Thomas S. Derr has been awarded a scholarship at Harvard.

'13. Dorothy Rhodes, Wellesley '17, spoke at the student conference at Vassar during the fiftieth celebration of the founding of the college.

'13. Stewart Kaiser was assistant to the doctor of the football squad at Harvard.

Ex. '13. Harry Denning played on the football team of the Catholic College, Washington, D. C.

'14. E. E. Dewey played a good game on the Tuft's Freshman football team. The Commons Club has received him as a member.

JULIAN SPITZ '13

'14. Lois Carver returned to Brookline for the Christmas vacation gaities, from her duties as Sophomore at Smith.

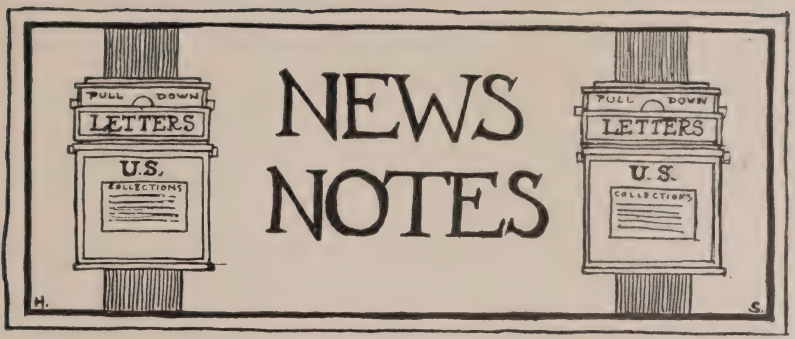
DOROTHY RHODES '13

'15. Mary Houghton, a Freshman at Smith, attended Helen Heimer's dance on New Year's night.

Ex. '15. F. Hickey is working for Howes Brothers, leather firm.

Ex. '17. Gordon Cushman has gone to Holbrook Academy, New York.

(Ed. Note: If you happen to become acquainted with any facts concerning our alumni, the editor will be very glad to receive such notes.)



B. H. S. Calendar for February

Feb. 3. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
Feb. 8. Meeting of the Girls' Debating Club.
Feb. 12. Princeton Interscholastic Swimming Meet.
Feb. 14. Hockey game, Cambridge Latin vs. Brookline.
Feb. 17. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
Feb. 18. Girls' Interscholastic Debates.
Feb. 25. Concert in Town Hall for benefit of Crew.

The B. H. S. Club held the seventh debate of its competitive series on December 16. The question, "Resolved: That the Present Prison System at Sing Sing Should Be Maintained," proved to be a very interesting topic for discussion. O'Hearn and McNeil presented the affirmative side and Remington argued for the negative. The judges voted two to one in favor of the affirmative.

December 23 was the day of the next B. H. S. Debating Club meeting. The question read, "Resolved: That a League of Nations to Enforce Peace Is Practicable." Ehrlich and Darling for the affirmative opposing Hickey and Prendergast were the speakers of the afternoon. The negative was awarded the unanimous decision of the judges.

The ninth competitive debate was held at the B. H. S. Debating Club meeting of January 6. The action of one of Dicken's famous characters was discussed in the question, "Resolved: That Sidney Carton Should Have Sacrificed His Life for Charles Darnay." For the affirmative side, Ryan and Remnitz were the

speakers; for the negative, Coon and O'Mealy. The judges' decision favored the negative.

On account of the unusual number and high standard of the competitive debates this year the judges, Miss Pease, Mr. Akers, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Snow, have considered it advisable to hold semi-finals. For these debates, the following have been chosen: Porter, Whitney, Vorenberg, Roman, W. Morse, Hirschberg, Snedden, Leach, Hickey, Spalding, Ridley and Saxe. Merrill Spalding resigned from the team and Shapiro has been chosen to take his place. Honorable mention has been given Coon, Prendergast and Roeder.

Members of the Girls' Debating Club met in Room 18, December 21, for a debate on the question, "Resolved: That Capital Punishment Be Abolished." Marjorie Smith and Edwina Kittredge upheld the affirmative; Dorothy Crowe and Lucile Einstein spoke for the negative. The vote of the house on the merits of the question was given to the affirmative, which also received the vote on the merits of the debate. The judges were also in favor of the affirmative.

The Mandolin Club played several selections at a minstrel show given by the Washington Boys' Club at Union Hall on Tuesday, January 11. The club has been having a very busy season up to date and has several engagements for the near future.

The honor lists first introduced by the Headmaster last November have proved a great success. Interest has been aroused and excellent results have been obtained, as the length of the honor list has increased each month.

Those attaining first honor for December were Ola Murray 16, Merrill Spalding '16, Wilhelmina Pree '17, Marion Doan '18, Helen Gibbons '18, Charlotte Cowles '19, Catherine O'Day '19, Ednah Shepard '19.

On the second list were Marion Bywater '16, Caroline Potter '16, Ogden Porter '16, Ariel Carstens '17, Vivian Kistler '17, Hope Snedden '17, Stanwood Bolton '17, Carleton Shugg '17, Frank Vorenberg '17, Warren Morse '17, Rosamond Allen '18,

Harriet Bridgman '18, Helen Conway '18, Louise Hersey '18, Edwina Kittredge '18, Franziska Schacht '18, Elizabeth Sutherland, '18, Estelle Huestis 19, Geoffrey Bolton '19, Carroll McPherson '19, John McSweeney '19, and Conrad Salinger '19.

The Junior girls have followed the example of the Seniors in calling out candidates for their basketball team. At the first practice the class was represented by only eight girls: Helen Sherman, captain; Esther Sands, Eleanor Hunt, Ariel Carstens, Margaret Young, Katherine Lynch, Jessie Southwick, and Amanda Mayo. Practice will be held every Friday afternoon in the gym, and it is hoped that more girls will turn out.

After three meetings the Juniors finally elected Dan Tyler as their president. This is the second time the present Junior class has had to choose a leader in the middle of the season. Last year it was necessitated by the departure of Edward Sutherland, and this time by the leaving of Gordon Cushman.

In order to raise money for the new crew shell it has been decided to give a dance in the Town Hall on Tuesday, February 25. Show your spirit! Everybody attend!

On December 27, Helen Sherman '17 entertained a number of her friends. Some of those present were Marjorie North, Constance Webling, Hilda Smith, Frances Clarke, Clare Anderson, Doris Nash, Charlotte Stevens, Louise Chrimes and Eleanor Lowe.

Barnard Tucker '18 and Alfred Leonardi '17 have been furnishing music at numerous dances and social gatherings in town.

February Fourteenth

I love thy auto of latest make,
The cut of thy hair and shoes,
And dear to me are thy cigarettes
And anything else I use.
Take me, I pray, to a movie show
And then to a supper fine,
And bring me a box of Page and Shaw's—
And I'll be thy Valentine.

D. C. A. I., '16

Swimming

Although a trip to the Yale Interscholastic Meet is assured to our speedy team, it rests entirely upon the students of Brookline High as to whether or not we shall send representatives to Princeton to bring back another National Championship. The prospects for a successful season are very bright indeed. Of the ability of Captain Handy, Prendergast, and Bird nothing need be said. The team has been greatly strengthened by the work of Darling, Bowdidge, the Richardson twins, McKinnon, Flynn, and Woods. With the material we have it would be a great pity not to give our swimmers an opportunity to win their third straight championship. Every student should get a ticket to the meets in our own swimming pool and contribute his individual support toward sending the team to Princeton.

Brookline 50½; English 16½

The Red and Blue swimmers opened up the 1916 season at Curtis Hall, when they overwhelmingly defeated the English High School "independents." The relay race was evenly contested up to the anchor men, but Prendergast easily pulled away from his opponent and won by three yards. The 200 was even closer. Flynn, lately of Worcester, defeating McKinnon by a stroke. The summary:

100-yd. relay—Won by Brookline (McKinnon, Carolan, Darling, Prendergast). Time 52s.

25-yd. dash—Won by Darling (B); second, Ekland (E); third, Baker (E). Time 12s.

50-yd. dash—Won by Handy (B ; second, Woods (B); third, Jewett (E). Time 27 4-5s.

100-yd. dash—Won by Prendergast (B); second, Rheam (E); third, D. Richardson (B). Time 1m. 8s.

200-yd. dash—Won by Flynn (B); second, McKinnon (B); no third man. Time 2m. 47s.

25-yd. breast stroke—Won by Woods (B); second, Bowdidge (B); third, Bridges (E). Time 19s.

Diving—Won by Biddell (E), 5½ points; second, tie between P. Richardson (B) and Jewett (E), 6 points; third, Cohen (E), 6½ points.

Plunge—Won by Bird, 65 ft. ; second, Handy, 57 ft. ; third, Vorenberg, 50 ft.

Brookline 47 ; Dorchester 13

On January 14, we won another easy victory. D. Richardson's winning the 200 in fast time was the feature. Capt. Leo Handy was clocked in 25-1 in the 50-yard dash. The summary:

Relay—Won by Brookline (McKinnon, Woods, Darling, Prendergast). Time 50s.

50-yd. dash—Won by Handy (B); second, Colson, (D); third, Darling (B); Time 25 1-5s.

Plunge—Won by Bird (B) 64 ft. ; second, Handy (B) 50 ft. ; third, Vorenberg (B) 42 ft.

100-yd. dash—Won by Prendergast (B); second, Woods (B); third, Colson (D). Time 1m. 3s.

200-yd. swim—Won by D. Richardson (B); second, McKinnon (B); third, Packard (D). Time 2 m. 35s.

Diving—Won by Colson (D); second, tie between Bowdidge (B) and Donovan (D).

25-yd. dash—Won by Darling (B); second, Donovan (D); third, Woods (B).

Interclass Track

The first track meet of the season was held at the gym on Friday afternon, January 7. Practical Arts scored a rather easy victory, securing first place in five of the seven events that were contested. The final score was: Practical Arts 25; Freshmen 17; Sophomores 12; Seniors 5; Juniors 4. Edgar of Practical Arts was easily the star of the meet, winning the 25-yard dash, the 600-yard run, and the broad and high jumps.

Report of the Last B. H. S. A. A. Meeting

(1) J. Remnitz elected first assistant track manager.

(2) Letters of thanks to be sent to J. H. Lynch and L. H. Andrews for their aid during the football season.

(3) A committee consisting of five members, viz.: faculty advisor, alumni member, coach, captain and manager will ratify all schedules.

(4) Privilege of attending meetings extended to managers.

(5) Litchfield elected undergraduate member, Mr. Nichols graduate member, and Mr. Chisholm faculty member of the Triangular League.

Rifle Team

The final standing of the Dana cup matches shows that Beal '17 won in a very close race for the first honors. The final score was: Beal 918; Wenstrom 908; Massey 902; Remington 890; Gray 866; Currier 865; Remnitz 792; Morse 787; Ingraham 785; Jacobs 757. As several of these men are "down," their places on the team will be filled by Whitcomb, Angevine and Silver.

Hockey

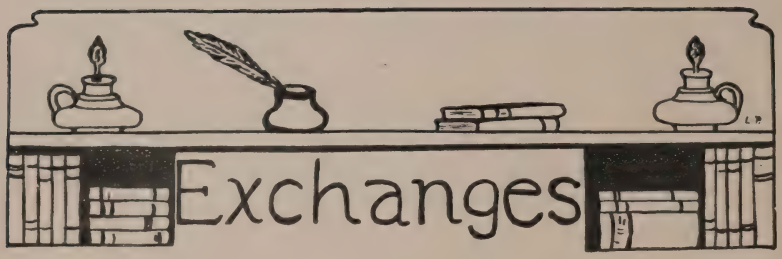
Brookline 9; Boston Latin 0

Captain Fennessy's puck chasers brought home an easy victory on January 7. The ice was in miserable condition, and team work was an impossibility. Arthur and Fennessy each shot four goals apiece, and O'Hearn took care of the other one.

Brookline 3; Somerville 0

Although Somerville belongs to the Suburban Hockey League and plays at the Arena, while we practice on the Gym floor, they were unable to get but one shot at our goal in forty minutes of play. Captain Fennessy shot all of our points, scoring the second goal on a pass from Follett after the two had come down the ice together and eluded the opponents' defence.

On Wednesday, January 19, Brookline defeated Newton 2-0 at the Cypress Street Rink.



We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges for the past month: *The Sassamon*, Natick High School; *Keramos*, East Liverpool High School, East Liverpool, Ohio; *Brocktonia*, Brockton High School; *The Argonaut*, Mansfield High School; *The Oracle*, Bangor High School; *The Tattler*, Waterloo High School; *The Stuyvesant Stag*, Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Virginia; *The Quarterly*, St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon; *The Item*, Dorchester High School.

The Keramos: Your editorials and Exchange Department are splendid.

The Brocktonia: Your stories are very clever, also your Latin and German Departments. A very original paper.

The Argonaut: Congratulations upon your Exchange Column!

The Oracle: Your jokes are really funny!

The Tattler: It would be an improvement to have better order: editorials and staff at the beginning of your magazine and advertisements at the back.

Stuyvesant Stag: Why not criticize your exchanges? Isn't that what Exchange Departments are for?

The Quarterly: A very interesting paper.

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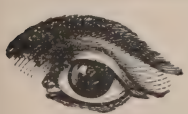

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THE SAGAMORE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

March, 1916

GRADUATE NUMBER

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Volume 22 MARCH, 1916 Number 5

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TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII MARCH, 1916 NUMBER 5

Foreword

THERE are very few schools which can boast of so loyal and devoted a body of graduates as that of Brookline High. Year after year our athletic teams, our clubs and social organizations have received invaluable assistance from B. H. S. alumni, who have given many hours of their time to "help out the old school." It was because of this loyal spirit that the idea of a "Graduate Number" was conceived, and nothing has been more gratifying in the course of this year's Sagamore than the splendid manner in which every graduate responded to the call.

It is interesting to note that among the contributors to this issue are two former editors of The Sagamore. Mr. Arthur W. Spencer, editor of the Brookline Chronicle, was the first editor-in-chief of the High School paper, and Mr. Witter Bynner, who is now a prominent figure in the literary world, also served The Sagamore in this capacity in 1898. Mr. Charles Kellogg and Mr. Alfred Kellogg each held the position of business manager during their senior years in the High School. The latter recently spent several months in Paris, a fact which makes his article, "Our French Friends," of especial interest.

The Sagamore wishes to take this opportunity to express its thanks to the graduates for their hearty coöperation, and to Miss Mary P. Frye and Miss Spaulding, without whose assistance and advice this Graduate Number would not have been possible.

"Empty Week"

By Bertha M. Boody, Dean of Radcliffe College

Many people who look at college activities from the outside think that the students do too much. Those who know college activities from the inside are sure of it, although the belief that every student goes to everything that appears in the college paper is not a true one. At Radcliffe College the girl who goes to a Science Club meeting very probably does not go to the Fine Arts Club; but both girls may go to Glee Club trials, basketball games, Idler rehearsals, or to hear a speaker at the Guild.

Some clubs may be eliminated by combining them with other clubs, making one set of machinery do what two sets were doing, making one set of meetings do what two were needed for before. The number of meetings allowed to any one club may be limited, the new and untried set of interests arising from a new and untried set of world circumstances, having to do for instance with peace and war, can be handled by committees of existing clubs instead of having special clubs formed for them; individual students may be limited in the amount of their activity either by some point system or by custom—and yet with all this, try as we may to simplify, to cut down, there is still too much.

This is why, in Radcliffe College, we are planning to have in March, with the backing of the Student Government Association, an "empty week"—that is, one week when there are to be no rehearsals, no club meetings, no college paper, no scheduled games. For that one week when lectures are over, each day is then empty as far as college activities are concerned, empty to be used for unplanned diversions, empty to be enjoyed.

This "empty week" is just an experiment; but even in its arbitrary taking out of things, we hope to find a contentment that will make us and perhaps other people too, invent more experiments along the same line, to be used not only while we stay in college but afterward as well.

Politics and the Schools

By Joseph Walker

The United States is a self-governing nation. We are committed in this country to universal suffrage. This means that our government rests directly upon its citizens and upon public opinion. If the rank and file of American citizens fail to understand or to perform their duties as citizens the very foundations of our government are undermined.

When we come to see clearly this fundamental truth, we shall realize that one of the chief functions of our public school system is to train every boy and girl in the art of citizenship. No boy or girl should be permitted to graduate from a grammar school, and certainly not from a high school, without simple, clear and serious instruction in government and in the every day functions of citizenship. Soon after a boy graduates from school he is called upon to vote. This involves intelligent and conscientious action at primaries and elections. Yet how many boys and girls leave our schools with even a rudimentary knowledge of municipal, state and national government?

Politics is not a game to be played. It is the art of government, an art which touches the home, the business, the health and the happiness of every one of us. Politics therefore should be taken seriously and training for a political career encouraged.

To those boys and girls who show special interest in questions of government, an advanced elective course should be offered by our high schools. Such a course should be highly practical and deal with the problems of national, state and municipal government which are actually confronting legislators and pressing for solution. Student clubs and debating societies can supplement such instruction to great advantage.

Politics is the business of every American citizen, and every American boy and girl therefore should be enlightened on the subject and be made to feel his personal responsibility.

Reminiscences of the High School 1882-1886

By Franklin W. Hobbs '86

THE High School building was on the site of the present Pierce Grammar School, but faced Prospect Street and there was no entrance from School Street. The present Pierce Primary School, or rather the old part of it, was then the Grammar School. It was a small school, numbering about ninety, and the building was inadequate in capacity and equipment from the viewpoint of today in everything but the one most essential feature, namely, teachers. In that regard it stood high in quality but low in numbers, as there were only four in all. I shall refer to them briefly.

First, the Head Master, Mr. J. Emory Hoar, endeared to all by the familiar name of "Johnnie." He was a "gentleman of the old school," of high character, charming manners, kindly and courteous, a lover of the classics, a fine type of schoolmaster, who for over thirty years made a deep and lasting impression on his pupils.

Mr. Andrew J. George was then a young man and began his work in Brookline in 1882. He was filled with new ideas and ideals, a strong personality, just coming under the spell of the English poets to the study of whose work he afterwards devoted the rest of his life.

Miss Abby W. Dean was our guide and inspiration in literature, English and French. She was small in stature, keen of mind, bright, witty, a good teacher and a woman of great refinement.

The fourth and remaining teacher was Miss Mary P. Frye who also came to the school with our class, although previously a teacher in the Grammar School. She was, and still is, the strong, rugged character we all know today, a fine woman, respected and beloved by all. My own experience with her was unique. Modern History was required for entrance to Tech, and, as I was the only member of the class preparing for that institution, we had the class in history together! I may add that, thanks to Miss Frye, I

passed the examination. It also is a splendid illustration of the advantage of a small class! I believe this was the first and only class of one in the High School.

As the years have passed by, death claimed one after the other of the first three named, but I am happy to say Miss Frye is with us, and all her friends wish her many more years of happy usefulness.

It is probably hard for the students in our present wonderfully well equipped plant, with all its modern conveniences and splendid corps of teachers, to understand how we, of the older day, learned anything. While I know the standards are all the time improving and that really better work is being done, after all, the essential feature then and now is to awaken in the pupils a love of the great things of life, and to so teach them to appreciate the great truths and lessons of history that they may apply them to the life of today. To do that there is no need of buildings, nor apparatus, nor even books. It needs the inspiration and guidance of men and women of high ideals, of spiritual vision and true devotion to their calling: the training for good citizenship, for good manhood and womanhood of the youth of our country. Such men and women we had in those earlier years. You have them today. May Brookline always continue to have them in the future! It is well to realize always that, while beautiful buildings and splendid equipment are advisable when possible, the teachers are the one essential requirement in any school, and without them and their inspiration, a school can have no lasting value in the things that really count in any community.

Our French Friends

By Alfred G. Kellogg '05

FRANCE'S splendid effort since the Germans advanced on Paris seventeen months ago has newly aroused our interest in her. We were astounded that a smaller nation with a much smaller army, lacking, as we supposed, in the stern virtues demanded in warfare, could have stopped short the impetuous rush of the invaders. In order to understand what took place we must understand the French; a thing very difficult for us to do because they are so utterly different from the English, and also because they have never made any effort to explain themselves to us, or to tell us of the great things that they have done in the past. The French are not accomplished in that art so extensively used in these times, of advertisement and propaganda through the press. The two great characteristics of the people, to which nearly everything in their national life can be traced, are mental power and the spirit of independence. The French working class is the most intelligent and independent of any nation. Their opinions are to an extraordinarily small degree warped by prejudice or sentimentality; they as a whole possess the faculty of looking facts squarely in the face. For this reason they are difficult to lead unless they believe in the cause for which they are being led; but after once embracing a cause they enter into it with the most impetuous enthusiasm, thanks to their great emotional power. They are logical, thorough and serious; their gaiety is light heartedness rather than frivolity.

The army before the war was more efficient than was generally realized. The uniforms were not handsome, nor were there any crack regiments to make the army popular; but next to the Italians, the French were the best marchers in Europe. This proved to be of supreme importance, for except in the center of the line at Verdun and Nancy, where the opposing armies stood toe to toe and exchanged blows, the Battle of the Marne was a great marching battle, and the French ability to march, which is

a matter of training, enabled them to beat back greatly superior numbers. An endless amount has been written about the high efficiency of the German army, but nothing has ever been witnessed in the history of warfare superior to the handling of the French armies in the field, the use of the railroads, and the work of the light artillery during the first month of the war.

Still more wonderful than their power of resistance is the power of endurance the French are showing. In spite of more spectacular fighting on other fronts, it is the western front that has seen the fiercest and most continuous fighting and it is the French who have borne the brunt of the war. It is not surprising that they should fight enthusiastically for several months, but that they should continue to do so for seventeen is most extraordinary, because the French are above all a home-loving people. They do not like to leave France nor can they bare separation from their families; it is the latter that has caused the acutest suffering for the soldiers themselves and for those left at home. No furloughs were given until the men had been at least twelve months at the front.

The French people are fearless in giving voice to their opinions; therefore, if there were any great dissatisfaction in the continuance of the war, it would be impossible to hide the fact. Apparently both the army and the people are determined to carry the struggle, however long it may take, to a triumphant conclusion.

The Birthday

By Witter Bynner '98

My laughing, panting, panted Pan,
(Long trousers marked his festal day)
Folding his arms of golden tan
A little while, suddenly ran
Back to his play.

Then, "what's the matter?" he said to me,
Hearing me laugh, hearing me sigh.
"I'm not so young as I used to be,"
I answered, and quick as a bird said he,
"Neither am I!"

THE KEOKUK DAM

A Letter from the Manager of the Mississippi River Power Company

Keokuk, Iowa, December 13, 1915

To the Editor-in-Chief of The Sagamore:

Miss Frye has told me that you are trying to obtain statements of the experience of former students of the Brookline High School for publication in The Sagamore and she has asked me to prepare such statement.

In the first place it is very gratifying to learn that The Sagamore continues to exist. I recall distinctly when it was started, in the old building on School Street, about 1894—so that it has been published continuously for over twenty years. Figuring the school "generation" at four years, this is a long period of publication. My recollection is that in my senior year at the High School 1897—The Sagamore, of which in that year I was business manager, gave me the worst financial worries I had had up to that time or have had since.

Since leaving Tech, where I went after leaving High School, I have lived most of the time in Texas. This life is a liberal education for persons raised in the East. Questions of municipal development, physical and social, which are of old standing in Brookline, are in the nascent state in Texas; this results in a keen general interest in the growth and development of each individual community, which is very stimulating and which is more seldom encountered in the East than in the growing parts of the West and Southwest. The rapid changes and advances make the whole community enthusiastic and optimistic to a degree quite impressive to one accustomed to the more stable and less changeable conditions in New England.

For the last year or so I have been connected with a very interesting development of natural resources at Keokuk, Iowa. At this place the Mississippi River has been dammed for the purpose of developing about 200,000 horse power of electric energy.

This development, which was carried out by private capital, has combined in a very happy way great public benefits in the nature of improved navigation conditions with a real conservation of part of the nation's fuel supply. The damming of the Mississippi River has produced a pond forty miles long in place of a former canal and river of uncertain depth. River steamers pass into this pond through a single lock of the same width as those at Panama; and, navigating directly through the pond above the dam, save two hours in time as compared with former conditions. This lock, as well as a dry dock, were furnished free of cost to the United States.

Regarding conservation of fuel supply, the total amount of water power available per year from the Mississippi River at this point is an average of about 900,000,000 kilowatt hours. This corresponds to a saving in coal consumption of 2,700,000 tons per year. This saving will not be entirely effective until all of the water power is sold, but the amount now sold of about 400,000,000 kilowatt hours per year corresponds to a saving already actually made to the people of the country of 1,200,000 tons of coal a year.

The water power is what is known as a low head development. The Mississippi River at this point falls about thirty-two feet, the large amount of power being due to the large discharge of the river. The average flow of the river at Keokuk is 400,000 gallons per second. In times of flood this reaches a total of 2,500,000 gallons per second. The area drained through Keokuk is 219,000 square miles.

I am sending you herwith some photographs of the property, which may be of interest to your readers as showing the scale of the development. The dam is nearly a mile long, and the complete part of the power station is three blocks long and as high from the foundations to the roof as a seventeen-story building.

It would be hopeless to attempt any detailed description of the situation in a brief letter like this, which is already too long. In closing, I wish to extend through you to all your readers a hearty welcome to Keokuk in case you come through on the way east or west. Any Brookline High School boy or girl can make a

thorough inspection of the property at any time of the day or night by application to the undersigned.

With best wishes to yourself and The Sagamore, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. KELLOGG '97.

(Ed. Note—Mr. Kellogg has sent us pictures and a booklet descriptive of the Keokuk Dam. These have been placed on the exchange shelf in the library for students who desire any further information on this subject.)

The Cataract

BY PHILIP R. DUNBAR '96

With eerie light the moon bedims
The twinkling fires of night and swims
In space; the hunted cloud escapes
The hunter wind and smoothly shapes
Herself for sleep. And now from where
The perilous eagle seeks the air
And scanty rooted birches cling
The cataract her veil doth fling.
Crescent and star's commingled beams
Have filled her crystal-dropping streams;
Across the film from verge to verge
Luna her colored bow doth urge.
This way and that the night wind sways
The gauzy sail of humid haze—
The void the crash of water fills,
Reverberating through the hills.
The roll of sound forever flows—
Eternally the murmur goes;
Afar it falters and returns;
It wakes the stag amid the ferns,
And through his waking sense doth well
Like tolling of a phantom bell.

Two Years with the Forest Service in the Northern Rocky Mountains

By Joseph Kittredge, Jr. '08

MOST of the readers of The Sagamore probably have as little real knowledge of the work of the Forest Service in this western country as I had when I graduated from the High School. Tree surgery and the spraying to control the depredations of the gypsy and brown tail moths are the noticeable examples of forestry work to be seen near the cities in the east, and how different that work is from that which the men in the employ of the Forest Service in the west are doing. Another opinion of the forester's life which prevails quite commonly, as a result of several stories that have been written in which the Forest Ranger figures prominently, is that of the man and horse alone, way back in the mountains, patrolling a lonely beat for weeks and perhaps for months without seeing any other human being. This may at times be a true picture of the life of a forest guard during the summer fire season, but the isolation is not usually long continued. And then how many times I have heard the remark, "What a delightful, romantic life yours must be." I shall have to confess right at the start that, although I have thoroughly enjoyed my work with the Service, there have been many times, a large majority in fact, when the romance of it all was very carefully concealed or only to be discovered with a considerable effort of the imagination.

The whole field of Forest Service activities is one that would require a thick volume all to itself, so I am going to try only to "hit the high places" in my own experiences during the last two years, which might be absolutely unlike those of another man in the Service who was connected with the grazing, settlement, land classification or administrative work with which I have not come in contact. My work has been entirely in the well-watered, heavily-timbered region west of the Continental divide in western Montana and northern Idaho.

The connecting link between school and job was the civil service examination, required for any permanent appointment in the Service. An examination that requires seven hours on each of two consecutive days of quick thinking and rapid writing to finish at all, is in itself an experience, and not a romantic one either. In July, four months later, I reported for work at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. After a day's journey which ended by my hiking into the mountains with my bed and all my personal belongings on my back, I reached the rag-house camp which was to be my home till the following December. Camp consisted of a 14 x 16 cook tent, with stove and two home-made tables, and a most appetizing smell of good things "coming up"; a 10 x 12 office tent, and five 7 x 9 living tents, each with two bough beds. That camp was located on a gentle slope beside a little creek, and was in deep shade at all times from the big evergreens, over one hundred feet high, which grew all around it.

The day's work began when the cook's insistent "Daylight in the swamp. Roll out!" sounded at six o'clock. There were ten men in the camp, mostly recent college graduates from various parts of the country. We went out in pairs each day and took lunch with us. One man ran a compass line, paced the distance, and mapped the streams, ridges, slopes, and timber types, while the other estimated the timber on a strip thirty-three feet wide on each side of the line—i.e., tallied each tree on that strip by its diameter and the number of logs sixteen feet long which it contained. Two miles was the day's work; one mile out, and the second back on a line parallel to the first and six hundred and sixty feet from it. Such a day might furnish easy going with little climbing and light undergrowth and windfalls; or it might mean five thousand feet of climbing, rock cliffs, brush so thick you had to fight your way through it, and windfall—fallen trees—everywhere so that it was a continual scramble to get over or under or through it. Game was fairly common, but we rarely saw more than the tracks. Sometimes deer would get wind of our camp at night and blow and stamp close by until their curiosity was satisfied. Frequently we crossed fresh tracks of bear and moun-

tain lion, but only twice have I seen the former and never the latter. After a highly appreciated supper all hands would gather round a big camp-fire and tell stories and watch the daddy-long-legs march round and round just inside the circle of light. And then how good that bed of boughs did feel!

During the winter of that year, after the crew had disbanded, two of us did work of a similar kind on the area of the Priest River Experiment Station. The chief differences were that we "bached" instead of having a cook, and worked on snowshoes, since there was three to five feet of snow everywhere. I should have hesitated to ask visitors to all the meals we dished up, although I am a living witness that they supported life; but our sour-dough hot cakes for breakfast would have passed muster with the best. As for snow-shoes, there were days when we went through brushy country and our feet got tangled and we dove head first into that deep, soft snow, and a silver-tongued orator could not have equalled our honied words addressed to those innocent-looking webbs.

My second summer was a repetition of the first until the continued drought, followed by several lightning storms without rain, brought a bad fire season upon us. All other activities are temporarily abandoned when the fire danger requires more men. Our first experience was on a Sunday evening. The supervisor telephoned that a fire had been reported about three miles from camp and that a couple of us had better go over and help the ranger put it out. Being young and inexperienced, six of us went, armed with shovels, axes, and mattocks. We got to the fire about seven, and it had covered about three acres and was burning very briskly. For the most part it was only burning in the dry needles and brush near the ground, but every few minutes the moss on the drooping limbs of some big fir would catch and with a roar that whole tree would blossom into a pillar of flame. As a small boy, I ran to a considerable number of fires, although never to one so spectacular as this one; yet this time I wanted to run the other way, like the candidate for ranger who was asked in his examination what he would do if he were trying to get a fire under control

and it got into the crowns of the trees. His answer was, "Pray for rain and run like hell." We worked till midnight before we got that fire surrounded by a trench so that it could not run, and then it was up to us to patrol till daylight so that sparks or falling trees would not make all our work useless. At eight the next morning we were relieved and were mighty glad to roll in when we got back to camp.

That was the first of several experiences with small fires that season. Shortly afterwards, I was transferred to be time-keeper and commissary clerk for a camp of fifty men who were helping fight a fire that had covered several hundred acres.

I was again on the timber-cruising work till the following January. In those eighteen months I had been in town less than six days. Since then for almost a year I have been engaged in office work and have been out in the timber less than a month. The office work has consisted of first, a large amount of tabulation and compilation work in connection with the study of the lumber industry which the Forest Service has undertaken in co-operation with the Federal Trade Commission ; and second, handling the routine work which is involved in the very large business which the government does in selling its mature and overmature timber to purchasers who will log it, after paying the stumpage price, and thus give an opportunity for the establishment of a new stand of young trees either by the methods of cutting or in some cases by replanting artificially. Each sale means a certain amount of routine which must be gone through with; the timber must be appraised, a minimum stumpage price set, bids called for, a contract drawn up with the successful bidder, and supervision exercised to see that the terms of that contract are complied with. All these things make office work and lots of it, for some one. Usually, however, the office and field work are well proportioned; and this fact, together with the very likeable, congenial personnel to be found in the Forest Service are to me its two most attractive features.

To High School Students Intending to Take Up Journalism

By Arthur W. Spencer '95

WHILE I am not sure that I can offer any very helpful advice to students in the Brookline High School who are thinking seriously of taking up journalism as a career, the manuscripts of a good many such students have passed through my hands, and I have long desired an opportunity such as this to offer a few recommendations that I hope will be of some practical value.

First of all journalism is popularly associated with literature, and there is a tendency to regard any boy or girl who exhibits marked literary talent as specially fitted to take up newspaper work. That may or may not be true in an individual case. Sometimes the severe routine of such work would be irksome to one who has stood at the head of his class in English courses, and another profession would offer a better stepping stone to pure literature. At other times conspicuous literary gifts may manage to find an outlet in the vivid description and dramatic narrative that city editors are eager to obtain, and the literary light finds his work congenial because appreciated, and develops into an unusually successful reporter and may advance rapidly to the most coveted posts of the profession. Cases of the latter kind are, however, the exception rather than the rule. The majority of successful newspaper men began not as brilliant writers, but as earnest and alert young men who started with but a respectable command of the English language, and by persevering practice in all sorts of tasks, however unattractive, gradually achieved through severe discipline full mastery of the tools of their calling. If a young man is intelligent and can express himself in correct English, he need not be conscious of any special degree of literary talent in order to consider himself fitted for journalism.

Secondly, in line with the foregoing, I would emphasize intelligence as the chief requisite. Journalism is a profession primarily concerned with facts, and a mind which is swift in com-

prehending facts, and is thorough in its grasp of complex states of fact, is especially equipped to communicate those facts to other minds. For this reason such studies as history, government, and economics are of special value and usefulness as a preparation for newspaper work. I have noticed, for example, that those High School students who cultivate the art of debate are giving themselves just that sort of training which would be most useful to anyone who intended to enter journalism. The would-be journalist should make the most of every opportunity, whether in high school or in college, to acquire a broad, practical, intellectual culture, for neglect of this duty in part explains why there are so many failures and mediocrities in the newspaper world.

I advise young men who expect to make journalism their life work not to devote too much attention to literature, but merely enough to attain mastery of a direct, concise literary style and such knowledge of English as is essential to a well-rounded education. The major part of their time, in school and in college, should be spent in acquiring a broad intellectual discipline in the world's affairs by training themselves to understand historical, political, and economic facts. In addition they should seize every opportunity to gain practice in newspaper work by writing for the press "on the side" while they are acquiring their education, thus keeping their hand in, so that they will not find themselves novices with a hard road to travel after leaving college. Such a foundation of a broad, liberal education, assisted by some outside practical experience, I believe far superior to a course of study in a school of journalism as a preparation for a journalistic career.

College Athletics

By William M. Shedden, '11

YOUR editor has asked me to write a short article for The Sagamore dealing with athletics at Yale, and perhaps containing suggestions regarding training for track work at the High School. The latter subject I think has been worn rather threadbare, however, so I will confine myself to a little talk on the first, referring in particular to track athletics.

It was in the fall of 1911 that about sixty of us stood in the trophy room of the Yale Gymnasium and heard the coach, Johnny Mack, make the finishing speech of the track rally. We were freshmen then, and we felt our insignificance. Around us were men who had won their "Ys," and in glass cases around the walls were the big silver cups of teams that had preceded us. "We're all going to pull together" Johnny was saying, "and it's going to be a hard pull. I'll be out at the field every day, and all you've got to do is stick—and work. And now about those lessons, keep your studies up whatever else you do. A man is no use to us and no use to his college, if he is just keeping along the danger line. We have lost too many events just because some fellow got in trouble with the Dean's office at the last minute."

Johnny never had any patience with "warm weather athletes," men who would come out for a while and work while the sun was shining and things looked attractive out at the field, but who, if a little rain sprinkled the track or the mercury dropped a bit, would find that they had an important engagement which would keep them away from practice that afternoon. "It's the steady plugging, day in and day out, that brings a "Y" on to a man's jersey," Johnny was saying, "Why, look at little George Marsh, Cross Country captain a couple of years ago. He never won a thing for three years; but he stayed with us and worked, and his running in the intercollegiates brought him his letter."

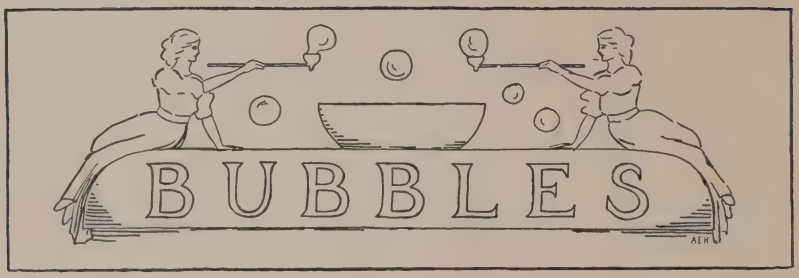
The trials for the varsity and freshman relay teams, held the following January, were mighty cool ones; at that time we had

no steam heated baseball cage in which to work; but instead ran on an outdoor track. The snow had been shovelled off from it but the temperature let us fully realize that winter was still with us. In the latter part of January the teams were picked that would run in the Boston Athletic Association Meet at Mechanics Hall.

I want to turn from track to football for a minute, as I think that any talk on recent Yale athletics would be incomplete without mention of the game with Princeton in the fall of my Sophomore year. In the last quarter, the score stood 6-3 in Princeton's favor and defeat had wrapped a big swathe of gloom about us: nothing but a miracle could, and did, save us. Pumpelly, more than half the length of the field from Princeton's goal, had sent the ball twisting through the air with a tremendous kick. It did not seem as if that piece of pigskin could reach the posts; it must fall short. It began to drop, slipped down on to the cross bar and, with a little turn, fell off behind the goal, and the game was tied. Not many Yale men can forget that game.

One of the finest movements that has been growing within the last few years, is that to establish a better athletic relationship between the universities. The time is passing when a university must be always suspicious of her rivals, ever expecting that something will be "slipped over"; and the more this movement advances, the less need there will be for the present complicated and hampering multitude of rules and regulations.

Though of course I would like to have gone through four years at Yale seeing all the teams win, yet it has been a mighty fine thing to be with men who showed themselves true sportsmen under a long period of adverse circumstances, and who answered to Kipling's definition of a man, one who could "lose and start again at the beginnings."



"Oh, Science dear, we love thy name," the joyous throats proclaim,
"For many a man can by thy means ascend the road to Fame:"
"Do not profane my magic name," cold Science sharp replies,
"For I will ask you but one thing, to prove you're not so wise."
And Science says, "Can you tell me what tree in all your life
Has been to you the direst cause of struggle and of strife?
What tree is that you can not cut, altho you study me?"
Now what cha know the whole blame mob pipes up, "Geometry."

R. Bird has composed a new ballad entitled: "I Never Move Save When I Sing, and Then I Move from Flat to Flat." He must be fairly sharp to do this or else it just comes natural.

First Soph:—"How did you do last night's Geom!"
Second ditto:—"Easy enough, by induction."
Le Premier—"Gee, I wish I could induce some one to do mine for me, too." Sehr tief, nicht wahr?

A Soph. presented these theorems as original; we agree:—The angles of a polygon are equal if their parallels are perpendicular. Also:—The diagonals of a parallelogram bisect each other in halves.

Koch continues in the lead as to originality in German. In witness whereof: "He fell up the steps wearing an iron belt of varnished lead." Some boy!

Miss L-d-n: —"How do we prove this theorem?"
Pr-n-g-st: —"Incorrect method."
Miss L-d-n :—"Next."
Next: —"By superstition."

English, French, and History
Bring troubles to our hearts,
But when it comes to Chemistry,
'Tis then the real thing starts.

Reporter to Bubbles Editor: —"Here's a dandy joke about a funeral."
The Ed.: —"Nothing doing, that's a *grave* affair."

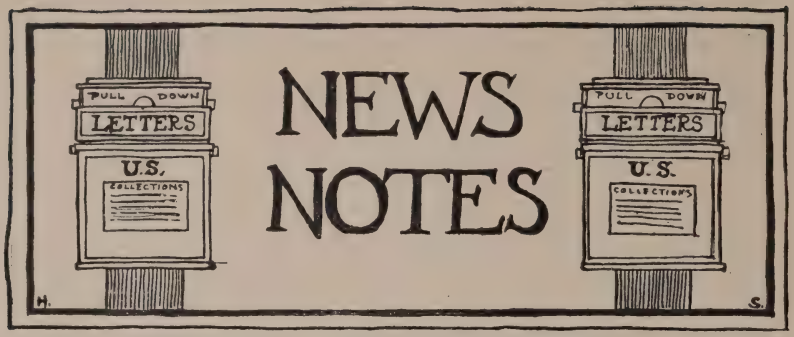
Mr. ?: —"X equals AEC."
Pupil: —"Oh, I see."
Mr. ?: —"Sit down. Now there are some in this class, etc., etc."

II Eng. B. contributes this: "Stevenson's health affected his life so that he could not sleep nights and rolled around a lot. He finally died in Samoa and the natives took his grave up the hill and buried it."

Miss L-d-n: —"On what line is B. V. D?"
Voice from the rear: —"On the clothes-line."

A maker of flivers named Ford
Got a hunch he could quiet the sword,
And because of this notion
Went over the ocean,
But will now leave the war to the Lord.

(Ed. Note. Now is your chance, Limerickists! To win a year's subscription to this magazine take a good look at the above limerick and try to go it one better. Five minutes work may mean eight issues of Joy for you next year.)



B. H. S. Calendar for March

March 3. Interscholastic Debate—Somerville at Brookline.
March 9. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
March 11. Track Meet—Brookline vs. Lowell at Lowell.
March 16. Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
March 24. First performance of B. H. S. Dramatics.
March 25. Second performance of B. H. S. Dramatics.

On January 19, the final competitive debate of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held in Room 28. Brookline will be represented in the interscholastic debates by Porter, Whitney and Roman for the affirmative; and Snedden, Ridley and Saxe for the negative.

The first freshman debate of the year took place on February 3. At the same meeting of the Club the interclass teams were chosen. They are as follows: senior, Remington and Ryan; junior, Bowdidge and Murnane; sophomore, Darling and Leach; freshman, D. Richardson and Kramer.

The third regular meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held Tuesday, February 8. The question under discussion read, "Resolved: That There Should Be a Minimum Wage of Eight Dollars in Massachusetts." The affirmative team consisted of Lucile Einstein and Page Williams; the negative, of Maxine Nichols and Ina Bentley. The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

The proposed B. H. S. Socials have actually become a reality. There have been two of them on the successive Friday afternoons of January 28 and February 4. Many have attended and enjoyed a pleasant few hours of dancing to the splendid music of Lowe's

orchestra. More of these little affairs are coming.—Come and be sociable too.

Just before recess on February 11, the School gathered in Shailer Hall for the annual Lincoln exercises. After the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address by Franklin Whitney of the senior class, the Rev. William Iliffe of the Presbyterian Church, delivered an address in which he told how Abraham Lincoln was affected by heredity and environment. He also brought out Lincoln's absolute honesty, his faith in God, and the fact that he was constantly governed by the one great principle of anti-slavery. The singing of "America" brought the exercises to a close.

The play chosen for the B. H. S. dramatics this year is "The Man From Home," which has already been made famous by the well-known actor, Mr. William Hodge. The trials for the various parts were held on Thursday, February 10. From the eighty-five contestants a cast has been chosen which we trust will make this year's production quite as splendid, if not more so, than anything previously given.

The list of the scholarship honors for the mid-years, the second quarter, and the month of January shows the following names:

Senior Class: Marion Bywater, Katherine Gibbons, Marie Kaan, Helene Kornfeld, Dorothy Isenbeck, Dorothy Von Olker, Caroline Potter, Kenneth Akers, Ogden Porter, Edwin Ryer, and Merrill Spalding.

Junior Class: Ariel Carstens, Vivian Kistler, Annie MacLellan, Wilhelmina Pree, Adolph Alland, Francis Carey, J. Warren Morse, Carlton Shugg, and Frank Vorenberg.

Sophomore Class: Elizabeth Rintels, George Belden, Herbert Darling, Rosamond Allen, Lucile Brenner, Harriet Bridgman, Helen Conway, Miriam Doane, Helene Feldman, Helen Gibbons, Gertrude Henderson, Edwina Kittredge, Helen Montgomery, Franziska Schacht, and Elizabeth Sutherland.

Freshman Class: Estelle Alcaide, Ethel Blumenthal, Charlotte Cowles, Adelaide Huestis, Elizabeth Newton, Catherine O'Day, Ednah Shepard, Geoffrey Bolton, Carroll McPherson, Conrad Salinger, Albert Kenney.

Swimming

Brookline 43; Harvard Freshmen 19

On January 25, Brookline won its third straight swimming meet of the season, turning back the Harvard 1919 team in easy fashion. With the exception of the 25-yard dash, the Red and Blue secured every first place in the meet. The feature of the afternoon was the plunging of Roger Bird, who established an interscholastic record with a distance of seventy-eight feet.

B. H. S. 49½; M. H. S. 1 ½; M. A. H. S. 9½

A rather uninteresting meet was held at the Brookline Pool on Wednesday, February 9. The feature was the swimming of Handy, who won several events including the plunge. Prendergast also gave a good account of himself, securing first place in the 25-yard dash and 50-yard swim.

Yale Interscholastics

Our boys won their first big meet away from home on February 5. Leo Handy won the 100 and 220 in the record-breaking times of 57 2-5s. and 2 min. 33 4-5s. respectively. Bird plunged the length of the 75-foot tank, a feat never before accomplished at New Haven. Prendergast was second to T. H. Cann of Hamilton Institute in the 50. Our relay team also won, but was hard-

pushed. We scored twenty-six points, double that of our nearest competitor.

Princeton Interscholastics

On Lincoln's birthday, our natators won their third National Interscholastic Championship of the United States. We scored 27 points; Poly Prep of Brooklyn—"Daddy" Mann's charges—were second with 10; and Lawrenceville third with 9. Capt. Leo Handy not only broke two interscholastic records, but also two intercollegiate ones. Herbert Vollmer of Columbia holds the intercollegiate record of 58 seconds in the 100, but Leo swam that distance in 56 4-5 seconds. The other record was the 220. The collegiate mark was made two years ago by Eben Cross of Princeton, 2 min. 31s. Leo beat this by 1 2-5s. The swimming tanks of this country will have to be built longer if Roger Bird continues to plunge. For the second time in two weeks, he hit the end of a 75-foot pool. "Mike" Prendergast took second in the 50 and fourth in the 100. The relay team consisting of Darling, McKinnon, Prendergast and Handy won an exciting relay from Poly Prep.

Track

Brookline 34; Wakefield 25

On Friday afternoon, February 4, an exciting meet was run off at the Gym. Edgar of Brookline was the star of the contest, winning both the high jump and the 600-yard run. Dignan of Wakefield won the shot put with a toss of forty-four feet, one inch.

Brookline 37½; Mechanic Arts 30½

The second indoor track meet was held at the Gym on Lincoln's birthday. It was probably the most exciting competition that has ever taken place at Brookline. All of the running events were very closely contested. Johnson and Edgar fought it out in the 300, the former finally winning. Spitz used excellent head work in the 600 and came home five yards in the lead.

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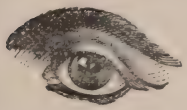

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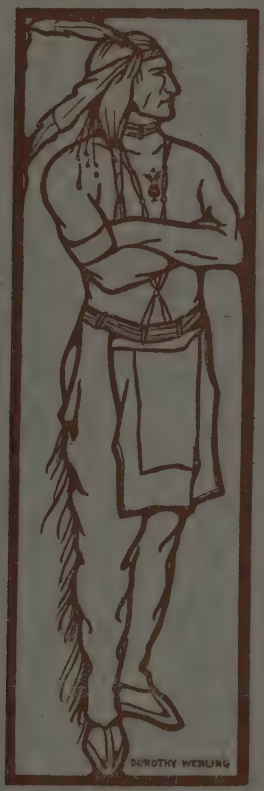

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

April, 1916

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Volume 22 APRIL, 1916 Number 6

THE SAGAMORE

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TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII APRIL, 1916 NUMBER 6

Editorial

A FEW months ago the students of several of our large colleges were given examinations on current events, dealing especially with the European War. The results of these tests, while a source of infinite amusement to the reading public, more than justified the claim that the average student knows far more about ancient and mediaeval history than of the epoch-making events which are taking place at the present time. Students who had the dates of the wars of antiquity at their fingers' ends were hopelessly at sea when asked to tell what part General von Mackensen has played in the present war; the rulers of Bulgaria and Italy were designated as King Augustus and Victor Emmanuel XXIX; Montenegro was located on nearly every sea in Europe and Eastern Asia, while Saloniki was transferred bodily to Poland; the chief of the French armies was said to be General Geoffrey; and several students heaped bitter insult upon Ex-Premier Venizelos of Greece by proving beyond any possible doubt that he was a Mexican bandit.

To the reader this ignorance seems almost incredible, and there may possibly be some foundation for the belief that several students wanted to "kid the professor." If we look at this matter in its true light, however, we can readily see that a more general interest in the war news, literary and scientific departments, current poetry and editorials of our newspapers and periodicals would tend to give college and high school students far more satisfactory and profitable reading than the present desire to carry the local,

society, and sporting news to extremes. Perhaps we may also be called upon to write similar examinations on current events during our college courses. Why not prepare for them now?

After several years of "watchful waiting" one of the coveted Triangular League Championships has been won by Brookline High. When the football team tied for the league title last fall there were pupils who believed that the hockey team, in view of its 1915 performance, would go our eleven one better. Not only were the most sanguine expectations of Brookline students fulfilled, but the way our team, handicapped as it was by lack of regular practice, completely outplayed the crack sevens of the state is strong proof that the old bull dog spirit has once more returned to inspire B. H. S. athletic teams. So here's to Captain Fennessy and his 1916 championship hockey team!

The Sagamore also wishes to congratulate Leonard Saxe, '17 upon winning the school medal for the prize essay on the American Merchant Marine. This competition, being open as it was to both senior and junior classes, was very keenly contested and was invaluable in giving high school students a more thorough and comprehensive knowledge of one of the vital issues of the day. Leonard Saxe's essay has been sent in to the Quincy Board of Trade to compete for the Massachusetts medal, and all his B.H.S. friends wish him equal success in this final competition.

In past years, the question which so inevitably faced the managers of our athletic teams was how to procure the necessary funds to carry the teams through the season with the inadequate facilities at hand. The method adopted was through the sale of tag tickets, but this temporary convenience has grown into a common nuisance. We now have an enclosed athletic field and to continue the sale of tag tickets is an incongruity. The substitution of season tickets is the remedy suggested, and it is sincerely hoped that through the co-operation of Brookline students it may become an institution of the school by the fall of 1916. K. L.'16.

The Last Entry

NEAR a sandy beach on the south coast of Ireland, a small notebook was found sealed up in an emergency ration can. It contained the journal of Ensign von Traum, I. N., of which the following narrative was the last entry.

* * * *

It was unbearably warm last night, and several of the crew lounged about the narrow deck of the submarine, talking in low voices of Kiel and Stettin. We lay motionless on the still water, and I could find nothing more to do than to glance occasionally at dials showing the pressure in the tanks, etc., and to dream of old Heidelberg, so suddenly deserted at the declaration of war. That last torchlight procession, for instance, and the—

"Ensign!" called the lieutenant's voice, as his head appeared in the manhole leading below from the bridge, "Help me with this!"

He handed up what seemed to be a large steel box with a set of lenses at one end. Clambering after it, he called one or two men from the deck, and we clamped the queer machine to the bridge rail. The lieutenant pressed a switch; an intense blue light flickered on our white faces for an instant, then disappeared. After a full minute of waiting, an answering light, a mere pinpoint on the distant shore, broke the heavy darkness. There followed a series of dots and dashes in the Imperial Navy Code. Copying down the letters as the lieutenant called them off, I soon had the following message:

"S.S. Northumberland leaves Queenstown tomorrow 4.10. No gun; information to date, no destroyer convoy. Latest weather report: clear; sea calm; light southern win—"

Suddenly the light went out, and left us straining our eyes into the dim obscurity. Again and again our instrument sent out its blinding rays, but there was no answer from the dark shoreline. Had their lantern broken down, or had our compatriots been captured? Surely not the latter!

Only the blank darkness remained, and at length I grew tired of staring into it. Looking at the deck below, I perceived a gleam of metal. It was a small telescope, pointed at the shore, and a sailor knelt with his eye to it.

"Bauer!" I said sharply, "what are you doing there?"

The man started, then rose to his feet, closing the glass.

"Oh-er-nothing, sir." He turned and walked towards the stern. Midway he bumped into Kruger, another sailor. The latter seemed to be a little tipsy, and struck savagely at Bauer. Instantly, the other gripped him by the shoulder, and said something that I did not catch. Kruger seemed cowed, and shambled off. Soon after I turned in.

This morning we ran out to sea to evade a small British fleet. The day passed without event, but towards evening a Zeppelin crossed overhead. One side of the great envelope was tinted red by the rays of the setting sun, while the other was in shadow, dark against the pale sky. We hurriedly ran up the Imperial colors, to escape a possible bomb. A faint cheer reached us above the droning of the motors. Soon after the night shut down, chill and sinister.

At the narrow supper table, hemmed in by instruments and wheels on every side, we all felt rather nervous. A few bottles of rich, mellow Pillsner strengthened us, however, and were it not for one regrettable incident, we should have been in the best of trim for the night's work. During the meal, Kruger suddenly left the table and disappeared, followed by Bauer. A few minutes later we heard the sound of hammering in the after part of the ship. The lieutenant seized his pistol and ran down the dark corridor towards the engine room, and I was not far behind him. Suddenly there was a scuffle ahead; then all was silent. There was no one in the room when we reached it a second later. In the dim light we finally made out that the submerging valve had been tampered with. I was about to remark upon it, when Lieutenant Holz pulled me behind one of the engines. A footfall sounded in the doorway, and we saw Bauer stride towards the valve with a look of intense anxiety on his face. Holz raised his pistol and cried: "Bauer!"

The man turned, angry but not shamefaced, and sprang at the speaker. The pistol flashed, and Bauer fell in a heap.

"The fool!" said the lieutenant coldly. "Coming back to finish the job after he was scared off, and then trying to jump at me. He must have been bent on wrecking the boat."

The shot had brought the crew to the engine room, and I saw Kruger staring at the corpse.

"Kruger," said I, "what did you leave the table with Bauer for?"

"Oh, er—I,–er–I remembered that I had left a shirt hanging on the rail,—er—and as it was freshening up—er—"

"Very well. To your places now, men. The liner will be along soon."

Outside, the full moon hung high in the heavens, and the ocean sparkled under a freshening wind. The rounding side of the U 13 gleamed like silver in the pale radiance, where the phosphorescent wash had covered it with a film of water. An hour went by—two; then of a sudden we saw a ghostly sheen of white across the flashing waters. It was the cabin of the "Northumberland." Slowly it approached us, and soon we could make out the four towering funnels and the great expanse of black side. We had decided to give them a chance to take to the boats before launching a torpedo. The quick-firing gun was accordingly loaded and aimed. "Fire!" cried the lieutenant when she was abreast of us. Simultaneously with the blinding flash, a silver burst of spray shot up in front of the great bow. Meantime our semaphore signalled "Stop!"

Then the unexpected happened. Instead of the customary halt, we saw the black smoke pour from her funnels, and the white water pile up at her bow as her speed doubled. Before we could loose a torpedo, a destroyer which had been following in the liner's shadow opened fire. Our only chance was to sink. I gave the submerging lever a mighty tug and tumbled into the manhole after Lieutenant Holtz. It closed automatically a second later. Automatically, also, the men serving our gun were carried below decks with it. But the submarine would not respond to the sub-

merging lever. Then we heard the crash of an exploding shell, and the U 13 began to settle. A man staggered into the conning tower. It was Kruger.

"Shell fragment hit me and I'm done for," he gasped. "I tried to smash the old valve. Never could stand tyrrany. Bauer was my brother. He stopped me when I was smashing the valve. He—was going back to repair it—when you shot him. He—" Here Kruger fell to the floor, and I heard the sound of rushing water.

* * * * *

We are now sealed up in the forward compartment, far below the surface. Shortly we shall try shooting the men out of the torpedo tubes, but the result is very doubtful. Before the attempt I will seal up this journal and set it afloat. It has a better chance than we have. W. H. W. '16.

Bombs

THE Mystic Seven were assembled in the upper part of Chick Hamilton's unused barn. The broken window was carefully covered with old newspapers, and a stumpy little candle set up in a cracked saucer in the middle of the floor furnished the only light. By means of its uncertain flicker could be distinguished the shadowy figures of seven small boys in various degrees of ungraceful repose. Chick Hamilton, as master of ceremonies, was perched on an overturned soap-box. The others rested flat on the floor on their elbows, and allowed their heels to waver aimlessly in the air.

"We don't want that new kid, Eric Parks, in our club," declared Chick vigorously. "It'ud spoil the Mystic Seven."

"Couldn't we call it Eight instead of Seven?" timidly suggested Reddy Blake, who liked the "new kid."

"Naw!" protested several disapproving voices in unison. "Want to spoil everything?"

Chick regarded Reddy thoughtfully. "Seeing's you want him," he began, "we'll give him one chance. Tomorrow's April Fool's Day, and we can give him a 'nitiation that's a corker. If

he hasn't the nerve to do it, we'll drop him, see?" Chick outlined his plan briefly and the meeting adjourned.

A few minutes after the last "Mystic" had disappeared down the rickety ladder, a very dusty and dishevelled Eric Parks crawled out from behind a heap of hay in the corner, and shook a little of the dust out of his hair and clothes in anticipation of parental inspection. He chuckled to himself as he stole down the ladder. He would show those boys whether he had nerve or not!

* * * * *

The advent of Eric Stanley Parks into the eighth grade of the Rockwood Grammar School in the middle of the year had caused a stir among the pupils. The Mystic Seven, with the exception of jolly little Reddy Blake, had formed an almost instant dislike for him. He always knew his lessons! It was unbelievable! Chick immediately declared him to be a "grind," so the Mystics refused to have anything to do with him. Out of justice to Eric it must be stated that this unhappy faculty of getting his lessons was due, not to personal virtue, but paternal application administered in the woodshed. The Mystics did not know this, however, and Reddy's suggestion that the new boy become a member of the Club had not been very favorably viewed.

Eric discovered The Letter between the leaves of his Arithmetic on the morning of April first. It was written on purple paper in red ink and was lavishly adorned with remarkable designs resembling the human skull. Eric was impressed. The contents were as follows:

"U R chosen! ! ! Somebody will put a bomb on the steps of the Publik Librey tonite at 8 o'clock. You must put out the fuse before it bursts and bring it to Chick's barn, or You can't belong to the Club.

Per order, The Mystik Seven.

P.S. If you tell anyone about the bomb, you can't belong either."

For the benefit of the members who, he felt sure, were watching him, Eric appeared outwardly dismayed and even frightened. He hastily thrust the paper into his desk, and nervously began to

finger his books,—but he winked at his reflection in the desk cover.

At 8.05 that evening, the clan was once more assembled at their "rendezvous."

"I don't see much sense in being here," Chick declared. "He won't come. I had a fierce time putting the bomb on the steps without anyone's seeing me, too! Gee, it looked just like a real bomb, didn't it, Reddy, all so hard and round, made up out o' your old baseball; but I bet he doesn't go near it, the old smarty, and it's an awful good April Fool joke—"

At this point, Chick's words were suddenly interrupted by the scraping sounds of someone scrambling up the ladder, and Eric appeared gasping for breath.

"I got it," he exclaimed in frightened gasps, "but there wasn't any fuse to put out."

"April Fool! April Fool!" yelled all the Mystics. "It's only a make-believe—" The words froze in their throats as Eric shoved the bomb amongst them. It was not round, but square; there was no fuse, and an ominous jerking noise proceeded from its interior! Like a flash the truth burst upon them—someone had really intended to blow up the Library, and this was a real bomb Eric had found! A regular infernal machine, in fact!!! There was a mad rush for the ladder!

"I'll throw it in the river, though it may go off before I get there!" yelled Eric as he dashed out of the barn.

"You're a peach!" Chick yelled back at him as he speedily ran away from the river.

The other terrified boys fled panic-stricken to their various homes without a glance behind them. Eric, however, made a circular detour to his home by the river—without disposing of the bomb. He carried it carefully to his room without serious mishap, calmly unwrapped it, and disclosed in a square paste-board box—an alarm clock!!!

He wound it lovingly before crawling into bed that night. He sighed happily. Gee, it was great to be a "Mystic!"

D. von O. '16.

Debating

It certainly seems as if some debating mascot has been following the Somerville High School during the last two years. Not content with their victories over Newton and Brookline last year, the Somerville debaters added one more championship to their credit, when the Somerville High School girls won the Girls' Triangular Interscholastic Debating League shield at the debates held on the evening of February 18. Brookline put up a great fight, defeating Newton at Brookline, and giving such a good account of themselves at Somerville that one of the three judges voted in their favor. The question for debate read: "Resolved, That all public revenue should be raised by a single tax on land values constitutionally granted." Brookline's affirmative team at Somerville was composed of Harriet Bridgman '18, Elizabeth Sutherland '18, and Elizabeth Rintels '18. The victorious Somerville negative team consisted of Sadie Lyle '17, Bella Wiesman '16, and Helen Colly '16. At Brookline the following girls debated: Affirmative (Newton) Marion Seavey, Edna Cooper, and Evangeline Huntley; Negative (Brookline) Katherine Lynch '17, Jessie Alison '17, and Hope Snedden '17. The Somerville-Newton debate at Newton was won by Somerville. The B. H. S. Mandolin Club furnished the musical program at the debate at Somerville.

We were also forced to run second best in the Boys' Interscholastic Debating League. The teams finished in the same order as last year, Somerville, first; Brookline, second; Newton, third. The debate was held on Friday evening, March 3, and the question under discussion was: "Resolved, That Compulsory Military Training Should Be Adopted in the High Schools." In Shailer Hall the following teams debated: Somerville (Affirmative): Edward Clark '17, Carl Newton '16, Joseph P. Smith '16; Brookline (Negative): Leonard S. Saxe '17, Olaf Snedden '18, Archibald Ridley '18. The judges, Mr. A. B. Carter, Mr. H. L. Carter, and Mr. E. G. Hapgood, awarded the decision to Somerville. Very excellent music was furnished by the Somerville High School orchestra. In Newton the Brookline "emergency" team, Vorenberg, Porter, and Morse, did exceedingly well as they won from their opponents. Here the Brookline High School Chorus, directed by Mr. Cole, supplied the music. Following the debate a dance was held in the gymnasium.

The first of the interclass debates took place on March 9. The question read: "Resolved, That President Wilson Has Pursued the Wisest Policy in His Attitude Toward the Mexican Situation." On the affirmative side, Ryan and Remington debated for the Seniors; while the Juniors, Murnane and Bowdidge, argued for the negative. Mr. Case, as judge, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

The annual concert and dance of the B. H. S. A. A. was held in the Town Hall on February 25. It is to be regretted that weather conditions discouraged the attendance of so many B. H. S. students. The profits realized from this affair will be used to complete the fund for the purchase of a crew shell.

A novel plan which met with success was tried in the hall on Friday, February 25. Three members of the Senior Class, Miss Kornfeld, Ryan, and Houston, gave ten-minute talks on current affairs, which were greatly enjoyed by B. H. S. students.

How Digby Popped the Question

He walked into the room with the tread of one whose fate hangs on a very slender thread. Unconsciously, he kept his hat gripped tightly in his hand and moved toward her as if in a trance. She turned around as he entered, evidently displeased at being interrupted.

"Well, George?"

He shivered at the hard tone in her voice and wished she would soften and relax that grim little mouth. At this—to his mind—the greatest crisis of his life, when he stood hovering between the brink of despair and the seventh heaven of bliss, words failed him—his breath came in gasps.

"Will you— — Will you— — —?" he choked out. She gazed at him with a mocking, taunting look in her eyes. Why—why did she play with him so heartlessly,—like a cat with a mouse? Couldn't she see he was pale and sick with the awful suspense of it?

And then came her voice, sounding like the "Balm of Gilead" to his tortured soul.

"Yes, George, I will."

He rushed to her, reverently lifted her hand to his lips, and, with barely a second glance at her, burst like a cyclone upon a group of boys waiting patiently outside.

"Say, fellows, she's some girl—believe me! She says she'll pass me for the half year—and oh you Track Meet tomorrow!"

K. M. A. '16.

Two Mittens

Young Miss Fairface—age nineteen—stood reading this interesting placard on the ground floor of a large Boston department store: "ANY PERSON BUYING OUR PEERLESS COLUMBIA YARN WILL BE GIVEN A LESSON IN KNITTING F R E E OF CHARGE." Through this kind young lady's mind flashed pictures of freezing soldiers huddled in cold, dreary trenches. With remarkable swiftness she made up her feminine mind and went speeding tenth floorward in search of "Peerless Columbia Yarn."

The next few days she spent in dreary solitude, "not at home" to all who wished to speak to or see her. Slowly two objects of indescribable shape began to take form under the deft management of our heroine's experienced (?) hands. Finally after much labor they were completed. A person with a vivid imagination might have taken them for mittens. That is what they were meant for.

Following the tedious windings of the Red Cross service, the mittens, with a sweet little note, written on purple note paper, perfumed with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, and written in English reached the Austrian army. After some debate the committee of distribution decided on whom to bestow the simple package, so with due ceremony it was tossed into the hands of a sleepy Hungarian "Goolasch." Placidly as a cow and with strange mutterings he opened the bundle. From the bundle to the ground a piece of loud-colored note paper fluttered and rested undisturbed. The poor peasant thought only of the two pieces of shapeless knitting. The sun moved slowly over the face of the earth and still the soldier sat in the same place gazing vacantly at his present. Just as the sun was setting behind the lofty Carpathians, an intelligent smile broke upon the stupid face. Quickly removing his shoes the peasant pulled the mittens on his two monstrous pedal extremities and, replacing his shoes, fell asleep dreaming of a fair Fräulein knitting socks by a warm wood fire in far off America.

J. R. '17

A Noisy Episode

"Henry, Oh Hen-nery!"

Muffled voice from the attic, "Well, what do you want now, Sis? Can't I have a moment's peace to try to beat the class in this chem. experiment?"

"But you're wanted at the telephone!" a girlish voice replies.

"Oh rats, here I've got all this stuff out and my chlorine all collected." Calling—"Well, I s'pose I'll be down; tell 'em to wait an hour!" To himself, as he hurriedly attempts to turn out the jet under his hydrogen generator, cover some bottles of vile smelling acids, and disconnect tubes, "Now, what the cat did I tell 'em that for—suppos'n' it was Mabel that's called up to beg my pardon for cutting me when she was with that other fellow today." As he abstractedly uncorks bottles again, "Oh, well, a little waiting'll do her good, she'll find Mr. Henry Amsome Egotist can exist without hustling for her!"

Three minutes later our friend Henry descends from his newly fitted chemical laboratory in the attic, to the telephone on the first floor. He takes the receiver his sister hands him, puts his mouth to the transmitter, and with dignity says—"eh-hello?"

"What number, please?" returns a serene and well modulated feminine voice over the wire.

"What the ——!" slamming down the receiver.

"April Fool!!" from Sis.

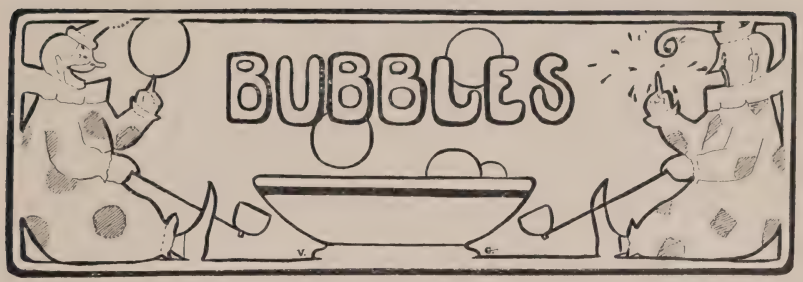
At that moment a suspicious odor wafts gently through the hall to their noses—Henry forgets his anger in the excitement, but makes for the upper regions three steps at a time:

$$H_2+Cl_2=2HCl!$$

Instinct will tell you the rest.

M. C. '16.

SCENES FROM "THE MAN FROM HOME."
"SHOOTING IS A GREAT SPORT OLD CHAP."
"IVAN DON'T KILL ME!"
TUCKER
EXCUSE
EXCUSES
MR. AKERS' OFFICE AFTER A RA
"CONGRATULATIONS"
THOSE TUESDAY MORNING SOLOS
Hogan
TICKET
TAG'S
AT THE FRIDAY SOCIALS.
THAT'S US!
'FAMILIAR SC
TEACHER: "WHO THREW TH ERASER?"
PERCY: "I DID, SIR."



There was a young man from Manhattan
Who was busily studying Latin;
His head was so loaded
At last it exploded
And blew him way up on to Saturn.

K. W. M. '17

Miss S–th: —"What is one of the most used phosphates?"
W–ds: —"Orange phosphate." Ha-ha, he-he.

Music salesgirl :—"Anything I can do for you sir?"
Ak-rs (taken unawares): —"Oh, 'I'm Simply Crazy Over You'; that is er, er, er."

Miss M-sh-ll: —"We shall not discuss 'Plutarch's Lives.'"
Sepulchral tone: —"Whose cat was he?"

S-i-t, in Latin: —"He held the army by the right wing."
Dr. R-b-rts :—"Why the bird language?"

Freshman: —"Poe was born at the age of seven." No wonder he was a genius, he had seven years head start.

The Latin prodigies give this :—"The Trojans, hearing a terrific clamor, thought it was lightning and promptly fell apart." Not so bad.

Found on an English theme: —"Marcelle was a chicken, not one of the four legged kind." When this was brought to the writer's attention he asserted that he had never studied "Botany" anyway.

Our B H. S. swimmers are great,
They can't be excelled in the State;
And even outside
It can't be denied
That they make other teams look like freight.
A. W. P. '17

For this issue especially Koch submits the following:—"The tripe hopped about on his hind legs."

Miss G-mbr-ll:—"Who was chancellor under Louis XV?"
C-r-y (muttering):—"I guess so."
Miss G-mbr-ll:—"Correct, Aguesseau."

Mr. C--e:—"Give a definition of a locus."
Sleepy Sophomore:—"A locus is a sort of grasshopper."

Miss A-ms:—"What does bunting remind you of?"
Fan:—"Baseball."

Miss D-y:—"Tomorrow we will take the 'Age of Pericles.'"
Foolish female freshman:—"Goodness, but isn't she personal?"

First Junior:—"That fellow over there was in an awful state last night."
Second Ditto:—"You don't say."
First Junior:—"Yes, he made a hurried trip to Rhode Island." Not responsible.

Miss G-mbr-ll:—"Now gilet means vest."
X-cqu-s:—"Is that why they call that safety razor the Gillette; because you can carry it around in your vest pocket?"

The Juniors are grand to behold,
The Seniors admired ten-fold;
But the Soph'mores are dubs,
And the Freshmen need clubs
To keep them from being so bold.
K. W. M. '17.

[Ed. Note:—April fifth marks the close of the limerick contest.]

'06. Mrs. Maurice Newton (née Margaret Shepard) underwent a severe operation recently in a hospital in New York.

DORIS HALMAN '12

'09. Charles Blanchard has taken up a career in the literary field.

'12. Lillian Williamson recently announced her engagement to Edward Kingsbury of Keene, N. H.

'12. Kemerton Dean has been elected marshal of the Senior Class at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'12. Annie Gibbons is teaching school in Norwood.

'12. Mary Morris is a rising young actress now and is playing in a stock company in New York.

'12. Doris Halman has been elected historian of the Senior Class at Radcliffe College.

'12. Cornelia Mossman has been chosen one of the committee in charge of the Tau Beta Beta Society Scholarship Dance to be given at the Brookline Town Hall, April 28.

'12. Marie Kelly has a position as teacher in a Newton School.

'13. Julian Spitz made the Interscholastic Debating team at Harvard.

KEMERTON DEAN '12

'13. Allan Potter has gone back to Harvard and crew practice after an absence of several weeks on account of a sprained ankle.

MADELEINE HUNT '13

'13. Edward P. Goodnow is vice-president of the Harvard Dramatic Club.

'13. Thomas Derr was in the first group of Harvard students receiving honor for excellence in scholarship. Julian Rheinherz '14 also ranked high in his studies, being in the second group.

'13. Madeleine Hunt is a Junior at Vassar College. She was elected a member of one of the teams which met Wellesley and Mt. Holyoke in a triangular debate March 18. The subject of the debate was: "The Federal Control of Railroads."

JULIAN RHEINHERZ '14

'13. Robert G. Paine has been elected president of the Junior Class in Dartmouth College and is a candidate for the baseball team.

'14. Marion Dooley is making a great success in the art of designing clothes. In the recent competition for the designing of a prominent bride's wedding gown, she was the lucky winner although she had to contend with great dressmaking establishments.

SHIELDS WARREN '15

'15. Shields Warren has joined the Kappa Phi Alpha fraternity at Boston University.

Ex. '15. Robert Capron is doing very fine work at the Castle Square Theatre. Mr. Craig is much interested in him, and is giving him good training parts.

Hockey

Milton Academy 4; Brookline 1

The Red and Blue received their only set-back of the hockey season when they were taken into camp by the private school boys on the latter's rink. Swigert, Milton's goal-tender, was the hero of the contest, making over twenty stops. Although most of the play was in their territory, four of our opponents' six shots penetrated our defense and gave them the game.

Brookline 4; Cambridge Latin 0

Under most adverse conditions, Captain Fennessy's puck-chasers won the Triangular League championship at the Old Reservoir on March 6. We bombarded our opponents' goal throughout the game; the best the Cantabs could do was to get but one shot, and that a wild one, which Marshall caught over his head. The showing of our septet this winter has been remarkable, for the boys were on the ice only upon those days when the contests were scheduled and had no practice indoors whatsoever. O'Hearn and Fennessy were placed on the first All-Scholastic team, while Arthur was chosen for the second. Line-up for B. H. S.: Forwards—Follett, Arthur, Fennessy, Taylor; cover-point, O'Hearn; point, Threshie, Palmer; goal, Marshall.

Track

Lynn Classical 46½; Brookline 21½

Our track team met its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Lynn boys on Friday evening, February 18. As usual, when we arrived, there was a large crowd on hand; and they were treated to an exciting meet, although the final score seems to indicate otherwise. We lost firsts in almost every event by the scantiest of margins. Roeder was awarded second place in the sprint although it looked like a dead heat. Spitz was second in the 600, while Hennessy was just nosed out in the 1000 with Amsden third. "Johnny" Litchfield was also beaten in the shot-put. Murray Edgar was the only Brookline boy to register a victory when he got first in the 300.

Medford 39; Brookline 24

Medford High made its first appearance at the Gym on Washington's Birthday, and it was rather an impressive one. Captain Bemis of Medford was easily the star of the meet, winning first places in the 25-yard dash, high and standing broad jumps. Edgar secured third in the 300, second in the high jump, and won the 600. Hennessy used his head in the 1000 and came home first. We also cleaned up in the shot-put, but our opponents took all the rest of the points including three places in the standing broad jump and ran away with the relay.

Crew

The crew candidates are working hard on the machines three days a week at the Gym. Captain Litchfield, Newton and Trull are left from last year's first boat; Lyman and Richardson are due to fill in the gaps made by the graduation of Hayes and deForest. The following candidates reported after the first cut: Coxswains—Baldwin, Collier, Greene, Rowe, Stevens, Trull, Whitcomb. Oarsmen—Amsden, Bowker, Caines, Collins, Houghton, A. Johnson, Jordan, Captain Litchfield, Lyman, Mullowney, McMackin, MacMillan, Newton, Palmer, Richardson, Swift, D. Tyler, R. Tyler, Wason, Young, Gilbert and Ross.

Swimming

Brookline 41; Worcester Academy 21

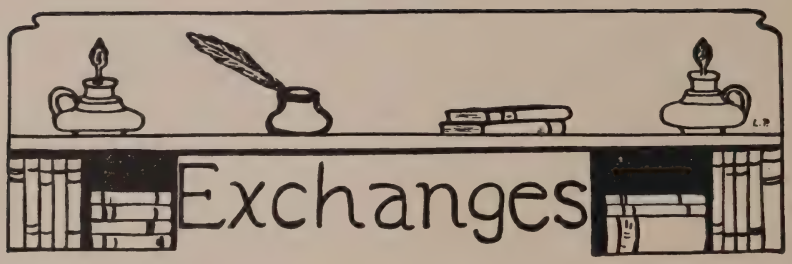
On Saturday evening, March 4, we defeated the Academy swimmers in an exciting meet at Worcester. Before we left the water every single record for their pool was broken, only one of which was made by a Worcester man. Leo Handy won the 100 and 220, "Mike" Prendergast secured first place in the 50 and second in the 25, Bird won the plunge, while Darling, the Richardson twins, Woods and McKinnon helped to swell our total. The relay race was won by inches by Brookline.

Brookline 48; All-Stars 14

Our swimming team overwhelmingly defeated the pick of the Greater Boston preparatory school stars before a large crowd on Tuesday afternoon, March 14. With the exception of the plunge and diving, the meet was very uninteresting, and the times were extremely slow as there was no competition afforded. Leo Handy came through in fine style when he beat the sixty-foot plunge of Harper of Huntington School by two feet and won that event. The All-Stars got but one first, the fancy diving, which was secured by Stewart of our last year's team, who represented Chauncey Hall School.

Baseball

About forty candidates reported for baseball practice on March 15. As ten letter men are eligible and there is a world of good material, Coach Delehanty expects to turn out a speedy team. The following men are competing for the team: Catchers, Moran, Faulkner, Corcoran, Fiske, Jordan; Pitchers, Munroe, MacMillan, Ferguson, Rico, McCarthy, Bowdidge, Captain Arthur. Infielders, Dooley, Lally, Sullivan, Duane, Anderson, Tucker, Leonardi, Threshie, R. Johnson, O'Hearn, J. Kendrick, Delaney. Outfielders, Jones, Kelly, Edgar, Collins, Hennessy, Dunn, Garrity, Owens, Taylor, Fishel, McIntyre and Meegan.



The following exchanges have been received during the past month: *Lasell Leaves*, Lasell Seminary, Auburndale; *The Megaphone*, Country Day School, Newton; *The Clarion*, West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.; *The Sanfordian*, Sanford School, Redding Ridge, Conn.; *Practical Arts Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; *Rensselaer Polytechnic Times*, Troy, N. Y.; *Keramos*, East Liverpool High School, East Liverpool, Ohio; *The Imp*, Brighton High School, Brighton; *The Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Boston; *The Santa Rosa High School Weekly*, Santa Rosa, Cal.; *The Beacon*, Chelsea High School, Chelsea; *The Stuyvesant Stag*, Stuyvesant School, Warrenton, Va.; *The Western*, Western High School, Washington, D. C.

Lasell Leaves: Photographs add to the attractiveness of your paper.

The Clarion: Your French Story, "Un Chant," is very clever.

Practical Arts Record: A very logical paper.

Keramos: You have a good athletic column.

The Shuttle: An original paper. Your cuts are especially good.

Santa Rosa High School Weekly: Why not have a cover and publish your magazine monthly instead of weekly?

The Beacon: A good exchange column.

The Stuyvesant Stag: Your joke column could be enlarged upon.

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Volume 22 MAY, 1916 Number 7

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII MAY, 1916 NUMBER 7

Editorial

ON THE night of July Fourth, as the first rockets flare in the sky, a special train will leave Boston, bearing the local student contingent to Plattsburg. While a nation celebrates, these men will embark upon a service of lasting value to their country and themselves. "What will they do there?" you may ask. "Of what does this service consist?"

If you go to Plattsburg you will have to work. At the hurried blare of the early bugles you will jump into a uniform and hustle most of the time till dinner. In the afternoon you can take special work; after supper there may be an interesting lecture or campfire talk. The daily work is hard and exacting, but full of interest. Everyone must fire many shots on the range with the service rifle, a gun that kills at a mile or more. On the manœuvers you will march, fight, and bivouac under the little shelter tents. The battles are more exciting than the best "movie" ever filmed. Lying among your comrades and firing, with everything about you like real war, you can hear above the roar of musketry the heavy crash of the field batteries. You are "killed," perhaps, by a murderous umpire. Back to camp and a good dinner. Then a period of "swapping yarns" 'round the campfire, and a long, well earned sleep in the bracing open air.

Such is life at Plattsburg. You will have a great experience and a good time. The eyes of the nation are upon these camps.

It is well enough to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" on holidays, but here is a chance to do something real. How about it, will you be one of that worth-while crowd on the special train?

W. H. W., '16.

It seems only fitting that, after the many editorials on Leo Handy in the Boston and Brookline papers, THE SAGAMORE should follow the example they have set. Perhaps no one student has done more to put Brookline on the athletic map than the captain of this year's swimming team. During the past three years he has been chiefly responsible for Brookline's success in the Princeton interscholastic meets, and in many closely contested matches with other schools his swimming has turned the tide in Brookline's favor. Leo's winning of the one hundred-yards back-stroke event at the junior championships held recently in Chicago was a source of deep gratification to his many friends in Brookline. We only wish it had been possible for him to attend the national championship meet held recently in New York, as many of the sporting experts were confident that Brookline's representative could have given Vollmer, Kahanamoku, and McGillivray a close run for their money in the one-hundred and two-hundred-twenty-yards events.

Perhaps no subject relative to High School affairs has been more frequently discussed and criticised than the condition of the playground immediately after the recess hour. In a recent SAGAMORE period two-thirds of the contributions consisted of editorials which bitterly lamented the untidy condition of our "front yard." Not only in this single instance, but throughout the entire student body there is a keen realization of this fact. Each "critic" suggests a method of doing away with such a condition, yet no one will take upon himself the responsibility of "starting the ball a-rolling." It is about time to call a halt to the daily artillery duels of apple cores and the ardent desire of each student to imagine any convenient spot on the playground to be a public dump. We have already had enough remedies suggested,—why not put some of them into practice?

He Who Laughs Last, Laughs Best

THE shimmering heat waves danced above the shining rails. Two puffs of white appeared in the distance and an instant later the sound of a whistle announced the arrival of the daily train. It stopped at the station platform with groaning brakes and the conductor stepped down to get his orders. One passenger got off, some drummers got on, and, with a heave and a rattle, the train went on its way. The lone traveler looked around him.

"Well," he said, and set down his suit-case. "Well," he repeated, "this is the limit."

"You bet. This is the hottest day I ever see," answered the stage-driver, who had been regarding him with interest.

"The heat isn't the limit, it's the town," answered the other. "It doesn't look as if I'd sell many Superior Brand Oil Heaters and Cook Stoves in a place like this. Say," he burst out, "how long has this town been dead, and when was the funeral?"

"Never was alive, I guess," answered the other shortly. "You won't sell anything here. Two drummers just left without enough to pay their board bills."

"But I thought there was a big summer hotel near here," said the salesman.

"Oh, that's over to Hilton Centre. My name's Jed Hawkins and I drive the stage. I'll take you over for two bits. You might sell something there."

"Guess I will go with you. How far is it?"

"Five miles."

"What! Five miles in that thing?" gesturing at the stage.

"Yep, it ain't so bad and they all get used to it."

"Do you mean that this is the only way to get to the Springdale House?"

"Yep, I've drove the stage here for the last thirty years an' there ain't no one kicked yet," he remarked, unhitching his horse, "Come and git in. D'ya mind if I put the mail sack on your suit-case? I guess it won't hurt it none. Git up Peter—this is to the horse—Say it is a hot day ain't it?"

The other did not answer. He seemed lost in thought, and little did his companion realize what the result of this thinking would be.

* * * * *

A few days later as Jed drove his stage up to the station, he was much surprised to see an automobile standing in his old place by the platform. In his astonishment he let the reins drop and Peter, whose acquaintance with autos was limited, started on a straight line for the next county. Unfortunately, he did not keep to the roads, and after leaving Jed and the stage on one side of a stone wall, was caught by some men in the neighboring field.

Hawkins got up red and angry, more scared than hurt. In spite of the fact that he was a deacon in the local church he made the air fairly sulphurous. The gist of his conversation was, that he would have the law on the blank blank idiot who left that bunch of tin cans on the main street with the engine going, and that the noise was enough to scare any self-respecting horse. If the said idiot wanted to run opposition to a German band for noise he ought to go out of town to do it.

At this point in his remarks a man broke through the little crowd of loafers that had gathered, and came up to Jed.

"I hope you're not hurt," he said, "Let me know how much that old rattle-trap will cost you and I'll pay half. It was your fault though, you ought to have been on your job."

The offer of money put a different light on the affair and Jed's wrath rapidly vanished.

"I'M all right," he said, "but," recognizing his passenger of a few days before, "what are you doing with an auto? I thought you were selling oil heaters?"

A strange silence followed his words and then the station agent said, "Mr. Williamson is goin' to start a stage to the Springdale House with his new car." At the arrival of the train the group broke up, leaving Jed sitting alone in the ruins of his wagon, as if thunderstruck.

After the train had gone the station agent came over. "You had better retire," he said, "You ain't got no chance. Look!"

He pointed to where the "collection of tin cans" was loading up for its first trip. "You can't run opposition to an auto," he continued. "You had better quit."

"Quit nothing," said Jed, 'I've drove the stage here for the last thirty years and I ain't going to quit for any bunch of junk like that thing. Him—I'll run him out of town."

This remark was in due time repeated to Williamson, and when they next met he said: "Run me out of town! Eh? It would take a man to do that," and he walked away laughing. That laugh decided Jed. His remark had been vain before, but now he was in earnest; he would run that man out of town.

* * * * *

To run that man out of town seemed a large order, but he thought he could fill it. However, before he had formed any definite plan of action he heard that Williamson had decided to run him out of town, too. Then began the battle which roused the sleepy little town of Hilton to a higher pitch of enthusiasm than ever before, and caused intense amusement to the guests at the Springdale House.

Jed drew the first blood when he had Williamson arrested for disregarding a town ordinance requiring every auto carrying passengers to have a special permit. The fine was $25. Immediately, the odds among the sporting element in Hilton rose from even money to 3—2 on Jed.

But his triumph was short-lived, for the next day the town constable laid a hand on his shoulder, saying, "I hate to do it, Jed, but you see it's my duty, an', an', well, I arrest you in the name of the law."

"What in thunder have I done?" asked Jed aghast.

"Driving at night without a lantern. Fine, fifty dollars or two months in jail. It's a state law."

The odds changed back to even money.

A few days later Williamson made his masterstroke. After a conference with the manager of the Springdale House, he announced to the world that he alone had the right to carry passengers to the Springdale House from the station at Hilton, and he

also remarked—this time to Jed—that anyone trying to prevent him would be liable to prosecution.

Everyone thought that this was the end, but a few days later Jed discovered a fact that finished the whole affair. A passenger from the Springdale House dropped a paper as he was boarding the train. Jed picked it up, and glancing it over saw a notice that attracted his attention. He thought for a minute and then posted the clipping on the station bulletin board.

That afternoon Williamson left town for a few days, to visit a dying relative, as he said, and neglected to return.

The clipping read: "George Marston; alias William Jones; alias Montgomery Stevens; alias Samuel Williamson is believed to be hiding in the town of Hilton, Maine, according to reports here. Besides his recent break in Bridgeport, Conn., he is wanted for similar offences in ten different states. As notice has been sent to the Maine State police, it is probable that this clever thief will soon be in the hands of the law."

A. O. P., '16.

America's National Game

A Monologue

"Here we are at our journey's end, Miss Smith. These ball parks are generally located in out-of-the-way places. We have arrived in good season, however. One always enjoys seeing the people come in.—(Gee! but I'm some nervy kid; Bill Jones introduced me to Margaret Smith at the masquerade last night and here I am digging up the cold cash to take her to the game. Well, the fellows always said I was a sport, but—gosh—it's tough on my poor old throat; she's so blamed deaf. Why in time didn't I take her twin sister Dorothy instead? The bunch say she's a peach of a girl.)—Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Smith. No, I hadn't realized that we were already at the entrance—I was just thinking what a beautiful day this is for a ball game. Now for

the tickets. — — — These are our seats; they seem to be nice ones. No, not iced buns; I said, 'nice ones.' There are the players warming up. They do that before every game, you know. The person who is talking to the umpire is Hooper, the great Red Sox pitcher. — — Well, what are you laughing at? Yes, you in the fourth row. What's that? Hooper, isn't a pitcher? Huh! You think you're some baseball authority, don't you? I'm willing to bet twenty dollars just to show you up, you fourflusher. You bet I'll see you after the game, and you cut out that conceited talk or there'll be trouble — —

"Yes, Miss Smith. There is a very rude person behind us and I found it necessary to speak my mind to him.—(Gee, but I'm glad she's deaf!)—Gosh! Hooper's in an awful hole. There goes the ball! Get it now.—That's the boy. That makes one out. What? Safe? Rotten decision, you robber! Kill the umpire! !— — Come on you Red Sox, make a rally;—it's your last chance. Nice single there, old boy! Now, Hooper, win your own game.—Wow! Run, Hooper, run! Oh! what a hit! Make it a homer. Hooray!! Oh—er—I beg your pardon Miss Smith. I assure you that in my excitement over the game I had no idea I was pounding you on the back. You see it was a very exciting rally, and the Red Sox have won the game. What is the announcer saying? 'Mr. Abernethy wanted at the telephone.' He must mean me. Will you excuse me for a moment, Miss Smith? I believe that some one desires to speak to me over the telephone.

"Halloa—Yes. Who? Miss Margaret Smith? I don't understand,—she is here at the game with me. You mean to say it is your sister Dorothy that I took to the game today? But I understood that Miss Margaret Smith is very deaf. Another Margaret Smith? Then your sister took your place while you were dressing for the game and played a joke on me by pretending to be deaf? Well, she certainly fooled me all right.

"There's a man here trying to speak to me. Will you please hold the wire a moment? — — Oh! It's you is it? Well, how about Hooper? Found out he's a pitcher at last have you? Who have you brought along? The Sporting Editor of the Boston

American? Well, Mr. Editor, how about it? No? — Great Heavens, what a mess I'm in! I took the wrong girl to the game and made a fool of myself; — and now I've got to hand over twenty bucks on a fool bet. Baseball may be all right, but as for taking a girl to a game—it's never again for yours truly!"

M. S. '16,

The Zig-Zag Fissure

WITH a slow, heavy step and a still heavier heart, I made my way along a bustling thoroughfare leading to a group of college buildings. It was a dreary day in January. A thick fog, which penetrated to one's very marrow, pervaded the atmosphere. Even the people jostled each other in an irritable and unsociable manner. For my own personal feelings—suffice it to say, I was now passing through that detestable but unavoidable stage of Mid-Year Examinations! Today, I was to take the most dreaded of all—my geometry quiz. I felt it in my bones that the old crab, Professor Flunkem, would never in the world pass me.

Pausing in my trepidation to survey the outer world before making my final plunge into the gloomy recesses of the building, I noticed a queer zig-zag fissure in the cold, clammy bricks. Why should this mark so oddly arrest my attention? The building was very old, and signs of decay were not to be wondered at. Upon further observation I noticed that the crack, which extended from the roof to the top of the first story, passed directly through Room 413, where my fated exam was scheduled. For some mysterious reason this fact startled me. What a pessimist I was! Fortunately, the loud clanging of a nearby clock striking the hour brought me sharply to my senses. Mechanically I entered the building, passed down the dismal, poorly-lighted main corridor and plodded up the seemingly endless stairway. As I approached my destination, I perceived a noisy crowd of fellows loudly disputing. Quietly I joined them just in time to catch the last of their conversation, "— —and I tell you what, Mac, that darned Prof. is the limit! Gosh, I couldn't do a single one of 'em."

"Say, for heaven's sake," I blurted forth, "tell me what Prof. Flunkem's like when it comes to exams?"

"Good Lord, Kid, he's a villian!" responded a grave Senior. "But, don't worry, he can't do more than flunk ya."

After thus kindly preparing me, he moved on down the corridor with his comrades. The door with the tarnished but clearly discernible numbers, four, one, three, was tightly closed. Summoning all my courage, I boldly advanced, tremblingly turned the knob and sought my seat. Timidly glancing at the front of the room, I saw the old sage sitting scowlingly but majestically at his desk. Finally, he bellowed out for order. The examination had begun!

Convulsively, I took the neatly typewritten sheet. Following the mighty master's cautious advice, I first read the paper through. As a matter of course, I shuddered. Then, momentarily gaining some self-control, I endeavored to solve "Sticker No. I." No use! All theorems, rules and proofs became as so much mush in my bewildered brain. So it was with every problem. As I sat stupidly and nervously chewing my pencil, I suddenly felt a strong, disagreeable draft. A sharp quiver passed up and down my spinal column. I looked about for an open window, but there was none, and both doors were shut. Where, then, did that infernal breeze come from? — — Aha!—I had it! The zig-zag opening which I had noticed on the outside of the building was responsible for this. Again, its sinister apparition haunted me.

The cold, unfeeling clock grimly ticked the moments away; still my exam paper remained a blank. To add to my difficulties, I writhed under the scrutinizing gaze of old Flunkem. Why did he single me out as the victim on whom to fasten his gleaming optics? Surely no one was ever more handicapped than I! Failure stalked inevitably ahead!

In the midst of these disheartening thoughts I felt, for the second time a chilly gust of wind. For a second time, an involuntary shudder passed down my back. In my self-absorption, I hadn't realized that the room was getting darker and darker. The big, badly-fitting windows rattled harshly. The wind shrieked

shrilly. In amazement, everybody stopped working and gazed out at the menacing sky. Angrily, the voice of the undisturbed mathematician rang out above the noise of the storm.

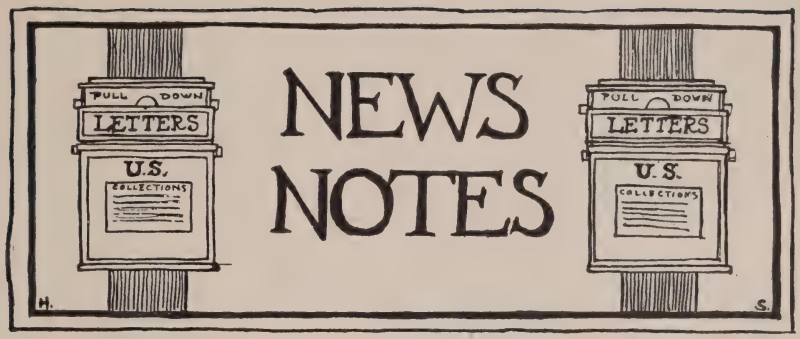
"Continue your writing! There's no need of any delay. Merely an approaching — —" But here his words were cut short by a terrific crash. One of the great windows had blown in. In a twinkling my highly-strung nerves snapped. Leaping upon my chair, I shouted madly at the top of my lungs: "Hey, you fellows! Don't you see that crack in the wall there? Quick! Look!" Even as I spoke the faint zig-zag line gradually gaped wider and wider. A strong current of icy air rushed in, making a tornado of books and papers.

"See, it is splitting open! My God! The building is going to collapse! Run for your lives!" Immediately, a panic started. There was a wild dash for the door. Another gust of wind practically swept us out of the room, while the uncanny noise of the fast ripping zig-zag fissure sounded in our ears. Down the corridor we tore! The stairs were fairly taken at a leap! Panting, we halted outside on the brick pavement. Suddenly some one cried: "Look! There she goes!"

As one, the fifty faces instinctively turned upward in the direction of Room 413. Simultaneously, a mass of bricks toppled down, causing a small area of the roof to cave in. Then the gap yawned fiendishly and a thunderous crash followed. The old college building had fallen! What had been Room 413 was now a lamentable heap of mortar and bricks.

With demon-like joy I chuckled! There, safe from human hands, buried beneath the debris, lay my hated geometry exam. Hatless and overcoatless, I ran lightly homeward, dodging the fast increasing mob of curious spectators. The wind howled and the fog gathered in drops on my hair and face. But what cared I? I had evaded a fall in Math. even though this meant the memorable fall of the college building!

W. P., '17.



B. H. S. Calendar

May 5. Final Interclass Debate of B.H.S. Debating Club.
May 11. Competition for Wm. H. Lincoln prize in English closes.
May 12. Competition for music to class song closes.
May 23. Competition for Murray Kay prize in English closes.
May 23. League Baseball Game—Brookline at Newton.
May 26. Finals in Prize Speaking.
May 30. League Baseball Game—Newton at Brookline.
June 2. Class Day.
June 3. League Baseball Game—Cambridge at Brookline.
June 9. League Baseball Game—Brookline at Cambridge.
June 23. Graduation exercises.

The second interclass debate of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held on Thursday, March 30. The question read: "Resolved: That the closed shop is preferable to the open shop." The 1918 team was composed of Erlich and Leach, and took the affirmative. Kramer and D. Richardson represented the Freshmen, taking the negative. The rebuttals were taken by Leach, who upheld the affirmative side, and by Richardson of the negative. Miss Liden, as judge, awarded the decision to the affirmative. The 1918 team will accordingly meet the Senior team for the school championship on Friday, May 5.

The interscholastic debate which took place in Shailer Hall on the afternoon of April 17 was the last regular girls' debate for

the school year of 1915-16. The question read, "Resolved: That the United States should immediately and substantially increase her armament." The affirmative was upheld by the Girls' Latin School of Boston, as represented by Misses Esther Stevens, Grace Cobb, and Phyllis Clark. The Misses Doris Neal, Agnes Gordon, and Marjorie Austin were chosen from the Girls' Debating Club of B. H. S. to speak for the negative. A good deal of credit is to be given to both sides, but the judges awarded their decision unanimously to the negative. On the whole the attendance was laudable, largely owing to the fine school spirit shown by the Latin School girls. The B. H. S. girls were rather conspicuous by their absence. Music was furnished by the B.H.S. Mandolin Club.

As a result of a challenge from Somerville, B.H.S. is organizing a girls' tennis team. Over forty candidates have given in their names—a number which undoubtedly points towards success. Temporary appointments make Helen Sherman, captain, and Hilda Shepard, manager.

It has been announced that there is going to be a free scholarship given to a member of the Senior Class for the Plattsburg Camp this summer. An efficiency test is to be held by Mr. Delehanty to determine the competition, and general standing in studies and gymnasium is also to be considered.

Leonard Saxe's essay on "The American Merchant Marine," which won the High School prize, has been awarded honorable mention by the Quincy Board of Trade.

William H. Wenstrom has won the competition for the words of the 1916 class song.

"The Man From Home" by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, which was chosen for 1916 B.H.S. dramatic production, was presented at Whitney Hall, on March 24 and 25. The cast: Mariano, Leonard S. Saxe '17; Michele, John Goodnow '19; Ribiere, W. Barton Leach '18; the Earl of Hawcastle, Royal W. Beal '18; Comtesse de Champigney, Katherine Lynch '17; Ethel

Granger-Simpson, Mildred I. Price '16; Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, Wolcott Booth '17; Horace Granger-Simpson, F. Frank Vorenberg '17; Lady Creech, Helene Kornfeld '16; Valet de chambre, Kenneth Akers '16; Grand Duke Vasili-Vasilovitch, Philip Remington '16; Daniel Voorhees Pike, Henry J. Horn, Jr. '18; Ivanoff, George Rosenfield '19; Carabinieri, Alfred E. Leonardi '17, Alfred Shapiro '18.

The parts were all well taken and judging the play as a whole, one can easily say that it was the biggest, best acted, and most enjoyed dramatic production of recent years. The coach, Mrs. Miriam O'Leary Collins and the faculty committee, consisting of Miss Churchill and Miss Waldo are to be especially congratulated upon the success of the two performances. The B.H.S. Mandolin Club furnished the musical program for Friday night. After the Saturday night performance there was dancing until midnight.

The Scholarship Honors for the third quarter of the school year were as follows: Seniors—First honors: Katherine Gibbons, Dorothy Isenbeck, Ola Murray, Caroline Potter, Merrill Spalding. Second honors: Marion Bywater, Marie Kaan, Helene Kornfeld, Thais Plaisted, Kenneth Akers, Harland Gray, Edwin Ryer.

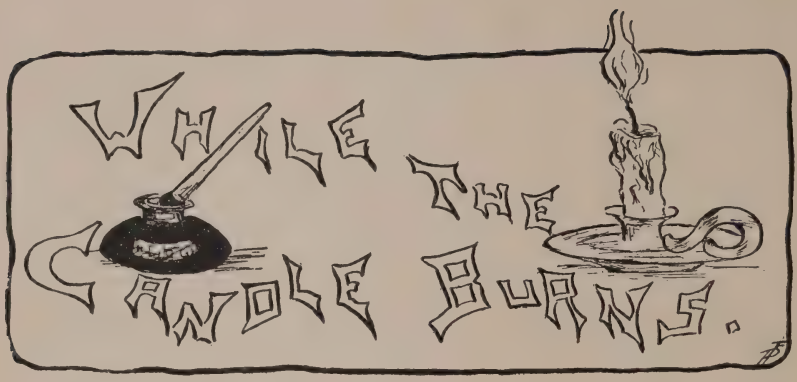
Juniors—First honors: Ariel Carstens, Wilhelmina Pree, Frank Vorenberg. Second honors: Vivian Kistler, Margaret Motscham, Adolph Alland, Francis Carey.

Sophomores—First honors: Miriam Doan, Helen Gibbons, Bertha Young. Second honors: Rosamond Allen, Lucille Brenner, Harriet Bridgman, Helen Conway, Franziska Schacht, George Belden.

Freshmen—First honors: Catherine O'Day, Ednah Shepard, Albert Kenney. Second honors: Estelle Alcaide, Charlotte Cowles, Carmen Rich, Iris Woodman, Geoffrey Bolton, Carroll McPherson, John McSweeney, Conrad Salinger.

Miss Cornelia Carr '19 gave a dance at her home on April first—no joke, even if it was April Fools.

Miss Page Williams '19 had a candy pull for several of her friends on Tuesday, April 4.



In the Silence of the Night

"Well! I guess that finishes it," sighed Dick, making a last dab with his pen as he slid down from an uncomfortable stool. Glancing around through the cages of the bank, a surprised ejaculation escaped him—he was alone, and most of the lights had been switched off.

"Uh! How,—" he paused, and listened intently. A scraping sound reached his ears. Immediately, he was on the alert, and gradually stretched out his hand towards seven thousand dollars in bills and bank notes on the desk before him. Then, slowly, his tense muscles relaxed, while the corners of his mouth twitched; it was only the janitor sweeping in the outer office. He looked once more at the money, meditatively. The vault was locked, of that he was sure. Where could he keep that money? Ah! He had it! The wall safe at home. He placed the bills in his pocket and quietly made his way to the street.

* * * * *

Two hours later he was smoking near an open window in the library at home. The cool night air, refreshing after his busy day, blew in upon him. The drumming cylinders of an automobile or the noisy rattle of a passing taxi now and then broke the silence. Dick's repose deepened. His cigar, unnoticed, was slowly burning out. Even the clock, invisible in the dark room, seemed to become less active in its monotonous tick-tick-tick. Suddenly

upon the night air arose a scraping sound, as of a window being opened and followed by a dull thud in the garden below.

Now wide awake, Dick sprang to his feet, hesitated a moment, and then raced for the staircase, leaving wrecked furniture strewn in his path. Reaching the first landing he rushed to his bedroom, threw open the door and switched on the lights. Ruined! The door of the empty safe stood open. Seven thousand dollars stolen!

A moment later he was examining the safe. No signs of force used. How did they open it? Was he sure he had locked it? Why! Come to think of it, one of his friends had called him up just as he had been about to put the money in. But what had he done after that? Altogether confused and puzzled, he ceased to ask himself those unanswerable and tormenting questions, and dejectedly shoved his hands into his pockets. He had scarcely done so when his features underwent a change, and with a smothered cry he yanked furiously with his right hand. Out it shot and on its outstretched palm lay the seven thousand dollars.

* * * * *

The next morning, while making a detour of the house, Dick was forced to smile, a little shamefacedly be it said, as he noticed, deeply imbedded in the garden sod, a newly fallen piece of slate from the roof.

H. K. '17.

The Play

They cut it and snip it and shear it,
They piece it and fit it and queer it.
They put in a speech
For the hero to screech.
They crank it and spank it and gear it.
Each one has a notion to blight it,
Each one an idea how to write it.
The play as it's done
Quite surprises the one
Who had the misfortune to write it.

D. C. A. I., '16

The South Wind

From a fair and fertile shore,
Where the flaming breakers roar
Through the watches of the balmy tropic night;
From a green, sand-bottomed bay,
Where the sunset colors play,
Comes the gentle wind of summer and delight.

Not of sea and shore alone,
Or the waves' eternal tone,
Brings northward to our hills the summer breeze;
But of green banana groves
And the smell of little loaves
That are baking in the huts beneath the trees.

He has laid a smoothing hand
On the roughness of the land,
And the homing geese are black against the moon.
Misty smoke is in the town
From the burning of the down
And the ducks are circling o'er the blue lagoon.

So the wind comes up the lea
From the tropics and the sea,
Singing through the swaying trees of hill and plain.
Whiter clouds drift out to meet him—
Brighter flow'rs spring up to greet him
As he passes, bringing Summer in his train.

W. H. W. '16

'07. John P. High carried off first place in the hurdles in a recent meet of the Y. M. C. A. at New York.

HOYT SHERMAN '14

'07. Mary Gibbons was recently married to Mr. James Logan of North Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

'07. Ruth Southwick is much to be congratulated on the good work she is doing in her post graduate course at Emerson.

'10. Ruth Hudnut, who is in the graduating class at Simmons College, is residing now in Brookline.

'13. Mildred Southwick starred in a production recently given at the Copley Theatre by the Emerson Dramatic School.

'13. Fred A. ("Bunny") Holton is planning to open a bowling alley next fall in Washington Square, Brookline. Therefore, he would like all his friends—and enemies—to help him with their patronage in order to make his new enterprise a success.

'13. George MacMillan is working with M. B. Forster Electric Company in Boston.

DUGALD C. JACKSON, Jr., '14

'13. Helen Goodnow left Thursday, April 5, with Miss Margaret Foley, Suffrage Speaker, on a tour of three months. At the

Republican and Democratic Conventions, Miss Goodnow will sell copies of a suffrage publication.

'14. Hoyt Sherman is a member of one of Harvard's companies in the regiment the university recently organized.

'14. Margaret Tuttle, Radcliffe '18, is intending to spend her Easter vacation with a group of Radcliffe girls, camping in New Hampshire.

HARMON CRAIG '15

'14. Dugald C. Jackson, Jr., is coxswain of one of Harvard's lesser crews.

'14. Russell Phillips is on the rifle team at Technology.

'15. Harmon Craig was appointed toastmaster at the Harvard Freshman banquet recently given.

'15. Mary Houghton was guest of honor at a dance given by Helen Heimer during Easter vacation. The Phi Beta Kappa of Smith College has recently received Miss Houghton into its midst.

'15. Max Untersee and Arthur Wales have proved great additions to the Tech swimming team. Wales has established a tank record in the plunge, while "Max" is anchor man on the relay team, and swims in the dashes.

'15. Tsuya Matsuki gave a bridge party at her home, April 11. Among those present were Margaret Daniels, Dorothy Wiggin, Dorothy Champlain, Genevieve Winans and Eleanor Carlisle.

MARGARET DANIELS '15

'15. Andrew Houghton has entered the shoe business. At present he is with E. E. Taylor Co.

Ex. '16 Renwick MacDonald and Harry McCracken '15 have positions with Stone and Webster.

Interclass Baseball

Immediately after the Easter vacation the interclass baseball series was held. The first two games were played on Wednesday, April 12. The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 10 to 5 in a hard-hitting game and the Seniors beat the Juniors 6 to 5, mainly due to the work of McCarthy in the box. O'Hearn knocked two triples and a homer. In the playoff on Monday, April 17, the class of 1916 won over the Sophomores, 14 to 2 in seven innings, scoring seven runs in the second on one hit! Threshie's drive for four bases was an outstanding feature of the contest, which was played in a downpour of rain. Contrary to the usual custom, letter men were allowed to play in the series.

Brookline 5; Weymouth 2

In a long drawn out and uninteresting game on Patriots Day, we easily succeeded in showing our superiority over the "farmer" boys. Weymouth scored first on a hit and several errors, but Threshie's triple to the right field fence, followed by Johnson's single tied it up. In the next inning we won the game by putting three runs across on a combination of hits and errors. Weymouth never threatened and they were very lucky to get out of a number of holes. "Dick" Johnson played well. It was interesting to note that every man who played on our nine had won his letter, with the exception of the center-fielder.

Courtesy of Boston Transcript

B. H. S. CREW STARS

Left to Right—Harold Trull, '17 Anson Lyman, '16 Al. Johnson, '16 Daniel Tyler, '17 Herbert Newton, P. A.

Crew

The crew candidates have been holding regular practice on the Charles River, and the prospects for another successful season are very bright. The present make-up of the two crews is as follows: First crew—Captain Litchfield, stroke; Newton, No. 3; Lyman, No. 2; Johnson, bow; Trull or Rowe, coxswain. Second crew—McMackan, stroke; Bowker, No. 3; Houghton, No. 2; McMillan, bow; and Greene, coxswain.

Here and There in Athletics

The rifle team ended its season in great style by winning the Suburban League Rifle Championship. Somerville, English and Rindge were the teams which fell victims to Brookline's marksmanship.

"Dick" Johnson '18 has been elected captain of next year's hockey team.

Leo Handy recently won the 100-yds. back stroke competition at the Junior National Swimming Championships held in Chicago.

Michael Prendergast '17 has been chosen captain of the 1917 swimming team.

The following business was transacted at the last two Athletic Association meetings:

It was voted (1) That Brookline join the Massachusetts Headmasters' Athletic Association; (2) that Mr. Akers confer with the faculty and school committee, if necessary, in regard to changing the present eligibility rules of the B. H. S. A. A. to conform with those of the Head Masters' A. A.; (3) "Bs" in swimming were voted to Handy, Prendergast, Bird, Darling, McKinnon and Hennessy, manager. Regular swimming insignia were awarded to the Richardson twins and F. Woods; (4) a vote of appreciation and thanks was given to the members of the swimming and hockey teams for their splendid work throughout the past season;

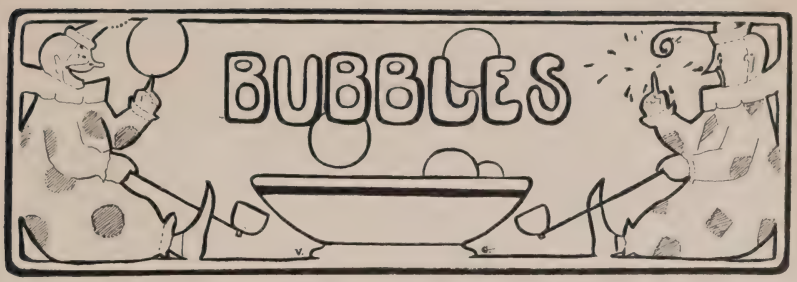
(5) it were voted that the secretary write a letter to the manager of the girls' tennis team expressing a desire to help; (6) regular hockey insignia were granted to the members and manager of the hockey team: F. Fennessy, E. O'Hearn, R. Johnson, A. Marshall, Follett, Arthur, and T. Woods; (7) the committee was authorized to write a vote of thanks to the dramatic cast for their contribution to the crew fund.

Brookline won its second game of the season on Tuesday, April 25, defeating the Volkmann nine 5-0. Ferguson '19 held the private school boys hitless for five innings, and McMillan, who finished the game, allowed only one single. Pillsbury of Volkmann also pitched effectively. O'Hearn, Leonardi, Edgar, and Arthur were the Brookline men who hit safely, and O'Hearn with two singles was the only man to get more than one hit during the game. The B.H.S. line-up was as follows: Lally, 3b., Edgar and Johnson, l.f., Leonardi, s.s., O'Hearn, r.f., Arthur c.f., Threshie and Delaney, 2b., Kendrick, 1b., Fiske and Mahoney, c., Ferguson and McMillan, p.

Dawn

First, all is silent o'er the still, dark earth,
Where all is waiting for the new day's birth,—
Just silence and the solemn, mystic stars!
Then, in the east, a long, low streak of light,
The bright stars fade while westward flees the night;
Next, wondrous rosy clouds creep o'er the sky,
The huge pines toss their mighty arms on high,
The sun leaps up,—a mass of blazing light!
Unfurled, the rosy clouds with pennons bright;
The birds awake to greet the happy dawn,
A million dewdrops glitter o'er the lawn;
The rippling brook rejoices in the Spring,
I, also, breathe a thankful offering,
For Oh, my spirit, too, is upward drawn
Into the light, the life, the peace of dawn!

J. E. A. '17.



A son of old Nippon named Kito,
Had a daughter so very petito
That all would have sought her,
But, being his daughter,
Her name, sad to say, was Mosquito.

Mr. Sn-w:—"What were Homer's famous epics?"
Ignatius II (awakening) :—"Er—the Iddyossey and Oliud."

Koch is rather disappointing this month. This is the best he can offer:—"With a careful jump I perched myself recklessly on a rock, only to discover the hillside dotted with cows; but when I felt her eyes resting upon my hand I involuntarily shuddered."

Miss L-d-n :—"Why is this so?"
Coming Pythagoras:—"By destruction."

Little Johnny was receiving his final instructions before the Browns came to dinner. "Remember, John," spoke the father, "say, 'yes please' or 'no thanks' when you are asked if you wish anything."

The Browns arrived in due season and the first course passed without incident. At length a luscious salmon appeared, and presently Johnny was asked if he wanted fish.

"No," said Johnny.

"What!" gasped the mother.

"No," reiterated Johnny.

This was too much for the father who rasped out, "No what, sir!"

"No fish," said Johnny.

Latin Definition: —Vir—courageous man; sometimes a husband.

Miss S-y-r, in IV Eng: —"Who was the greatest writer of all time?"

Freshie :—"Oh, that fellow Anonymous."

P-rt-r—"I guess Wenstrom is the biggest eater in High School."

Knut :—"Whyzat?"

P-rt-r: —"Well he told me that the other day he went into a Waldorf Lunch and ate off the arm of a chair." Whew.

We wish to call the attention of those who managed the Girls' Triangular Debate at Somerville that on some of the programs —with what truth we are unable to gauge—appeared the statement :

Some vil e High School.

There once was a strapping young German,
Whose cognomen answered to Herman,
He happened to pass
Thru some loose Chlorine gas,
And now he's agreeing with Sherman.

Miss Gambrill: —"What is the trouble with the past indefinite of boire?"

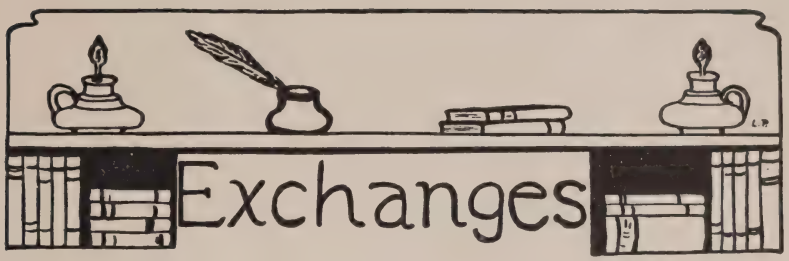
Hugo Jr. :—"No bus (booze)."

R-y-n :—"Charlie, I hear you're making an alarm clock."

T-wns-nd :—"Yes, I can't rely on those in the stores." Pretty good, Charlie.

At twenty-nine minutes past eight,
I rush at a terrible rate.
As I enter so bravely
The teacher says gravely,
Report at the office, you're late.

(Ed. Note: The Sagamore wishes to announce that Kenneth W. Moody '17, has won the limerick contest and will receive a free subscription to next year's Sagamore.)



We wish to thank our exchanges for the issues they have sent us and we hope to see them all again. The following magazines have been received during the past month: *The Imp*, Brighton High School; *The Sunnyside*, Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y.; *Keramos*, East Liverpool High School, East Liverpool, Ohio; *The Megaphone*, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; *Brocktonia*, Brockton High School; *The Clarion*, Arlington High School; *The Santa Rosa High School Weekly*, Santa Rosa, Cal.; *The Practical Arts Record*, School of Practical Arts, Brookline; *The Cambridge Review*, Cambridge High and Latin School.

The Imp: Why not improve your cover?

The Sunnyside: It would add to your paper to have more stories. Your athletic notes are good.

Keramos: What a splendid exchange column!

The Megaphone: Your cuts could be improved upon.

Brocktonia: A very good literary department.

The Practical Arts Record: Congratulations upon printing and publishing your own paper! Why not have your editorials and staff at the beginning?

The Cambridge Review: Your exchange notes could be enlarged upon.

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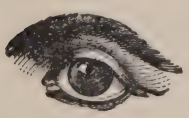

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JUNE, 1916

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Volume 22 JUNE, 1916 Number 8

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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A. OGDEN PORTER, '16 — *Business Manager*

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THE SAGAMORE BOARD, 1915-16

Left to right: Back row—Ogden Porter, Edwin Ryer, Theodore Atkinson, Leonard Saxe, Eliot Hirshberg, James Lynch, Frank Vorenberg.
Front row—Jessie Alison, Helene Kornfeld, Merrill Spalding, Dorothy Isenbeck, Mildred Price

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XXII JUNE, 1916 NUMBER 8

The Sagamore's Farewell

As I pass to the heart of the forest,
Where Peace and Tranquility dwell,
Where the camp-fire gleams in a land of dreams—
I bid you Godspeed—farewell.
May your lives be enriched in the future
By mem'ries of years gone by;
May your fight for success be untiring,
And the thoughts of your school days, inspiring;
May your spirits be ever acquiring
Allegiance to Brookline High.

By many members of each Senior Class, graduation night is looked upon as the long-awaited occasion which marks the end of a laborious and irksome school course. Taking all things into consideration, is there any foundation for such a belief? The thought of some disagreeable incident may long rankle in the memory; the months of hard study may not easily be forgotten; but, after all, are these sufficient reasons for condemning the High School course? If we look at this matter in a different light, we cannot fail to realize that every teacher in the High School has been earnestly striving to give us a start in the right direction;

that any unpleasant occurrence was caused by no ill-will, but rather by a desire to sacrifice pupularity for a student's good. It is quite fitting that we should be filled with gratitude this graduation night—but this gratitude should be prompted, not by the feeling that our course is over, but by an appreciation of what this school has done for us, and an ardent desire to profit by the many vital lessons that these four years have taught.

During the past few years the general lack of co-operation between The Sagamore and the student body has become more and more apparent. At each additional advance in the price of the school paper a cry of protest has swept through the school, and The Sagamore is scornfully termed, "The magazine that can't support itself." In such a state of affairs, with whom does the fault lie? Is the school paper really to blame, or have the students failed to apply the needed remedy?

Last fall The Sagamore's financial condition was far from satisfactory. The boards of the two previous years had left a debt of over one hundred dollars, and the general advance in the cost of printing pointed to an even larger deficit for this year. Under such conditions the price of the magazine was raised, the reasons for this step fully explained, and an appeal was made to the student body to assist their paper out of its difficulties. The result of this effort is only another instance of the growing lack of school spirit in Brookline High. Less than half the student body subscribed to The Sagamore; few, if any, were willing to patronize its advertisers; and the literary contributions were restricted to articles by a mere handful of earnest workers. It is a well known fact that there is in nearly every high school a class of students popularly known as "spongers," who, although refusing to subscribe to their school magazine, are always ready to read a fellow-student's copy and to take a fiendish delight in finding fault with it. Criticism, when of the right sort, is the best means of improving a magazine, but when this type of "critic" decries certain faults in a school paper for which he is himself responsible,

it is a pretty sure sign that something is wrong. We are glad to say that owing to the gift of fifty dollars from the Dramatics cast and a policy of working everything to a limit, this year's Sagamore has not only been able to support itself, but has also paid off half of its inherited debt. It cannot be said, however, that any credit for bringing this condition about is due to the student body as a whole. Their showing of school spirit, not only in the case of The Sagamore, but of every athletic team and social organization, has not been a source of pride to this institution. May next year tell a different story.

The Sagamore takes great pleasure in announcing its board for next year:

Leonard S. Saxe '17	Editor-in-Chief
Richard Spitz '17	Business Manager
Wilhelmina Pree '17	Literary Editor
Eliot Hirshberg '17	News Editor
Harriet Gulick '18	News Editor
Frank Vorenberg '17	Athletic Editor
Gordon Leland '17	Asst. Athletic Editor

Alternate, Herman Koch '17

Andrew Pollock '17	Bubbles Editor
Barnard Tucker '18	Art Editor
Helen Sherman '17	Alumni Editor
Royal Beal '17	Alumni Editor
Jessie Alison '17	Exchange Editor

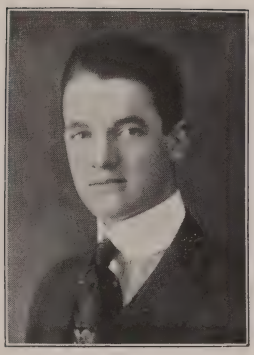
Reporters

Elizabeth Rintels '18 Richard Ehrlich '18

Margaret Spaulding '19

One Sophomore and two Freshman reporterships open for competition.

Class Officers, 1916



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Vice-President

CAROLINE POTTER
Secretary

FRANK E. FENNESSY
Treasurer

Address of Welcome

Kenneth F. Akers

Parents and Friends of the Graduating Class: It is my pleasure, in behalf of my Classmates, to extend to you all a most cordial welcome to our exercises this afternoon. You have just witnessed on the playground that part of our Class Day program contributed so loyally by the whole school. For the help of the other classes in giving you this glimpse of the more picturesque features of our school life, the Class of 1916 is grateful. Now you are about to hear that part of the program which we, as Seniors, present.

It is, naturally, a somewhat personal program, revealing in our history some of the things that we have done in the past four years, unfolding in our prophecy some of the things that you may expect of us in the future, and expressing our ideals as embodied in the oration.

We are not unmindful of the fact that we owe to you, as loyal citizens and as indulgent parents, the opportunities and advantages we have enjoyed here. It is in appreciation of our debt of gratitude and obligation to you that we welcome you here this afternoon and express the hope that you will enter into the spirit of the occasion with us.

For some of us, the termination of our High School course means the end of traditional "school days"; days that we, in our thoughtless moments, have sometimes spoken of with too little reverence, but to which we shall look back with pleasure in the more serious moments of after life. To this part of our Class, the exercises today will give the final personal touch to their school career. The last sentiments of their school life, before entering the business world, will be embodied in this occasion.

On the other hand, to others of our Class, their four years' study here in Brookline High is only the stepping stone to higher institutions. No matter what school we may enter after

leaving good old B. H. S. we will always remember the days spent here. To these, also, will the exercises today be memorable.

Although this is not our last meeting as Seniors here in Brookline High, nevertheless, the exercises today mark the final efforts which we, as Seniors, contribute to graduation.

It is to this occasion, then, that I have the pleasure of bidding you welcome; to this last act of companionship of our four years' association.

Class Poem, 1916

World Peace, Forever

MERRILL SPALDING

There's a desolate field in the east of France.
One trodden by Death's grim form,
Where Briton and Teuton lie side by side
In the wake of a battle's storm.
Here are men from the towering Scottish crags,
From Canada's storm-swept shore,
Who offered their lives for a nation's cause
At the throne of the God of War.

There's a towering peak in the Tyrol land
Near Austria's southern gate,
Which stands like a sentinel, rugged and red,
To watch o'er a nation's fate.
It gazes where Italy's sons fight on
For a land they would fain redeem,
And mournfully broods o'er the War God's might,
For the battle lord rules supreme.

There's a river that flows through a blasted wood
In the heart of the Russian plains.
Where hosts of the nations have struggled and fought,
And wild desolation reigns.
The peasants of Russia lie close to the youths
Whom mothers of Saxony bore;
In that vortex of horror they yielded their lives
As a gift to the God of War.

There's a valley o'erlooked by a Balkan range,
Whose beauty war's conflicts deface,
Where the blood-stained forms of the Bulgar and Serb
Are locked in a death embrace.
Their grave is the trench where the conflict raged;
Their salvo, the cannons' roar;
And few will remember the battles they waged
At the call of the God of War.

In martyred Armenia War holds sway;
He glories in Belgium's woe,
And gloats o'er the ships that the sea has claimed
When struck by an unseen foe.
And Death, with his stealthy tread, reaps on
Where Birds of destruction soar;
For such is the price that the world must pay
To the cause of the God of War.

God hasten the era when Love shall reign,
When war and destruction cease,
When nations, as brothers, shall right each wrong
In the cause of eternal peace!
The gates of the future are open wide:
We all have our tasks in store.
Let us choose as our Master the Prince of Peace
In the place of the God of War.

B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF INTERSCHOLASTIC TEAMS

Left to right: Back row—Archie Ridley '18, Leonard Saxe '17, Warren Morse '17, Robert Cook '16, Olaf Snedden '18.
Front row—Merrill Spalding '16, Ogden Porter '16, Lawrence Roeder '16, Frank Vorenberg '17.

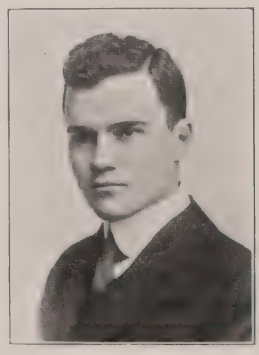
ALEXANDER H. MOSSMAN

MANY classes have considered this customary act of planting the ivy a mere incident of Class Day; a duty to be quickly accomplished and soon forgotten. Let us, however, remember that the growth of this small plant sets us an example to follow. As each clinging tendril assisting its neighbors helps upward the whole vine, so let us, co-operating with those about us, do our best to promote the welfare of mankind. For surely there has never been so great an opportunity for such a spirit as now, when in many walks of life the principle, "Each man for himself," seems paramount.

REMINISCENCES OF 1916

MERRILL SPALDING

YOU are all familiar with the old adage, "Happy the nation that has no history." Every rule, however, has its exception As you gaze upon our joyous faces you realize that the lot of this Class of 1916 has been far from tragic. And yet we have a history—a most noteworthy and eventful one. In recounting it to you I shall use the form best suited to my purpose—that of a story. You must, however, keep the fact in mind that this is no romantic tale. My sole purpose is to tell of our activities in the most simple and concise manner possible; I shall state merely facts, and they will speak for themselves.



CHAPTER I

It was four years ago that our story opens. We were only Freshmen, starting at the very bottom of the ladder of Fame; yet, young as we were, there was something in our bearing, something so indicative of our remarkable individuality, that the

upper classmen were deeply impressed. Indeed, several members of the Sophomore Class, dissatisfied with their environment, dropped back a year to join our number, and these we received with due hospitality.

We promptly elected a few officers to represent us in the school's affairs. Jack Craig was chosen president; Hilda Shepard, vice-president; James Taylor, treasurer; and Peter Rooney, secretary. Peter, alas, was so overcome by this unexpected honor that he immediately left school, and Grace Stearns was prevailed upon to accept his position.

But being a class of brawn as well as brains, we turned our attention to athletics, formed a football team, won several victories, and finally challenged the Sophomores. Lack of space prevents me from giving a detailed account of that momentous struggle, the fame of which shall go down through the ages. The Sophomores, smarting under the sting of a 13-7 defeat will never forget that contest; our gridiron heroes, enjoying the first of their many interclass triumphs, can never forget it; the school, astonished at the unexpected turn of events can never forget it; and the street-cleaning department of Brookline will always remember the gorgeous tokens of victory with which the sidewalks surrounding the school were decorated.

We were by no means willing to rest upon our laurels, but looked about for new fields of conquest. Mildred Price and Charles Dow graciously accepted positions on The Sagamore Board. That silver-tongued orator, A. Ogden Porter, commenced his auspicious career by astounding the members of the Debating Club with brilliant bursts of eloquence. Not to be outdone, Grace Stearns gave her services to the rhetorical committee of the Girls' Club, and others among our girls propounded weighty arguments upon the vital issues of the day. Then Jack Craig and Waldo Keefe showed their heels to the members of the track team; "Ted" Fennessy and "Chet" Arthur knocked the puck around a bit in hockey; and Leo Handy made the swimming experts "sit up and take notice" by walking—or rather swimming away with the 220 yard event at the Princeton interscholastic meet.

The dramatic world soon beckoned to us, and we promptly decided to help along the production of "She Stoops to Conquer," the play chosen for the 1913 Dramatics. Accordingly Ruth Alexander proved a very charming Lady Hardcastle, Ogden Porter and Tom Woods showed themselves to be capable servants, and Leonard Butler added weight and impressiveness to the scenes in the character of Diggory.

From a musical standpoint we also excelled. By their masterly singing and charming appearance many of our members proved to be the hit of the Minstrel Show, and the Tuesday morning singing periods became famous for the solos of Leonard Butler and Alphonsus Johnson, whose vocal accomplishments were the sensation of our musical world.

It was about this time that the school authorities, wishing to change the design on the diplomas, opened a competition for this purpose, and each graduate since then has received a specimen of "Tootsie" Johnson's artistic skill.

Critics may say that we had already more than done our part in the school activities. This may be true, but we were so used to doing things that we couldn't break ourselves of the habit. Mildred Price succumbed to the call of prize speaking, and John Litchfield was an important factor in the double victory of our crews that year. The baseball team found itself wofully weak in its hitting, and begged us to loan it some heavy artillery. Of course we consented, and gave them a regular battery in Arthur and Kelly, while Taylor pulled up grass along the coaching lines. Last of all we topped off the year with a great and glorious picnic, which was superb in its conception, marvelous in its organization, and was unsuccessful only for the reason that it was given up at the last moment.

I might also speak of our triumphs in tennis and gymnastics, our brilliant marching on Class Day, and our disastrous final examinations; but time is short and I have still greater events to chronicle. And so the first chapter of our story is brought to its conclusion.

CHAPTER II

In the fall of 1913 we returned to the High School fully prepared for the great tasks before us. Believing that variety is the spice of life, we elected an entirely new set of officers for our Sophomore year. John Litchfield accepted the president's chair; Mildred Price succeeded Hilda Shepard as vice-president; Caroline Potter was entrusted with the class correspondence; and Alphonsus Johnson, in reward for his athletic, musical, and artistic triumphs of the preceding year, was made guardian of the funds.

And now we come, technically speaking, to the rising action in our story. Our exploits, from this point on, were so varied and manifold that my poor vocabulary is unequal to the task set before it. First of all, we presented to the football team a veritable galaxy of stars in the persons of Woods, Litchfield, Butler, Daniels, Johnson, R. Kelly and Akerman; and, as a side issue, we trounced the Freshmen in the interclass series. This discouraged them quite a bit, and, for consolation, we gave them a few of our swimming and baseball stars, who have ever since been the mainstays of their athletic teams. Not content with this, we held a marvellous reception in their honor, and after enjoying "Stewy" Nixon's daring acrobatic stunts, Charles Dow's accomplishments along artistic lines, and Mildred Price's recitation of "Little Orphan Annie," there cannot be the slightest doubt that the youngsters were duly impressed and entertained. Then we permitted Ted Fennessy to captain the hockey team, held the sceptre over the rifle team, and saw to it that we were well represented in track, tennis, gym, golf and crew. In Dramatics Mildred Price and Jack Craig won additional honors, and the former, together with Charles Dow, scurried about getting "scoops" for THE SAGAMORE. Mildred wasn't even satisfied with this, but again tried her luck at prize speaking, while Caroline Potter was prevailed upon to act as vice-president of the Girls' Debating Club.

It was during this year that our class mascot, Alexander Hyde Mossman, arrived, and it is unanimously agreed that his first appearance in "long jeans" that spring caused a sensation that has been equalled only by the voyage of the Oscar II. Moreover,

Ogden Porter, inspired by his nightly study of Cicero, decided to follow that great orator's example, and succeeded admirably by making the interscholastic debating team. This was a great triumph for us, as it was an unusual occurrence for a Sophomore to rise to such distinction. Although the exact reverse of this case has held true during the past two years, one must remember that we set the fashion, and the others merely followed our example.

In other ways we scored intellectually. So eager were several of our members in their pursuit of knowledge, that the regular periods in the school hours were insufficient for them, and a Latin recess class was formed, which proved to be a highly classic venture.

All histories must contain a note of tragedy, however, and so we find that our baseball team was unmercifully walloped by the Freshmen, and our two interclass debating teams were immediately eliminated from the B. H. S. and Girls' Debating Club interclass competitions. Bitter as they were, these minor defeats show that we were merely human, and not too proud to acknowledge a few reverses.

CHAPTER III

It was with a sort of premonition of the power which was to be ours that we returned to the High School the following September. The teachers were impressed, the Seniors worried, and the two lower classes filled with a superstitious awe by our attitude. To keep up appearances we chose a few officers to look after our manifold interests. John Litchfield and Mildred Price were re-elected president and vice-president respectively; Margaret Haven assumed the secretarial duties; and Barney O'Hearn was entrusted with our wealth.

We next directed our activities into literary channels. On last year's SAGAMORE Board we find Theodore Atkinson and Merrill Spalding as editors, Mildred Price and Dorothy Isenbeck as reporters, and Ogden Porter and Edwin Ryer beset with financial worries in the business department. Moreover, the Mandolin Club started in with a new lease of life that fall, largely through

the enterprise of members of the class of 1916. Our debating talent was no less in evidence. Ogden Porter and Merrill Spalding thrilled suffragists and antis alike with their frenzied appeals for and against the suffrage cause, and also served as officers in the Debating Club; while Mary Meehan and Hilda Shepard held similar positions in the girls' organization.

But athletics must not be forgotten. The football team was composed largely of our representatives, the track team went it one better, and the gym team might readily be called a 1916 organization. Lyons, Massey, Remington, and Wenstrom aimed at the target in the rifle range and had a bully time of it. Fennessy and Lyman, not to be outdone, made a monopoly of the offices on the tennis team, and even then their services were so much in demand that Fennessy, together with O'Hearn and Taylor scored goal after goal during the hockey season, and "Bug" assisted Litchfield and Stewart in achieving our great success in the interscholastic crew races last spring. Then, in baseball, Kendrick held down first base and Ed O'Hearn proved himself an extremely valuable man in his manifold capacity of first-baseman, catcher, right-fielder, pinch-hitter and goat-getter of the opposing pitchers. Spalding also chased balls and carried bats while undergoing the tortures of assistant managership.

Dramatics came along bringing further distinction to Mildred Price, Philip Remington and Leonard Butler, who made his reappearance behind the footlights. And so it went through the entire year; Mildred Price made her third attempt to capture prize speaking honors, "Piggy" Stewart was one of the mainstays of the swimming team, and Mossman, Spalding, Woods and Townsend continued to thrill II Latin A with original translations of a highly sensational order. Then Class Day brought added triumphs to us, including the interclass relay championship won by Johnson, Daly, Amsden and Burtt. Last of all came the college examinations—and here a touch of pathos and gloom brings the third chapter of our narrative to a close.

CHAPTER IV

In writing a story, it is always desirable to adhere strictly to the technical points in narrative composition. As our Freshman year served both as an introduction and incentive movement, and as the Sophomore and Junior years provided the rising action, so it is that in this last chapter our exploits as Seniors make a fitting climax to our triumphal progress through the High School.

We have always been firm believers in "preparedness" and therefore we lost no time in electing our officers. Kenneth Akers was chosen president; Hilda Shepard, vice-president; Caroline Potter, secretary; and Frank Fennessy, treasurer. No sooner had politics faded from our minds than we turned our attention to football. John Litchfield ended his B. H. S. football career in a blaze of glory after having tied Newton for the triangular league championship. John was not alone in this triumph, however, as Tom Woods, Ray Davis and Ed O'Hearn were the terror of opposing linesmen, "Toots" Johnson scampered about considerably in the back field, and Kenneth Akers puzzled his brains over the business end of the team.

About this time THE SAGAMORE began issuing its publications with Merrill Spalding as editor-in-chief, Ogden Porter as business manager, and Dorothy Isenbeck, Helene Kornfeldt, Mildred Price and Theodore Atkinson showing their literary talents to good advantage, while Edwin Ryer, Ralph Carr and James Lynch made things hum in the business department. The Mandolin Club also began doing its worst under the leadership of Merrill Spalding and the joint managership of Kenneth Akers and Lawrence Boyden, while Porter, Davis, Gray, Cook and Atkinson were the music-makers. Then came the event of the year:—our magnificent Senior Social. Here it was that our talented dramatist, Dorothy Isenbeck, scored her first great literary success with her play, "Trot," the parts in which were taken by Mildred Price, Helene Kornfeldt, Julian Ryan, Ogden Porter and Alec Mossman.

Right on top of this achievement Captain "Ted" Fennessy, O'Hearn and Palmer, ably assisted by the moral support of Man-

ager Woods, won a triangular league hockey championship for the school. In fact, we were up to date in every respect. During the winter months, Shepard Titcomb filled scientific circles with profound amazement by his sensational trips over the snow-covered streets of Brookline on his Flexible-Flyer-Fliver—although Shep himself admits that he had rather rough sledding during the early stages of his invention. Nor must one forget our joyous jitney socials, and our superb Senior Dance, which made all other social events pale and wan in comparison.

In every organization we were at the helm. Ogden Porter ruled supreme in the Debating Club, and he, together with Roman and Whitney were chosen to represent us on the interscholastic teams. Phil Remington held like power in the German Club, and with Pierce Massey wielded the sceptre over our gunners. Daly captained the track team, and Hennessy managed the B. H. S. swimmers. We had many representatives on these and other teams, but time is too short for any further mention of names, and my restricted space cries out in protest.

With the coming of spring our minds were occupied with Dramatics, and we gave a production of "The Man From Home," which was declared to be "the best ever," and which was featured by Mildred Price, Helene Kornfeldt, Philip Remington, Kenneth Akers, some incidental music, a real automobile and a bull pup.

Last, but not least, the success of our crews this spring, on which rowed Captain Litchfield, Lyman, Johnson and Palmer; and the virtual cinching of a baseball championship by O'Hearn, Kendrick, Schellenberg and Manager Atkinson are, in themselves, a suitable denouement to this story of the Class of 1916.

And so this narrative reaches its conclusion. You have heard what our exploits have been; today, you see what we really are; and you shall soon learn the future that is destined to be ours. Perhaps in this attempt I have failed to convince you of our true glory,—but what I have written has been simply the working out of history. What these chapters have contained has been only in accordance with my original purpose: in short, this history is merely a concise chronicle of facts.

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATING TEAMS

Left to right: Back row—Elizabeth Rintels '18, Harriet Bridgman '18, Elizabeth Sutherland '18
Front row—Jessie Allison '17, Hope Snedden '17, Katherine Lynch '17

CLASS ORATION

FRANKLIN WHITNEY

CLASSMATES: We have been through four years of High School together, and now comes the time when we are to leave this school and separate from one another. We are to enter more seriously into life, to see what we were put here to do. The time has come, then, when we should consider the serious things of life, the things which will help to make our lives a success.

The first and principal among these is "purpose." Without this, success cannot be attained, for a purpose is the eternal condition of success. Nothing, absolutely nothing, will take its place. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men of talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is a proverb. The chance of events, the push of circumstances will not. The natural unfolding of faculties will not. Education alone will not; how many educated men there are whose lives have not been successful. Therefore, since nothing will take its place, there is no road to success but through a clear, strong, definite purpose.

When we note the failure of a man we say many times, "Well, he had no purpose in life, so of course he could not succeed." The purpose of a man discloses his character. To discover his worth, we look into his character in this way. First of all, "what is his purpose?" and then, "is he accomplishing it?"

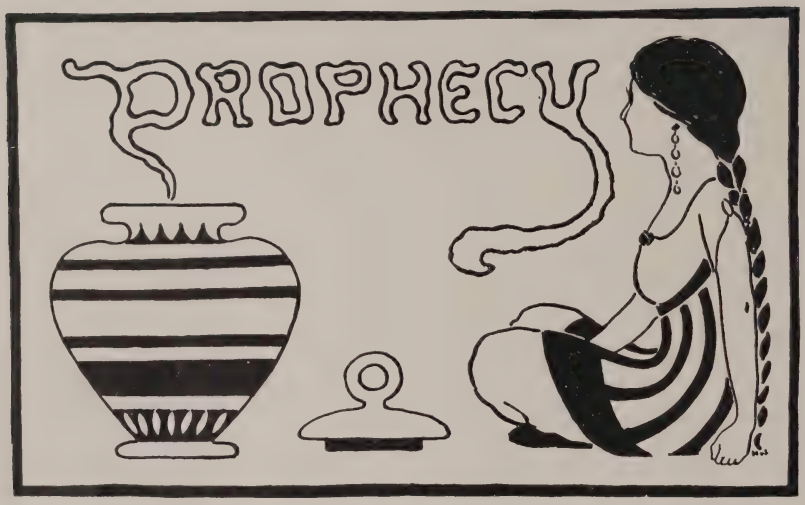
Why was Lincoln able to accomplish the freeing of the slaves? It was because back in his boyhood he had constructed a definite purpose to annihilate slavery if the chance ever came. The chance did come and because he stuck to his resolve, his purpose to fight this evil, he was successful.

Now, of course, I do not mean to say that a purpose, if cherished with sufficient energy, will always carry a man to his goal—

for every man has his limitations—but rather, that it is sure to carry him on toward some kind of a success, which often proves greater than that at which he has aimed. It is the strength and definiteness of purpose which determine the measure of success a man attains. That definiteness of purpose, however, does not mean that one should think of only one thing in life, to the exclusion of all else. The most fundamental mistake men make is in not recognizing the breadth of their nature, and consequently working only a single part of it. To be successful one must give play to his whole nature. He must heed a social, domestic, and religious purpose also. These should be as clear, strong, and definite as the one which yields him a fortune, and should be cherished, not out of a bare sense of duty, but for manly completeness.

We may say then that there are four purposes which should be included in our one great purpose. The first is purpose in employment. Try to work at something you like, or else try to like the thing at which you are working, and work to succeed. The second is purpose in home. Have a home of your own, because character, happiness, destiny, turn on its realization; it is the main safeguard against immorality; it is essential to the development of the whole nature; it is the chief source of sound and abiding happiness, and it is the surest defense against evil fortune. The third is purpose of citizenship; that is, be a good citizen, as such, recognize the duties that you owe your country, and do not accept its privileges without being thoroughly aware that they are privileges. The fourth is a "finishing touch" or a "rounding off" of the other purposes, and we will call it "culture." Resolve to make the most of yourself. The noblest sight this world offers is a young man or woman bent upon making the most of himself.

If we of Brookline High go forth bearing in mind our one great purpose and cherishing it with all our energy, aiming not at the near end, but at the far one, and conceiving of life as a race rather than a drift, we shall live a true life, and a successful one; for a true and successful life is one that is attained only by having a clear, strong, definite purpose and sticking to it.



MILDRED PRICE OGDEN PORTER

(*M. P. Enters, sits down by table on which is hung a sign, "Employment Bureau," and looks scowlingly around. She pulls out a watch, glances at it and taps a bell on the table. She rings it several times before O. P. enters hastily.*)

M. P. Late again, as usual. What is your excuse this time?

O. P. Well, you see, I met Philip Remington, who is the self-appointed missionary to the people of the churches, to reform them from their excessive goodness. He asked me for some funds to carry on the good work; he always was asking for money, so it comes natural to him I suppose.

M. P. How much did you give him?

O. P. Only a jitney. But where is the mail? I don't see very much business on hand.

M. P. Here comes the postman.

(*Enter Elliot Brown with the mail bag. He dumps the letters on the table and goes out.*)

O. P. That's a new postman, isn't it?

M. P. Yes, Elliot's been trying for three years to pass the Civil Service exam. in decimal fractions. He must have got through at last, for this is the first time he has been on this route.

O. P. Miss Isabel Marshall, the matron of the Little Wanderers Home wishes us to send her another woman to take care of the Baby Department. The last girl she had, Miss Irene Aronson, had to be discharged for flirting with the janitor and neglecting her duty.

M. P. Who have we that can handle a job like that? I guess Mary Meehan would do; she never would flirt anyway. I wonder who the janitor is?

O. P. Janitor was, you mean. Here is a letter from Edmund O'Hearn who has just left the job of janitor, because of the uncongenial surroundings. I guess he means that the uncongenial surroundings have just left. We'll put his name on file, something may turn up.

M. P. Oh! Here's an ad:

AKERS & FENNESSY SCHOOL FOR UNCERTAIN LOVERS

SPECIAL COURSES

How to rush a girl

How to drop a girl

The most barbarous type readily yields to our treatment.

Motto: A Fennessy Flirt Never Fails.

Separate Courses for Ladies

Lectures by Miss Muriel Wilson

"How to Make Leap Year Proposals Attractive"

Price for the course depends on the age of the applicant.

Oh, no, it isn't all an ad. They want a man for the ladies to practice on. Mr. Fennessy has received 2861 proposals in the last week, and is tired of them.

O. P. We want some one who is much interested in things like that. Don't you think Charles Townsend would just jump at an offer like that. We'll send him all right.

M. P. Here's a new letterhead: The Ford Auto Exchange. Second and Third Hand Cars Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Now, who might that be?

O. P. Why, that's Mary and Margaret. But what do they want?

M. P. They are looking for a man of all work to pump up tires, and so forth. Kenneth Roman was looking for a job, and under qualifications "can work 'most anyone," so I suppose that bit is all right.

O. P. Lawrence Boyden, the undertaker of the village, says that business is dead this time of the year, and he would like to undertake something new. Have we an opening for a bright, attractive personality that has a taking way with the women? Would like the position of Domestic Science teacher in a girls' college, but will take anything that offers.

M. P. I don't know of a position of teacher that is open, but the Park Department wants a man to drive the steam roller. We can try him there if his nerves can stand the excitement.

O. P. Barnum and Bailey Circus would like us to send them some young ladies to ride round the tent in an aeroplane. That would require some courage. Mary Thompson, Margaret Fealey, Emily Thatcher and Mary A. Hickey would pass in a crowd.

M. P. Gerald Morse here says that his push cart needs the care of an assistant. He will give the accepted applicant room and board, that is, if he doesn't eat too much. In that case, it will be cheaper to pay him three dollars' wages, and the cheapest thing is what he wants.

O. P. Well, who is the cheapest thing that we can send him?

M. P. I tell you there is nothing cheap on our list. Our agency is too high class to bother with little cases like that. (*Throws it in waste basket.*)

O. P. This is an official looking document. (*reads*) Manager Schellenberg of the Cheatem Trust Co. wishes to inform you that the girl they secured through your agency, Miss Edith Hutchins, has disappeared. That $2,786,354.41 is also missing. At the same time, the son of the president has not been seen for several days. We wish you would give us a little of the history of the young lady and your estimate of her character, so, if possible, we may trace a connection between these events. (*Telephone rings.*)

M. P. Just tell him that after an applicant has secured a position we assume no further responsibility.

O. P. Hello, yes, this is the Employment Agency. What, coming here? Yes, yes, we'll look out. Thank you. (*hangs up.*) Say, Captain Atkinson down at the police station says that Alexander Mossman has suddenly grown violently insane, and, dressed like a cigar-store Indian, he rushed up Beacon Street and tomahawked three lamp posts and a baby carriage. They say that he was last seen coming this way.

M. P. Call up the janitor, Maurice Witt, and tell him to stop him if he comes up here. But why did he go insane?

O. P. Well, the last I heard, his mind was weakening under the strain of trying to pass the final exam. in Latin. He must have got through, and the shock was too much for him.

M. P. The Lend-a-$ Society of Brookline under the leadership of Miss Marion Cook desires some girls to help her manage the festival on the birthday of the founder of the society, Miss Marion Neal.

O. P. Who have we who is intelligent enough to handle a job like that?

M. P. Here are some exhibition dancers that might do: Elsie Hughes, Alice Kilmer, and Thais Plaisted.

THE HOCKEY TEAM

Left to right: Follett P. A., Arthur P. A., Marshall '17, Threshie '18, Palmer '16
O'Hearn '16, Johnson '18, Woods '16, Fennessy '16.

O. P. You know Ernest Williamson, the fellow that we got the position of reporter on T. Palmer's paper, "The Evening Yelp?" Well, they had a big story the other day and he has written me all about it. It seems that Herbert Fisher, the town detective, put a dictaphone in that gambling house that Kendrick Amsden has been running over at Whiskey Point and he got enough evidence to convict all the people he arrested in his raid. Sutton Hyland and Thomas Daley will get a hard sentence. They were caught red-handed matching pennies for keeps, and that is a serious offence. I think Amsden will get off easily, he has a good, strong pull with Raymond Richardson, the district attorney, and that counts for a lot.

M. P. The production of the "Sorrows of Sing Sing," the new musical comedy by Dorothy Isenbeck, lacks a star, because Ruth Alexander left in a tearful rage at being required by Miss Isenbeck to smoke a cigarette. Who is there that would do a thing like that? Do you think of anyone?

O. P. Do you think that Marjory North would take it? I think that she might qualify for that kind of a part.

M. P. This fellow can't want a job. No, it's a circular, advertising that new lecture by the Kevin Lyons Bureau. Dr. W. Holmes Wenstrom will talk on "Why the Army Needs Men Like Me." Tickets at Two Dollars. I don't think that I am interested. Are you going?

O. P. No, I have heard Wenstrom before, and never again.

M. P. What have we here? Miss Emma McKernon, the editor of the "Woman's Gossip," that new paper for the home, has been arrested for libel. She stated in her paper that Miss Helen Heimer was to be married to a citizen of The Netherlands, and, as Miss Heimer is very much opposed to international marriages, she was so angry at the mistake that she brought this suit. Miss McKernon wants us to send her a secretary who can take care of the paper while she is absent. Now, who is there who knows enough people to run a sheet like the "Gossip?"

O. P. Mary L. Hickey would be fine at that job. I'll call her up and see if she wants it. (*Turns to telephone.*) Brookline 2343-M. Yes, Brookline 2343-M. What's the matter? Ever since Marion Forbes has been at the exchange we haven't been able to get a call through straight. Hello, Hello, Miss Mary Hickey? This is the Employment Agency, we have a position for you, if you want it. You have something already? You're married. Well, let me extend my sympathy. (*Hangs up.*) She cut me off. Well, who else is there?

M. P. We could try Julie Emery. I'll write to her. She might like a position like that.

O. P. Dr. Cook writes for a keeper to look out for Fred Bowditch. It seems that he has been struck by lightning and ever since he has wanted to sue the town for damages. He needs someone that will be gentle but firm, and that can take care of him until he returns to his right mind.

M. P. Notify Harold Skillen and Joseph Hennessy and they can both work on the case, or Cook can take his choice.

O. P. Oh! Say, have you called up Hilda Shepard?

M. P. No, I'll call her right up. (*Takes telephone.*) Brookline 559-W. Hello, Miss Shepard? I heard the other day that you had recently become engaged to Count Max Heinrich Von Dachshund, and I thought you might need an interpreter to help you read his letters. You have someone already? Miss Von Olker? All right. Sorry to trouble you. Goodbye.

O. P. William Houston, the manager of the New England Munitions Company, says that the noted I. W. W. agitator, Samuel Vadner, has originated a strike among his workmen, and he wants some brave men to help guard the plant from the strikers.

M. P. You will find that in the unclassified list, near the back.

O. P. He didn't say that he wanted any particular number so we can try four, Nathaniel Daniels, Melville Grant and John Kelly.

M. P. But that's only three.

O. P. Well, that's all the brave ones that I could find, the rest don't qualify.

M. P. The Albert Carr Memorial Hospital would like us to send them three beautiful young ladies to hold the hands of impatient patients, while they are going under the effects of ether. Shall we send people who have had experience in that line?

O. P. Well, these ought to fill the ticket: Ruth Ames, Olive Amsden and Madeline Chandler. (*Telephone rings.*) Hello. What? What? Who do you think you are calling? No, this isn't the Calvert Home for Feeble-minded. Goodbye. Here's a personal announcement from Marie Kahn and Helene Kornfeld, who have gone into business here manufacturing arms. It seems that they have invented a bullet which can be shot without a gun—and hope to make a great deal of money from it.

M. P. Well, I always knew they were fond of bangs, but I didn't think they'd carry it that far.

M. P. Here is a request from Editor Palmer of the "Evening Yelp" for a young lady to do reporting. She would have to cover the Essington divorce case. Mrs. Essington desires to resume her maiden name of Ola Murray. She is getting her divorce on grounds of incompatibility of temperament because her husband refuses to dance, and enjoys Miss Spaulding's lectures on the drama. With these facts in view, can you recommend anyone who can turn out satisfactory work?

O. P. Ermille Bass ought to be right there with her heart throbs.

M. P. The Wanaskinya Camp for boys, under the management of Donald Field, wants some girls to come and live in a cottage in the vicinity, to make the life more attractive for the boys, and to furnish someone to take canoeing on moonlight nights.

O. P. There is a list here somewhere of people who wanted a place to spend their vacations. Yes, here it is: Francis Souther, Josephine Kraft and Helen Snyder.

M. P. Say, listen to this: Here's a man, Harland Gray, who has returned from the war. He thinks he has been a hero, and knows that he is a born leader of men. Therefore, he wants a job requiring bravery.

O. P. Well, in that case, he would make a fine foreman for the bricklayers that Contractor Kendrick says he needs. Now, the only thing is to find the bricklayers.

M. P. I suppose that if worst came to worst, we can ask the president of the Labor Union, John Mawhinney, to send us a gang. But I never like to ask a favor of them since they were so mean about poor James Lynch.

O. P. I've forgotten, what was that?

M. P. Why, you must remember the time he was having his house built, one of the bricklayers, James McCarthy, I think it was, tried to get fresh and put the bricks upside down. Lynch saw him and they got into a fight and they say McCarthy is still in the hospital. Well, the bricklayers that were left got so mad about it that they wouldn't finish the house without double pay.

O. P. Well, Gray would make a fine foreman for bricklayers, but this is more important. Caroline Potter is coming out.

M. P. Coming out?

O. P. No, she has not been in jail, she's coming into society, and she wants to find a girl to dance with some of the men that she has to invite to her coming-out party. She must be very sweet tempered, she says.

M. P. Well, there is Isabelle Ward, who has a reputation of being quite sweet when she wants to, so we can let her try her sweetness "on the desert air."

O. P. The Rowena Ward School of Dancing desires some bright, attractive and intelligent young ladies to engage the waiting patrons in cheerful conversation.

M. P. Conversation! That is something that Mary Howard, Katherine Gibbons and Mary Comerford were always strong at.

O. P. The great actor, John Litchfield, who is playing in "The Woman Hater" has become such an idol that he needs a

secretary to file the love letters he receives every day. He says that after every matinee the women swarm around the stage door so that he can hardly get out, and that the secretary would have to keep them away, together with his other duties. That sounds like a pretty hard job.

M. P. Did he say that he had to have a man?

O. P. No, I don't think so.

M. P. Well, then, it looks like the position Marion Bywater has been looking for. She says she would like to be near a great man so that she could feel the inspiration of his presence. I guess we will try her.

O. P. The Maison des Robes, that's only the new name for Rose Pollock's dressmaking establishment, wants someone to display the new gowns in the window. Look under models and see what you can find.

M. P. It ought to be someone who is quite sporty. Here is one, Beatrice Fishel. (*Telephone rings.*)

O. P. Hello. Who is it? Inspector McIntyre. Oh! yes, at the Immigration Station. What? You want us to identify Frank Sullivan? Why, of course he is right when he claims he is an American. Certainly, I know him. Haven't I had him fired from three jobs I got him? All right, Inspector, I am glad I could help you.

M. P. Gerald McGillen feels that he needs a stenographer to take down his next book. His last one, "The Adventures of a Student," or "One Year in Room 20," was such a success that the publishers want another book right away. We can send both the Walsh girls. From what I have heard it will take two stenographers to stand the flow of words that he uses. Here's another circular. Franklin Whitney calls our attention to the new pills that his company is now placing before the public. They are guaranteed to make thin people fat and fat people thin, if $9.98 worth are taken within a month. We wish to state that Mr. Raymond Davis of this town followed our treatment and, as a result, he has to stand ten minutes in one place in order to cast a shadow.

O. P. Psychic Parlors, Mme. Blanche London, proprietress will tell a fortune for you while you wait. According to this letterhead, she needs a helper to take care of the ladies, while she confines her attention solely to the men. Could Isabel Morrison do that, do you think?

M. P. Of course, all the fortunes that they tell are made up beforehand by Anna Mahan, and they just read them off.

O. P. (*Turns to telephone*) I guess I'll call up and see if the man we sent down to that rifle gallery to clean the guns was satisfactory. Hello, Revere 6785-W. Is this Mr. Massey? Is that man we sent you satisfactory? No. Why, what is the matter? He thinks that he can invent a new kind of motor car that can run on land and water equally well, and neglects his work to plan it? Shall you try him some more? All right. Goodbye.

M. P. Who did you send?

O. P. Shepard Titcomb, but Massey will try him a little while longer.

M. P. The Women's Archaeological Association of America has sent an expedition to excavate some of the ruins of the German Civilization. The leaders of the expedition, Claire O'Hearn and Rita Seavey, want a surveyor who can locate the exact site of ancient Berlin.

O. P. Edwin Ryer used to be the custodian of the top floor of the Custom House Tower, and used to survey the most of Boston. The only reason that he was fired was that J. Julian Ryan used his political pull with the city boss and got the job instead. So he ought to make good at a job like that—Ryer, I mean—especially when there are women in it. It's disgusting that a city like Boston will let itself be managed by a man like Tom Woods. He's the worst political boss that we have had for a long time. He only holds his power because the people are afraid of him. If he came around here I'd show him where he stood.

M. P. (*Telephone rings.*) Hello. Yes, this is the Employment Agency. Oh, Mr. Woods. Well, we don't generally rec-

ommend people for positions at the State House unless we know something about them. Yes, there are several clerking positions open there. Oh! they are friends of yours? Well, that's different. Why, yes, give me the names. Mary Shea, Evelyn Kelleher, Margaret Reagan as city stenographers. Yes, we can arrange it. Anything to please you, Mr. Woods. Goodbye.

O. P. Have you filled those State House jobs with those friends of Woods?

M. P. Well, what else could I do?

O. P. Oh nothing. The Perkins Institute for the Blind wants two attractive young ladies to take the children out on the Fourth of July picnic.

M. P. Katherine Mahoney and Mary E. Hickey would be fine for something like a picnic. "Work" like that would come natural to them. (*Telephone rings.*) Hello. Who is it? Merrill Spalding? Not Merrill T. B. Spalding? Not Merrill T. B. Spalding, President of Harvard? Yes? Well, Mr. Spalding, what can I do for you? You've what? Been married. Who? Not Geraldine Mignon, the French ballet dancer? Well, I never! I thought she was engaged to Anson Lyman. You fought a duel? Oh! wounded? Dr. Roeder says it is not serious? Oh! I see. He said it was a hair-breadth escape. Yes, but what has that to do with us? Oh, Harvard has dispensed with your services and you want to go on our list. Well, all right. I'll fix it. Goodbye.

O. P. Say, look here! The Revere Beach and Lynn Ferry needs a man to substitute for the whistle. It has been foggy and the poor thing got overworked. If they mean someone to yell, we haven't anyone.

M. P. Oh! yes, we have. Alphonse Johnson says his voice can be heard a half mile or more, on windy days, and he doesn't want to waste his talents. All right.

O. P. Why, here! It is five o'clock already. The Office is closed.

Photo by Alfred Brown

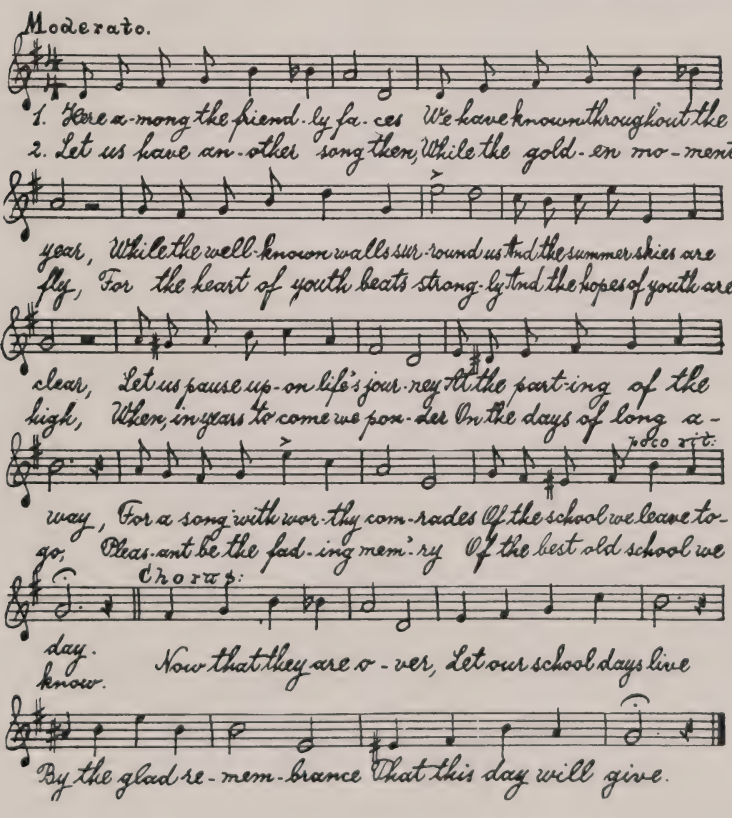
THE MANDOLIN CLUB

Left to right: Back row—Vorenberg, Morse, Porter, McMackan, Atkinson, Leland.
Middle row—Cook, Davis, Dowd, Gray, Wright, Darling.
Front row—Boyden, O'Mealey, Saxe, Spalding, Crowell, Goodnow, and Leonardi.

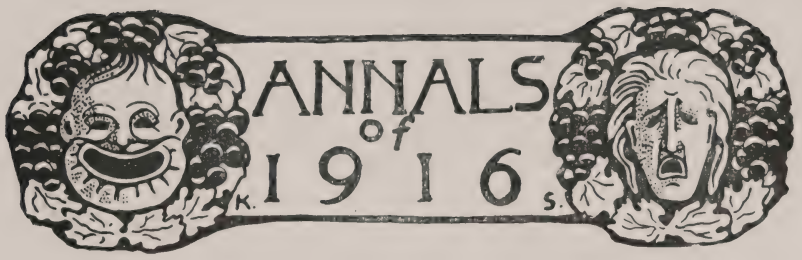
CLASS SONG 1916

Music by
GERALD S. MORSE

Words by
WILLIAM WENSTROM


Moderato.
1. Here a-mong the friend-ly fa-ces We have known throughout the
2. Let us have an-other song then, While the gold-en mo-ments
year, While the well-known walls sur-round us and the summer skies are
fly, For the heart of youth beats strong-ly and the hopes of youth are
clear, Let us pause up-on life's jour-ney At the part-ing of the
high, When, in years to come we pon-der On the days of long a-
poco rit.
way, For a song with wor-thy com-rades Of the school we leave to-
go; Pleas-ant be the sad-ing mem'-ry Of the best old school we
Chorus.
day.
know.
Now that they are o-ver, Let our school days live
By the glad re-mem-brance That this day will give.

CLASS OF 1916



AKERS, KENNETH F., 108 University Rd.

College: M. I. T. Nickname: "Ken."

Favorite Occupations: Playing popular "rags" on the mandolin; cleaning up Boyden, Porter & Co. at pool; trying to sing.

Greatest Ambition: To be "premiere danseuse" in the next Tech Show ballet.

"For every day is ladies' day with me."—*The Red Mill.*

Assistant Football Manager '15, Manager '16; Mandolin Club '15, '16, Manager '16; Usher at Class Day '15, B. H. S. A. A. Concert '15, Darrach Recitals '16, Girls' Debate '16, Head Usher at Prize Speaking '16; Dramatics '16; German Club '16; Class President '16; Class Day Marshal.

AMSDEN, KENDRICK MARSH, 39 Webster St.

College: Dartmouth. Nicknames: "Ken, "Amsy, and "Shoulders."

F. O. Horticulturing.

G. A. To be dignified.

"Long-breathed, deep chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags."—*Campbell.*

Class baseball '13, '14; Class football '13, '15, '16; B. H. S. Track Team '15, '16; B. H. S. Gym Team '15, '16, Captain '16; Manager of B. H. S. Tennis Team 16; Class Day Marshal '16; Tug-o'-war, tumbling, and relay race on Class Day '15, '16; Usher at Senior Social '16, Darrach Recitals '16, and Girls' Debate '16.

ATKINSON, THEODORE MAYO, 94 University Rd.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Ted, "Teo, and "Kelly."

F. O. Carrying a young library most of the time; kidding Charley Townsend; trying to get somebody to go to Tech Field to see the ball games.

G. A. To be the oldest living graduate.

"I like to do some running,
And to jump with zeal and zest,
But to manage Brookline's ball team
Is the job I love the best."—*Socrates.*

Class football '13, '14, '15; Class baseball '13, '14, 15, '16, Captain '13; Class hockey '14, '15; B. H. S. Track Team '15; Athletic Editor on SAGAMORE '15, '16; Manager of B. H. S. Baseball Team '16; Debating Club '15; Das Deutschen Kranzchen '16; Mandolin Club '16; chairman of Nomination Committee for Class Day Officers '16; Prof. Turtle's Math. Association '15; Latin Recess Club '14, '15.

BOWDITCH, FRED C., Jr., 164 Rawson Rd.

College: M. I. T. Nicknames: Doesn't believe in 'em.

F. O. Wirelessing; doing the "Hams."

G. A. To get out of B. H. S.

"Great was the electric skill of this friend of ours."—*Curtis.*

Electrician at B. H. S. Dramatics '16; Anchor man on Class Tug-o'-war Teams '14, '15; Organizer of Wireless Club '16.

BOYDEN, LAURANCE E., 44 Cypress Place.

College: M I. T. Nickname: "Law."

F. O. Playing "cowboy" pool; dancing; "going calling."

G A. Agrees with Bowditch on this subject.

"He'd a smile for all the lassies."—*Dagonet.*

B. H. S. Mandolin Club '15, '16, Manager '16; Wireless Club '14, '16.

BROWN, ELLIOT WELD, 59 Addington Rd.

Moses Brown School. Nickname: "Brownie."

F. O. Bustling about delivering letters every morning; "roughing it" at Island Creek.

G. A. To be six feet tall.

"Not a man in the town at Brown would frown;
There wasn't a stain on his fair renown;
His soul was white, though his name was Brown.—*Anon.*

Class football '14, '15; B. H. S. football squad '15; Class baseball '15, '16; German Club; Asst. Manager of Swimming Team; Class Day Marshal.

CALVERT, ALBERT, Clyde St.

College: M. I. T. Nickname: "Al."

F. O. Gathering mushrooms.

G. A. To be a famous scientist.

"Go, wondrous creature! Mount where science guides."—*Pope.*

Member of Science Club '16.

CARR, RALPH F., 46 Ackers Ave.

Nickname: "Steamboat."

F. O. Baseball; gymnasium; football.

G. A. To make Ty Cobb and Bennie Kauff look like a couple of bush leaguers.

"Here's to breezy baseball
The finest game of all!"

Class baseball '14, '16; Class football '16; Manager of Golf Team '14, '15, '16; Bookkeeper for SAGAMORE '16.

COOK, ROBERT LOUIS, 3 Goodwin Place.

College: Tufts. Nickname: "Doc."

F. O. Tennis; getting Bill Wenstrom's goat.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."
—*Wordsworth.*

Mandolin Club '15, 16; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16; Interclass Debating Team '13, '15; Member of Rhetorical Committee of Debating Club '16; Special Chorus '14; Glee Club '14.

DALEY, THOMAS RAYMOND, 44 Harrison St.

Nicknames: "Gus, "Bullet, "Old Man, "Goose, and "Ostrich."

F. O. Trying to argue with Skillen; kidding Kendrick and Grant.

G. A. To enjoy life, and help others to do the same.

"He excelled in swiftness in the course."—*Homer.*

Class Track Team '13, '14, '15; B. H. S. Track Team '15, '16, Captain '16; Class football '14.

DANIELS, NATHANIEL, 15 Feneno Terrace.

College: Harvard. Nickname: "Nat."

F. O. Getting in Dutch with the teachers.

"Life is a tragedy."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Class Football '16.

DAVIS, RAYMOND E., 122 Park St.

College: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Dave, "Ray."

F. O. Translating German; taking in the St. James.

G. A. To run the "100" in 10 seconds.

"Rosy and round as an apple is he."—*deBeranger.*

B. H. S. Mandolin Club '16; Class tug-o'-war team '14, '15, '16; Class football '15; B. H. S. football squad '15; B. H. S. football team '16.

FENNESSY, FRANK EDWARD, JR., 330 Clark Rd.
Nicknames: "Ted, "Stretch."
F. O. Dancing, tennis, hockey.
G. A. To be a success in business.

"For 'twas generally known that he had the key
Of the very selectest society."—*Butler.*

B. H. S. Hockey Team '13, '14, '15, '16, Captain '14, '16; B. H. S. Tennis Team '14, '15, '16, Captain '15, 16; Head Usher at Senior Dance 16; Usher at Dramatics '14, '15, and at Senior Dance '15; Member of Committee in charge of Sophomore Reception; Chairman of Senior Dance Committee '16; Asst. Stage Manager of Dramatics '16; Class Treasurer '16; Class Day Marshal.

FIELD, DONALD P., 139 Mason Terrace.
Wholesale grocery. Nickname: "Don."
F. O. Dancing, canoeing, "mechanicing."
G. A. Likes Fennessy's so well he doesn't want another.

"Behold the sportive Field."—*Prior.*

Rifle Club; Football squad; "Das Deutschen Kranzchen."

FISHER, HERBERT B., Grove St.
Business. Nicknames: "Bud and "Herb."
F. O. Studying the drama at the St. James; swimming; canoeing.

"The love he bore to learning was his fault."—*Goldsmith.*

Class Day Marshal '16; Spent all the rest of his time studying (?).

GRANT, MELVILLE WILLIAM, 21 Bowker St.
Business. Nicknames: "Mell, "Fish, and "General."
F. O. Swimming, autoing, shooting.
G. A. To drive a Ford.

"I shot everything shootable."—*M. W. Savage.*

Class Track Team '13; B. H. S. Track Squad '15; Rifle Team '13, '14, '15; Suburban League Championship Rifle Team '16.

GRAY, HARLAND ALEXANDER, 39 Dwight St.
College: M. I. T. Nickname: "Student."
F. O. "Doing stunts" in gym.; indulging in scientific research work.
G. A. To talk longer than anybody else in I English B.

"For ev'n though vanquished he could argue still."—*Goldsmith.*

B. H. S. Mandolin Club '16; Rifle Team '16; Gym Team '16; Acting Manager of Gym Team at Harvard Interscholastic Meet '16; Usher at Senior Social '16, Dramatics '16, and Senior Dance '16; Class Day Marshal '16; Das Deutschen Kranzchen '15, '16.

HENNESSY, D. JOSEPH, 16 Henry St.
Destination: M. I. T. Nickname: "Joe."
F. O. Swimming; baseball; watching Leo Handy break records.
"I am fond of athletics in general, but most of all I like swimming."
—*E. H. Chamberlain.*
Manager of B. H. S. Swimming Team '16; Class baseball '14, '15, '16; Class football '14, '15, '16; Usher at Sophomore Reception '14.

HOUSTON, WILLIAM C., 1850 Beacon St.
Farming. Nickname: "Bill."
F. O. Bowling; wrestling; swimming.
G. A. To travel all over the world.
"No jester, and yet lively in discourse."—*Cowper.*
Usher at Sophomore-Freshman Reception '14; Class Track Team '14; Class Football Team '14, '15 and '16.

HYLAND, SUTTON, 37 Bowker St.
Business. Nickname: "Zut."
F. O. Motorboating.
G. A. To be a success in business; to travel.
"He had talents for business and aspired no higher."—*Tacitus.*

JOHNSON, ALPHONSUS W., 120 Stedman St.
College: Tufts Medical School. Nicknames: "Al, "Toots, "Senator."
F. O. Making stump speeches in I English B; scrapping with "Del."; singing.
G. A. To get hold of a "regular diploma."
"Thy voice is a celestial melody."—*Longfellow.*
B. H. S. Football '11, '12, '14, '15; Captain of Championship Class Football Teams '12, '13; Captain of Class Baseball Teams '13, '14; B. H. S. Track Team '12, '13, '14, '15; Championship Class Day Relay Team '15; Crew Squad '15, 16; Designer of new B. H. S. Diploma '12; Leader of Dramatics Orchestra '14; Class Treasurer '14; Class Day Marshal '16; Organizer of Freshman Picnic (?) '13; Important member of special choruses '13, '14, '15, '16.

KELLY, JOHN F., 118 Franklin St.
College: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Kel, "Youngster."
F. O. Running; baseball.
G. A. To grow a moustache like Roeder's.
"His years but young, but his experience old."—*Shakespeare.*
B. H. S. Track Squad '15, '16; Class baseball '16; Class relay '15; Class football '15, '16.

THE CREW

Left to right: Baldwin, Capt. Litchfield, Newton, Lyman, and Houghton

KENDRICK, JOHN JOSEPH, 139 Brook St.

Nicknames: "Jack, "String, "Bangs, "Spider."

F. O. Sending around track notices; playing baseball; laughing at Charley Townsend's antics in I Greek.

G. A. To win a marathon.

"An upright man who studied Greek
And liked to see his friends around him."—*Praed.*

Class baseball '13, '14; B. H. S. Baseball Team '15, '16; Class football '13, '14, '15; B. H. S. Track Team '15, '16; Manager of B. H. S. Track Team '16; Usher at Class Day and Graduation '15; Class Day Marshal; Latin Recess Club '14, '15.

LITCHFIELD, JOHN R., 1588 Beacon St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Johnnie, "Litch."

F. O. Getting up late in the morning; slipping in before the 8.30 bell; collecting the Athletic Council.

G. A. To win a championship.

"A lazy boy and a warm bed are hard to part."—*Caldwell.*

"He rose an athlete, strong to break or bind."—*Tennyson.*

Class football '12; B. H. S. football '13, '14, '15, Captain '15; B. H. S. Track Team '14, '15; Championship B. H. S. Second Crew '13; B. H. S. First Crew '14, '15, '16, Captain '16; Vice-president of B. H. S. A. A. '15, President '16, Member of Boston Interscholastic Crew '15; Vice-president B. I. R. A. '16; Class Track Team '12, '13; Class Tug-o'-war Team '13; Captain '14, '15, '16; Head Usher at Senior Dance and Class Day '15; Class President '14, '15; Class Day Marshal.

LYMAN, ANSON M., JR., 172 Buckminster Rd.

College: Undecided. Nickname: "Bug."

F. O. Wearing green vests; dancing; driving an auto.

G. A. To make a varsity crew.

"A genius that could calculate
When modes of dress are out of date,
And tell, exact to half a minute,
What's out of fashion and what's in it."
—*John Trumbull.*

B. H. S. Tennis Team '13, '14, '15, '16, Captain '14, Manager '13, '15, '16; Championship Second Crew '15; First Crew '16; Usher at Dramatics '15, '16, Senior Social '15, Senior Dance '15, '16, Sophomore-Freshman Reception '14; Head Usher at Senior Social and Dramatics '16; Class Day Marshal '16; Member of Sophomore-Freshman and Class Day Committees.

LYNCH, JAMES M. T., 352 Cyde St.

Business. Nicknames: "Jumbo, "Jim."

F. O. Golfing; straightening out THE SAGAMORE accounts; trying to find Porter.

G. A. To be a second Francis Ouimet.

"A keerless man in his talk was Jim
And an awkward hand in a row."
—*John Hay.*

B. H. S. Track Team '14, '15; Golf Team '13, '14, '15, '16; Usher at Class Day and Graduation '15; Bookkeeper for SAGAMORE '16.

LYONS, KEVIN, 56 Addington Rd.

College: Harvard. Nickname; "Kev."

F. O. Shooting; reciting in Chemistry.

"Let Lyons always growl and fight
For nature wills it so."—*Isaac Watts.*
(Apologies)

B. H S. Rifle Team '14, '15; Class Baseball '14, '15.

MACINTYRE, GORDON F., 32 Atherton Rd.

Railroad business. Nickname: "Mac."

F. O. Bowling; dancing; sleeping.

G.A. To be a millionaire without working.

"Let sweet repose and rest my portion be."
—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

Semi Chorus '11, '12.

MASSEY, HENRY PIERCE, 234 Harvard St.

College: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Cap," "Hank."

F. O. Swimming, shooting, and tennis.

G. A. To be one of the celebrated boys who stay in Tech over two weeks.

"Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit."—*Pope.*

Usher at various school functions; B. H. S. Rifle Team '14, '15, '16, Captain '16; Class Day Marshal '16.

MAWHINNEY, JOHN KENNEDY, 25 Aspinwall Ave.

Engineering Concern. Nickname: "Doc."

F. O. Exterminating pests that thrive in the class room.

G. A. To see the world.

"He's as cheerful a body as one could wish to see."—*B. Taylor.*

Class football; B. H. S. football squad '16; Gym. Team; Class Day Marshal.

McCarthy, James, 487 Washington St.

Nickname: "Mac."

F. O. Tennis.

G. A. To beat up Bill Wenstrom.

"As a pitcher James is sure to deliver the goods."
—*Baseball Magazine.*

Track squad '13; Class baseball '15, '16; B. H. S. baseball squad '15, '16; Class football '15.

McGillen, J. Gerald, 161 Cypress St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Check, "Mac."

F. O. Dancing, physics, sleeping.

"Mathematics is still his chief pleasure and joy."—*H. Sherman.*

Class football '14, '15; Class hockey '14; German Club '15, '16; Class Day Marshal.

Morse, Gerald Stewart, 904 Beacon St.

College: Dartmouth. Nicknames: "Jerry, "Morsie."

F. O. Swimming, tennis, trying to play rag-time in gym.

G. A. To be a right good fellow.

"I need not praise the sweetness of his song."

Winner of competition for music to Class Song '16; Class football '13; Class baseball '16; Debating Club '14.

Mossman, Alexander Hyde, 19 Monmouth Ct.

College: Amherst. Nicknames: "Mossy," "Alec."

F. O.: Having appendicitis, grip, etc., kicking about the length of his Latin lessons.

G. A.: To be president of the U. S. A.

"Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason."—*Cato.* (This applies especially to certain of Alec's Latin and Greek translations.)

O'Hearn, Edmund Francis, 191 Davis Ave.

College: Yale (Prepares at Exeter next year.) Nicknames: "Barney," "Kid," "Okie," "Ed," "Very good Eddie."

F. O. Blowing up the Chemistry Laboratory, flivering, and most any kind of athletics.

G. A.: XXXXXXXXXXXXXX (censored).

"Big and jolly, never tame,—
For "pep" is Eddie's other name."—*G. Scott.*

Class Football '12, '13; B. H. S. Football '14, '15; Class Hockey '13, '14; B. H. S. Hockey '15, '16; Class Baseball '13, '14, '15, '16; B. H. S. Baseball '15, '16; Tug-o'-war '13, '14, '15, '16; Class Track Team '13, '14; Member of B. H. S. A. A. Executive Committee '16; Class Treasurer '15; Chariman of Senior Social Committee '16; Class Day Marshal; Member of B. H. S. Debating Club '16.

PALMER, THEODORE E., Newton St.

Business. Nickname: "Chest."

F. O.: To sit in the front row of the Orpheum Theatre and watch that wonderful mechanic twirl the drum sticks.

G. A.: To get the better end of an argument with Miss Lewis.

"Thou must outlive thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty."—*Milton.*

Class Football '16; B. H. S. Hockey Team '16; B. H. S. Second Crew '16.

PORTER, ALBERT OGDEN, 465 Washington St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Og," "Fish-face," (restricted to Vorenberg.)

F. O.: Supplying Remington with lunch, telling funny stories to Miss Spaulding, doing the Latin home lesson in the fifth period.

G. A.: To discover the reason for Roeder's mustache.

"His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses."—*Praed.*

Interclass Debater '13; Member of Interscholastic Debating Teams '14, '15, '16; Secretary of B. H. S. Debating Club '15, President '16; Director of Triangular Interscholastic Debating League '15, President '16; Assistant Business Manager of SAGAMORE '15, Business Manager '16; Mandolin Club '15, '16; Dramatics '13; Senior Social Play '16; Usher at Class Day '15, Dramatics '15, and Senior Dance '16; B. H. S. Correspondent for the Brookline Townsman '16; Honorable mention for the William H. Lincoln medal for Mathematics '15; Class Prophet; Latin Recess Club '14, '15.

REMINGTON, PHILIP, 149 Winthrop Rd.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Phil," "Merkle," "Rummy."

F. O.: Taking care of John Julian, writing burlesques, riding a "bike."

G. A.: To catch Mr. Case in a mistake.

"Heaven produced the virtue that is in me."—*Confucius.*

Rifle Team '13, '14, '15, '16, Manager '16; Class Hockey '14; Class Football '14; Dramatics '15, '16; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16; Interclass Debater '16; Das Deutschen Kranzchen '15, '16, President '16; Latin Recess Club '14, '15, '16.

Richardson, Raymond Bradbury, 7 Keiffer St.
College: Massachusetts Agricultural. Nickname: "Ray."
F. O.: Farming.
"A blush is beautiful but often inconvenient."—*Keramos.*
Rifle Team '15; Class Day Marshal '16.

Roman, Kenneth, 117 Stedman St.
College: M. I. T. Nickname: "Ken."
F. O.: Swimming, tennis, going around with Whitney and Schellenberg.
G. A. To be President of Mexico.
"This was the noblest Roman of them all."—*Shakespeare.*
Class Tug-o'-war Team '15; Class Baseball '16; German Club '15, '16; Usher at Senior Social '16.

Roeder, Lawrence B., 63 Chestnut Hill Ave., Brighton.
Business. Nickname: "Bud."
F. O.: Tennis, Football, taking pictures of various celebrities in B. H. S.
G. A.: To start an argument in I English B.
"A typical photographer, short, stocky, and wearing a very becoming mustache of the French type."—*Doyle.*
Class Track Team '14, '15, '16; B. H. S. Track Team '14, '15, '16; B. H. S. Champion Relay Team '14; B. H. S. Debating Club '14, '15, '16, Vice-President '16; Interclass Debater '15.

Ryan, John Julian, 1595 Beacon St.
Post-graduate Course in B. H. S. Nicknames: "Johnny," "Mike."
F. O.: Reading up on Psychology, punkly versifying.
G. A.: To get my shoes polished.
"Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?"—*Warton.*
"He was always readin' novels and poetry and sich."
—*G. J. Swinnerton.*
B. H. S. Debating Club '14, '15, '16; Interclass Debater '16; Senior Social Playlet '16.

Ryer, Edwin D., 29 Gorham Ave.
College: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Ed," "Pete," "Eddie."
F. O.: Distributing Sagamores; running an auto; sleeping.
G. A.: (See Bowditch, Boyden, etc.)

"The best of men have ever loved repose."—*Thompson.*

Assistant Business Manager of Sagamore '15, Subscription Manager '16; Das Deutschen Kranzchen '15, '16, Treasurer '16; Usher at Class Day and Graduation '15, Senior Dance '16, Senior Social '16, Crew Concert '16, and Interscholastic Debate '16; Marshal at Class Day '16; Senior Dance Committee '16; Costume Manager of Dramatics '16.

Schellenberg, Harold M., 25 Parkman St.
Nickname: "Schelly."
F. O.: Playing ball; driving a car.
G. A.: To complete a chemical equation.

"Give salutation to my sportive blood."—*Shakespeare.*

Class Baseball '15, '16; B. H. S. Baseball '16; Usher at Sophomore-Freshman Reception; Class Day Marshal.

Skillen, W. Harrop, 10 Foster St.
Automobile or railroad business. Nicknames: "Skill," "Gink."
F. O.: Going to the theatre (Winter Garden.)
G. A.: To be a political boss.

"I am well versed in the science of politics."—*Lake.*

Spalding, Merrill Ten Broeck, 255 Walnut St.
College: Harvard. Nickname: "Rill."
F. O.: Worrying; buying tag tickets; listening to Tom Woods' tales of Woodsville.
G. A.: To see Remington get caught with one of his bluffs in I. English A.

"It's swell to be an editor
And sit up late at night;
To scratch your wool and shoot the bull
And write, and write, and write."—*Judge.*

B. H. S. Mandolin Club '15, '16, Treasurer '15, Leader '16; Class Baseball '13, '15; Assistant Manager of B. H. S. Baseball Team '15; News Editor on Sagamore '15, Editor-in-Chief '16; High School Correspondent for the Brookline Chronicle '16; B. H. S. Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16, Member of Rhetorical Committee '15, Chairman of Rhetorical Committee '16; Member of Interscholastic Debating Team '15; Director of Triangular Interscholastic Debating League

'16; Window Decorator for B. H. S. A. A. Concert '15; Usher at Dramatics '15; Prize Speaking '15, '16; Class Day '15; Graduation '15, and Senior Dance '16; Winner of competition for Class Poem; Class Historian; Latin Recess Club '14, '15.

SULLIVAN, FRANK, 95 Pearl St.

Business.

F. O.: Borrowing the home lessons from Schellenberg.

G. A.: To revise the High School curriculum so that there will be no home work.

"Another assurance that good things come in small packages."

—*Stevens.*

Class Track Team '14; B. H. S. Track Squad '15; Class Football and Baseball Teams '16; Special Chorus '14.

TITCOMB, A. SHEPARD, 17 Parkman St.

Nickname: "Shep."

F. O.: Motor-sledding; tennis.

"His inventions, all admired."—*Milton.*

Usher at Class Day and Graduation '15.

TOWNSEND, CHARLES E. S., 248 Buckminster Road.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Charley," "Shelley."

F. O.: Fooling with electric clocks; going sound asleep in the Latin and Greek periods; cheering for Kendrick at the baseball games.

G. A.: To become a Ph.D. in the classics.

"I'll strive with troubled thought to take a nap."—*Shakespeare.*

WENSTROM, WILLIAM HOLMES, 145 Freeman St.

College: West Point (if all goes well). Nickname: "Bill."

F. O.: Walking; covering the bulletin boards with notices about Plattsburg; writing poems for the SAGAMORE.

G. A.: To be a second Von Hindenburg.

"No joys to him pacific sceptres yield;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field."—*Johnson.*

Rifle Team '15, '16; Winner of competition for words to Class Song; Class Day Marshal.

WHITNEY, FRANKLIN, 55 Beals St.

Nickname: "Pewee."

F. O.: Baseball; tennis; going to the Allston Theatre.

G. A.: Hasn't got any.

"But when he speaks what elocution flows."—*Homer.*

Class Baseball '16; Usher at Sophomore-Freshman Reception; Member of Senior Social Committee; Class Orator.

WILLIAMSON, ERNEST B., 37 Linden Place.

College: Massachusetts Agricultural. Nicknames: "Smiler," "Laddie."

F. O.: Banging away at the target in the rifle range.

"Where wilt thou find his like again?"—*Scott.*

B. H. S. Rifle Team '16.

WIT, MAURICE, 91 University Road.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Molly Deer," "Mush."

F. O.: Aubomobiling; hunting; studying.

G. A.: To be a corporation lawyer.

"When we look closely into Wit we discover only foolishn ess."
—*Montesquieu.*

Class Football and Baseball.

WOODS, THOMAS, JR., 7 Ivy St., Boston.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Tom," "Tommy," "Woody."

F.O.: Scanning Virgil; getting screens to decorate the hall; trying out various sports.

G. A.: To shave off Roeder's mustache.

"A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations."—*Denham.*

Class Football '12, '13; B. H. S. Football '13, '14, '15; Class Hockey '13, '14; Manager of Hockey Team '16; Class Track Team '13; '14; Class Baseball '12, '15; Tug-o'-war '13, '14, '15, '16; B. H. S. Debating Club '13; Class Day Marshal; Chairman of Class Day Committee; Vice-President of B. H. S. A. A. '16; Latin Recess Club '14, 15, '16.

ALEXANDER, RUTH LIEBMANN, 1459 Beacon St.

Kindergarten Training School. Nickname: "Diggy."

F. O.: Tennis, skating, swimming. Having a good time in general, and reading good books.

G. A.: To have a magazine accept a story of mine.

"A daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair."—*Milton.*

Dramatics '13; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16; German Club '13, '14, '15, '16; German Play '15.

Amsden, Olive, 34 Webster St.
Garden Studio of Art. Nickname: "Olivia."
F. O.: Motor-boating, walking and sketching.
G. A.: To be lithe and willowy.

"I, too, am a painter."—*Corregio.*

Pageant '13; Ball Drill '14.

Ames, Ruth G., 74 Naples Rd.
Nicknames: "Ruthy" and "Amesy."
F. O.: Movies, dancing.
G. A.: To be a dancer.

"Novels are to love as fairy-tales to dreams."—*Coleridge.*

"Not guilty."

Aronson, Irene Mildred, 37 University Rd.
College: Wellesley. Nickname: "Babe."
F. O.: Talking in chemistry.
G. A.: To drive an automobile.

"But give me a sly flirtation, by the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses, and nobody very near."

—*N. P. Willis.*

Entered school in 1915.

Bass, Ermille M., 114 Coolidge St.
F. O.: Going to the office for tardiness and making up excuses.
G. A.: To make some pupils in our Senior English A believe some of the things they say.

"Ease of heart, her every look conveyed."—*Crabbe.*

Bywater, Marion A., 349 Boylston St.
Business College. Nickname: "Fuzzy."
F. O.: Reading.
G. A.: To vote on election day.

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."—*Shakespeare.*

Special Chorus '13, '14, '15.

Chandler, Madelon, 9 Centre St.
College: Simmons. Nicknames, "Maddie," "Mat."

F. O.: Singing, reading, sketching and differing from others in my opinions.

G. A.: To argue Skillen down on some of his Political Science theories.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."—*Shakespeare.*

Girls' Glee Glub '13; Special Chorus '13, '14, '15, '16; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16; Prize Speaking alternate '15; Photograph Committee '16; Art Committee, Concert Dance '15; Science Club '16.

COMERFORD, MARY V., 55 Harrison St.

Miss Wheelock's School. Nicknames: "Peg," "Robbie."

F. O.: Tennis, dancing, swimming, talking.

"All interests are my interests."—*Shakespeare.*

Debating Club '14; Special Chorus.

COOK, MARION L., 3 Goodwin Place.

New England Conservatory of Music. Nickname: "Cookie Mine."

F. O.: Sailing, swimming, dancing, playing tennis, taking long tramps and "tickling the ivories."

G. A.: To set the silvern strings a'vibrating.

"Sincerity is the face of her soul."

Girls' Debating Club '13, '14, '15; Pageant '13; Special Chorus '13, '14, '15, '16; "Floater," Sophomore Reception '14; Basketball Team '14, '15; Class Day Marshal '15; Ball Drill '15.

EMERY, JULIE M., 152 Aspinwall Ave.

Art School. Nicknames: "Judy," "Ju."

F. O.: Tennis, painting posters, dancing.

G. A.: Since the scholars of B. H. S. have so few essays to write, I would like to award a few more.

"Grace was in all her steps."—*Milton.*

FEALY, MARGARET, 214 Buckminster Rd.

Framingham Normal School. Nickname: "Peg."

F. O.: Reading and walking.

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."—*Old Proverb.*

FISHEL, BEATRICE M., 116 Winthrop Rd.

Nicknames: "Beets" and "Fishballs."

F. O.: Dancing.

"But O, she dances such away!"—*Sir John Suckling.*

FORBES, MARIAN, 61 Brook St.
Faulkner Hospital. Nicknames, "Mina," "Forbesy."
F. O.: Swimming, Movies.
G. A.: To be a nurse.

"Their hearts are all with Marian."—*W. C. Bryant.*

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FORD, MARGARET ELIZABETH, 780 Boylston St., Chestnut Hill.
Automobile business. Nicknames, "Peg," "Rita," "Mard."
F. O.: Basketball, tennis, canoeing, singing.
G. A.: To campaign for Woman Suffrage.

"A maiden never bold."—*Shakespeare.*

Special Chorus '13, '14, '15; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16; Basketball '16.

FORD, MARY CLAIRE, 780 Boylston St., Chestnut Hill.
Nicknames: "Meg," "May," "Cye."
F. O.: Basketball, tennis, dancing, rowing, reading.
G. A.: To be a grand opera star.

"She dances and sings, and is always content."—*Charles Dibden.*

Special Chorus '13, '14; Basketball '16.

GIBBONS, KATHERINE, Warren St.
Art School. Nicknames: "Kitty," "Kate."
F. O.: Reading, skating.
G. A.: To vote.

"Kate, like the hazel-twig, is straight and slender."

Pageant '13; Debating Club '14, '15, '16; Interclass Debate '14; Science Club '16; Class Day Committee '16.

HEIMER, HELEN, 136 Coolidge St.
Bridgewater Normal School. Nicknames, "Helie," "Hon."
F. O.: Listening to others talk, and talking myself.
G. A.: To do unto others as they do unto me.

"I choose to chat where'er I come."—*John Byrom.*

Basketball '15, '16; Ball Drill '14, '15; Junior Class Day Marshal; Window Decorator '15; Debating Club '16; Member of B. H. S. A. A. '16.

Hickey, Mary A., 193 Cypress St.
Kindergarten School. Nickname, "Hick."
F. O.: Reading and dancing.
"She's a damsel of delicate mould."—*Kipling.*

Hickey, Mary Louise, 172 Aspinwall Ave.
Nickname: "Hick."
F. O.: Tennis, giving lectures in English.
"She burns to tell the next she talks with what she learns."—*Conington.*
"Floater" Sophomore Reception; Debating Club; Pageant '13; Special Chorus '13, '14.

Hickey, Mary Evelyn, 34 Station St.
College: Simmons. Nicknames: "Hick" and "Bud."
F. O.: Tennis and joy-riding.
G. A.: Love in a cottage.
"She spends a happy time with little care."—*Shelley.*
Pageant '13; Special Chorus '14.

Howard, Mary, 677 Hammond St.
Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital. Nickname: "Howie."
F. O.: Never absent from B. H. S. for four years.
G. A.: To marry a millionaire.
"I cannot check my maiden blush,
My colour comes and goes."—*Kipling.*
Special Chorus '13, '14, '15.

Hughes, Elsie M., 36 Easton St.
Charlesgate Hospital, Cambridge.
F. O.: Going to the "movies."
G. A.: To be a Red Cross nurse in the European war.
"Good nature is stronger than tomahawks."
Marshal, Class Day '15; Special Chorus '15, '16.

Hutchins, Anne Edith, 124 Chestnut St.
Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital.
F. O.: Breaking things in chemistry class.
G. A.: To learn all the chemistry equations.
"One vast, substantial smile."—*Dickens.*
Pageant '13; Debating Club '13, '14; Special Choruses.

ISENBECK, DOROTHY CAROLINE ALBERTINE, 149 Naples Road.

College: Radcliffe. Nicknames, "Ip," "Ippy," "Dot."

F. O.: Sorting papers for Dr. Roberts, playing solitaire, and reminding the teachers when they forget to give out the lessons.

G. A.: To beat Merrill Spalding in Greek.

"She studied all the afternoon, and worked till late at night,
And from the way she spent her time, no wonder she was bright."
—*Sagamore.*

Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16; Pageant '13; Special Chorus '13, '14, '15, '16; Junior Reporter, SAGAMORE '15, Literary Editor '16; Nomination Committee '16; Author of Senior Social Playlet.

KAAN, MARIE W., 162 Aspinwall Ave.

College: Radcliffe, Mt. Holyoke, or Simmons. Nicknames: "Maria," "We-te."

F. O.: Tennis.

G. A.: To decide what college to go to.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."—*Shakespeare.*

Pageant '13; Debating Club '15, '16; Class Day Marshal '15.

KELLEHER, EVELYN L., 1 Mulford St.

New England Conservatory of Music. Nicknames: "Evvy," "Sis," "Babe."

F. O.: Gymnasium, swimming, dancing.

G. A.: To "rattle the ivories."

"In varying cadence, soft and strong,
She swept the sounding chords along."—*Scott.*

Debating Club '13; Pageant '13; Hoop-rolling, Class Day '13; Ball Drill, Class Day '15; Basketball Team; Special Chorus '15.

KILMER, ALICE FREDRICK, 92 Lancaster Terrace.

Study Music. Nicknames: "Shrimp," "Cut-up."

F. O.: Playing the piano.

G. A.: To be a pianist and contralto soloist.

"As musical as bright Apollo's lute."—*Shakespeare.*

Pageant '13; Special Chorus '13, '14, '15, '16; Pianist for Friday morning assemblies in 1916.

KORNFELD, HELENE, 51 Naples Road.

College: Wellesley.

F. O.: Being absent Fridays, cramming at recess.

G. A.: To travel around the world.

"The stage I chose—a subject fair and free."—*Churchill.*

Pageant '13; Hoop-race '14; Senior Social Play '16; Dramatics '16; "Floater" Sophomore Reception; German Club '13, '16.

KRAFT, JOSEPHINE A., 2 Summit Ave.
Nickname: "Joe."
F. O.: German, Chemistry and Gym.

"For she was just the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer wind
Snow-hid in Jenooary."—*Lowell.*

LONDON, BLANCHE, 69 Kenwood St.
College: Radcliffe.
F. O.: Reading, playing the piano.
G. A.: To get up at six o'clock in the morning.

"For Blanche was a damsel of sweet sixteen."—*Chelmsford.*

German Club '15, '16; Special Chorus '15, '16.

MAHAN, ANNA, 7 Leverett St.
Sargent School. Nickname: "A. Mahan Ann."
F. O.: Swimming, dancing, canoeing.

"Heaven send you many, many merry days!"—*Shakespeare.*

Class Day '13, '14, '15; Semi-Chorus '13, '14.

MAHONEY, CATHERINE, 54 Villa Lane.
Nickname: "Kate."
F. O.: Flirting.
G. A.: Love in a cottage.

"A sentimental damsel, she
Who dreams of heroes, bold and free."—*G. Scott.*

MARSHALL, GRACE ISABEL, 195 Davis Ave.
Tufts Dental School. Nicknames: "Isie," "Is."
F. O.: Tennis, swimming, cooking, dreaming.
G. A.: To be able to sleep for one whole week.

"I am nothing if not critical."—*Shakespeare.*

"Floater" at Sophomore Reception; Debating Club '14, '15; Special Chorus '13; Class Day Marshal '15; Basketball '15, '16.

McKernon, Emma, 32 Linden St.
College: Wellesley. Nickname: "Micky."
F. O.: Cramming at recess.
G. A.: To pass just one Exam.

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."—*Shakespeare.*

"Floater" Sophomore Reception; Special Chorus; Class Day Marshal; Chairman of Photograph Committee.

Meehan, Mary Josephine, Chestnut Hill Ave.
Miss Bouvé's School. Nicknames: "Tip-top Tipperary Mary," "The Basketball Girl."
F. O.: Quoting moral truths, enjoying life.
G. A.: "O! to be a boy, 'twould give me joy;
Then I could be a soldier."

"Gym and dancing, arts divine
Grace and gladness do combine."—*Henry Tiel.*

Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16, Rhetorical Committee '14, Chairman of Entertainment Committee '14, Secretary '15, Social Committee '15; Hoop-race, Class Day '13; "Floater," Sophomore Reception; Girls' Basketball Team '14, Manager '15, Captain (pro tem) '16; Girls' Swimming Team '15; Marshal Class Day '15; Ball Drill '15.

Morrison, Isabel M., 6 Perry St.
Nicknames: "Sally," "Muggins," "Izzie."
F. O.: Canoeing, and going to the "movies."

"A light heart lives long."—*Shakespeare.*

Basketball Team '13; Class Day Marshal '15.

Murray, Ola, 6 Claflin Road.
Faelten Pianoforte School. Nicknames: "Puddin' Face," "Hullola."
F. O.: Bumping into people, "remaining at 1.30."
G. A.: To acquire the habit of being on time.

"There is magic in your look
And in your voice a witching charm."—*Campbell.*

Entered in 1915. Ball Drill '15; German Club '15, '16; German Play '16; Marshal Darrach Recitals Committee '16; Senior Dance Committee '16.

Neal, Marian, 13 Elm St.
Boston School of Physical Education.
F. O.: Reading, swimming, automobiling.
G. A.: To be President of Mexico.
"I think the first wisdom is to restrain the tongue."—*Cato.*
Marshal, Class Day.

North, Marjorie May, 285 Clark Rd.
Home and Mother. Nicknames: "Mary," "Mudge," "Smudge," "Midge."
F. O.: Forgetting where my seat is in study periods, dancing, tennis and swimming.
G. A.: To make friends and keep them.
"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."—*W. G. Aytoun.*
Debating Club '11; Girls' Swimming '15; Girls' Tennis Team '16; Senior Dance Committee '16.

O'Hearn, Claire, 789 Boylston St.
Nickname: "Pinkie."
F. O.: Playing the piano, tennis, walking.
G. A.: Heaven.
"I will not hide my tastes or aversions.—*Emerson.*

Plaisted, Thais, 142 Davis Ave.
College: Wellesley.
F. O.: Burning the midnight oil.
"Her for the studious shades kind Nature formed."—*Thompson.*

Pollock, Rose, 1742 Beacon St.
Nicknames: "Bud," and "Paul."
F. O.: Dancing and swimming.
"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."—*Byron.*

Potter, Caroline, 19 Braemore Road.
College: Vassar. Nickname: "Ca'line."
F. O.: Sailing, swimming, riding, tennis, mountain climbing, skating; —anything except studying.
G. A.: To learn French and Chess.
"Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."—*Lowell.*

Pageant '13; Debating Club '13, '14, Vice President '14; Hoop-race, Class Day '14; "Floater" Sophomore Reception; Ball Dance, Class Day '14; German Club; Chorus '14; Secretary of Class '14, '16.

PRICE, MILDRED I., 111 Fuller St.
College: Radcliffe. Nicknames: "Milly," "Jinny."
F. O.: Tennis, boating, reading, writing, dancing, rehearsing.
G. A.: Literary work.

"Her smile was sweet as could be,
Her voice just as it should be;
Not high, and sharp and wiry
But musical and low."—*Perry.*

Reporter for SAGAMORE '13, '14, '15; Alumni Editor '16; Ball Dance, Class Day '14; Dramatics '14, '15' 16; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16, (Secretary-Treasurer '16); Class Vice-President '14, '15; Pageant '13; Prize Speaking '13, '14, '15; Senior Play; Class Day Committee; Sophomore-Freshman Reception Committee '14; Banner '13, '14, '15; Marshal '15; Class Prophetess '16.

REAGAN, MARGARET E. C., 33 Villa Lane.
Nickname: "Peggy."
F. O.: Movies, dancing.

"Take me, I pray, to a movie show."—*Sagamore.*

SEAVEY, RITA, 52 Regent Circle.
F. O.: Going to the movies, riding on the Merry-go-round.

"A free and frank young, Yankee maiden."—*Brander Matthews.*

Member of Athletic Association.

SHEA, MARY H., 92 Dudley St.
F. O.: Swimming, reading, dancing, tennis, skating.
G. A.: To marry a millionaire and travel all over the world.

"I am more than common tall."—*Shakespeare.*

Debating Club '16.

SHEPARD, HILDA GAUT, 205 Gardner Road.
College: Smith.
F. O.: Selling tickets.
G. A.: To travel.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."—*Hartley Coleridge.*

Vice President of Class '13, '16; Class Banner Bearer '13, '14, '15; Debating Club '13, '14, '15, '16, (Rhetorical Committee '14, '15, '16, Chairman '15); Pageant '13; "Floater" at Sophomore Reception; Junior Marshal '15; Ball Drill '15; Senior Dance Committee; Manager Girls' Tennis Team '16.

SNYDER, HELEN L., 1870 Beacon St.
Miss Wheelock's School. Nickname: "Catsup."
F. O.: Tennis, flivering, talking after the bell rings.
G. A.: To translate German correctly in class without preparing it beforehand.

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."—*E. B. Browning.*

Debating Club '16; Das Deutsche Kranzchen '16; Ball Drill '15; Science Club '16; Senior Social Committee.

SOUTHER, GERTRUDE FRANCES, 145 Longwood Ave.
Nickname: "Bluey."
F. O.: Reading, walking, dancing.

"I have a heart with room for every joy."—*Bailey.*

German Club; Class Banner Bearer '15, '16.

THATCHER, EMILY, Warren St.
College: Simmons.
F. O.: Skating, swimming, going to the theatre.
G. A.: To be a success; to travel around the world.

"She is so clear-headed and practical!"—*Robert Grant.*

Debating Club '14, '15, '16; Special Chorus; Science Club '16.

THOMPSON, MARY, 35 Brookline Ave.
Normal School. Nickname: "Tomkins."
F. O.: Sewing, walking.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."—*Gay.*

VON OLKER, DOROTHY GEORGIA, 1788 Beacon St.
College: Simmons. Nicknames: "Dotty," "Smackles."
F. O.: Fox-trotting, flivering, breaking things in chemistry, going to the "movies."
G. A.: To donate a prize to that member of each graduating class who accomplishes *all* the outside reading assigned in *all* his classes

during his Senior year; said prize to be six months rest in the Psycopathic Hospital.

"Zealous, yet modest, patient of toil."

Das Deutschen Kranzchen '15, '16, (Secretary '16); Debating Club '15, '16; Physics Medal '15; Ball Drill '15; German Club Play '16; neither absent nor late since entering B. H. S. (September, 1914.)

Walsh, Isabel, 563 Heath St., Chestnut Hill.
Nicknames: "Izzie," "Belle," "Bella."
F. O.: Canoeing, autoing, tennis.

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."—*Shakespeare.*

Walsh, Margaret, 563 Heath St., Chestnut Hill.
Nicknames: "Peg," "Peggie."
F. O.: Reading, dancing, canoeing, skating, fishing.
G. A.: To "queen it" over the world.

"A penny for your thoughts."—*Swift.*

Ward, Isabelle Carolyn, 1469 Beacon St.
College: Smith. Nicknames: "Peggy," "Piggy"
F. O.: Dancing, canoeing, having a good time.
G. A.: To get into college.

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it."

Ball Drill '15. Entered B. H. S. in 1914.

Ward, Rowena F., 166 Naples Road.
Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital. Nickname: "Row."
F. O.: Going to the theatre, reading.
G. A.: To be a nurse.

"A woman ought to read just as inclination leads her."—*Johnson.*

Wilson, Muriel, 1 Winchester St.
Nickname: "Mu."
F. O.: Dancing, playing tennis, skating.
G. A.: To donate a fund to keep the pupils of Brookline High sufficiently supplied with blocks of paper.

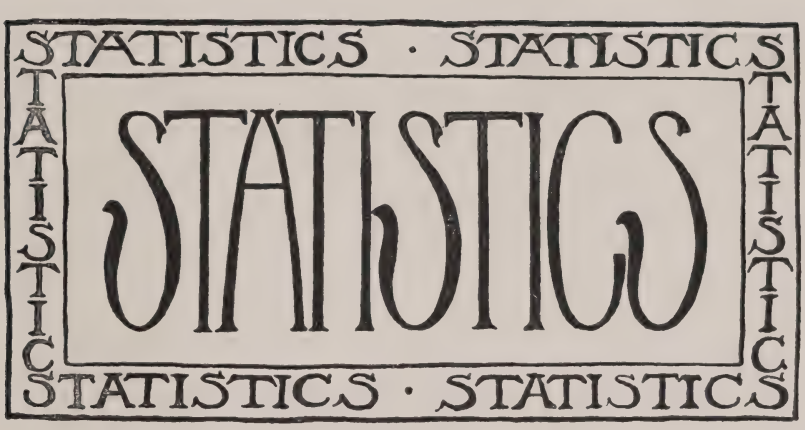
"Mirth with thee I mean to live."—*Milton.*

The German Club; Girls' Debating Club.

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE RIFLE TEAM

Left to right: Back row—Carver, Lyons, Wenstrom, Currier, Williamson, Grant.
Front row—Remington, Massey, Gray.



Most Popular Boy

Ted Fennessy got the jump on all his opponents, kept increasing his lead during the contest, and won easily with forty-four votes to his credit. Barney O'Hearn, Kenneth Akers, and John Litchfield waged a merry battle for second place, the first named finally coming out on top, while Ken and Johnnie Litch tied for third. Tom Woods, with nine votes, brought up the rear of the procession.

Most Popular Girl

The vice-presidency is a pretty sure proof of popularity. Hilda Shepard made a monopoly of the votes and crossed the finishing line far in advance of her competitors. Marjorie North secured second place, with Ola Murray just beating out Mildred Price for third.

Boy who has done most for B. H. S.

Merrill Spalding and John Litchfield fought it out to a bitter finish, running neck and neck throughout the contest. In the end The Sagamore-Debating-Mandolin Club combination proved itself a wee bit better than its Football-Track-Crew rival, and John had to be content with second place. Ed O'Hearn pocketed the remaining votes.

Girl who has done most for B. H. S.

All records went by the board when sixty-three of our lads and lassies named Mildred Price as first choice in this event. Hilda Shepard started out to give Mildred a close run for first honors, but the pace was altogether too fast for her. Dorothy Isenbeck's success as a playwright won enough admirers to give her third place. The rest were all out of sight at the finish.

Best Looking Boy

"Parvus Iulus" Mossman put one over on "Towering Ted" Fennessy and walked off with the Adonis cup before his stalwart rival realized what had happened. Carr finished a poor third, with Amsden, Richardson, Massey, and Whitney collecting the remaining votes. Roeder's moustache brought him honorable mention.

Prettiest Girl

Edith Hutchins looked her prettiest and took first prize in our beauty contest, although Hilda Shepard swept all before her during the last days of the competition. Mary Howard came third, and the charms of Caroline Potter and Olive Amsden captured several voters.

Most Versatile Boy

For once in his career Ed O'Hearn got just about what he deserved. Anybody that can play football, baseball, and hockey, make life miserable for umpires, and cause daily explosions in the Chemistry Lab., ought to be called versatile. Spalding managed to squeeze into second place, with Litchfield a close third.

Most Versatile Girl

Hail to the sprightly Ola! Mildred Price's qualifications for second place were a little bit better than Hilda Shepard's. The Girls' Tennis Tournament boomed Marjorie North's stock enough to give her a substantial lead over Mary L. Hickey for fourth.

Biggest Sport

It looked like a walkaway for Schellenberg until A. Lyman, Jr., brought those modish vests into play. After that the jig was up as far as Schelly was concerned. Donald Field has claimed to be a sport for so long a time that he was given third place as a matter of course.

Feminine Sport

There's no use arguing. There isn't a girl in B. H. S. who can hold a candle to Marjorie North. Ola Murray, Irene Aronson, and Emma McKernon were also named as sporty damsels.

Biggest Bluffer

Tom Woods has been caught with so many bluffs in I Latin A that the class was obliged to recognize his ability in this direction. Titcomb bribed enough voters to cinch second place, while Skillen's late rally put him in third.

Class Loafer

It seems rather grasping of T. Woods, Jr., to walk off with all the positions of honor, especially since McIntyre has repeatedly asserted that he is best qualified for this position. Daniels and Skillen are the other props of Liggett's lamp post.

Class Grind

For once all the dope was upset. Thais Plaisted, the dark horse candidate, fooled so many voters into believing she studied that she walked off with first honors. The logical choice, Dorothy Caroline Albertine Isenbeck, was barely able to beat out Mary Meehan for second place. Porter and Spalding upheld the honor of the sterner sex by tying for fourth, with Charley Townsend and Marie Kaan only a few votes behind.

Biggest Fusser

Someone had better keep an eye on our esteemed president. Ken's recent success as a lady-killer put such seasoned veterans as Lyman and Field out of the running. Porter also has inclinations in this direction, while Shep Titcomb caused a sensation by beating out Fennessy for fifth place.

Biggest Flirt

Isn't Irene Aronson the flirtatious young lady! Edith Hutchins' engaging smile won her second place, while Ola Murray and Marjorie North are also counted among the coquettish.

Biggest Talker

There seem to be mighty few silent or taciturn members of the class of 1916, as twenty-five names were handed in for the distinction of being our biggest talker. Porter monopolized more than half the votes, however, and the rest were well scattered: Whitney, Mary Hickey, Akers, Skillen, and Johnson making good scores in the order named.

Biggest Sphinx

Many of her classmates think that Mary Thompson can give points to the Stony Lady of Egypt. Wenstrom is considered another enigmatical personage by those who have never heard him talk on preparedness. Dorothy Isenbeck and McIntyre are also members of the Silent Order.

Busiest Boy

Spalding has worried so much over his troubles that forty-two voters decided to cheer him up a bit. A. Ogden Porter was only two votes behind, while Ken Akers finished third with nine votes to his credit.

Busiest Girl

Mildred Price and Dorothy Isenbeck tied for first place in this event, each gaining twenty-one votes. Others who scorn the paths of idleness are Ola Murray, Mary Meehan, and Hilda Shepard.

Best Athlete

Johnny Litch's two captaincies seemed good enough to bring home the bacon, until Ed O'Hearn threatened to lick the whole class if they didn't elect him. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, Barney was found to have forty-five votes to his opponent's forty. Ted Atkinson, Toots Johnson, Tom Woods, and Jack Kendrick finished in the order named.

Feminine Athlete

Marjorie North added another victory to her credit in this event, just beating out Mary Meehan by three votes. Hilda Shepard's fame as a tennis player brought her third honors, with Ola Murray and Emma McKernon tying for fourth.

Class Clown

With the wealth of material it has, the class of 1916 could make Barnum and Bailey's funny men blush with shame. Remington's antics are comical enough to win any contest, while Charley Townsend isn't very far behind in this respect. Williamson, Woods, and Calvert also make 'em laugh once in a while.

Class Wit (Special Event No. 1)

There's certainly a lot in a name. Maurice Wit was the popular choice with twenty-nine votes to his credit. Remington made a valiant effort to wrest the honors from Molly, but his subtle (?) humor was no match for the latter's numerous jests. Woods and Skillen were far behind at the finish.

Class Musician (Special Event No. 2)

This looked for a time like a toss-up between Merrill Spalding and Al Johnson, Spalding finally scoring thirty to Tootsie's twenty-seven votes. Ola Murray came third with eighteen, and Evelyn Kelleher's six votes were good enough for fourth place.

Best Dancer (Special Event No. 3)

The Castles better look to their laurels if Ted Fennessy and Marjorie North continue to "trip the light fantastic." These two stars are not alone in their glory, however, as Bug Lyman and Ola Murray are also proficient in the terpsichorean art.

Greatest Gossip (Special Event No. 4)

We weren't intending to have four of these special events, but so many voters asked that Mary L. Hickey be given her just deserts, that we were obliged to yield to popular demand. Edith Hutchins, Muriel Wilson, and Helen Snyder are also members of the Garrulous Girls' Association.

Oldest Boy

The mind of Molly Wit is still bright and clear, his hearing is good and he can see to read without glasses,—and yet he has reached the advanced age of twenty years, ten months, and twenty days. Fennessy is only three months younger, and Field and Johnson have also seen twenty summers.

Youngest Boy

Appearances are certainly deceptive. Edmund O'Hearn is our youngest,—just seventeen and a half. Davis and Cook beat Barney to this planet by two months. Kendrick, Ryan, Wenstrom, Gray, Kelly and Fisher also belong to the seventeen year class.

Oldest Girl

Mary Ford and Ermille Bass were born on the same day,—November 29, 1895. Olive Amsden is only a few days younger, and Marjorie North and Marion Cook have left their teens behind them.

Youngest Girl

We have two maidens of sweet sixteen in the class of '16: Blanche London and Babe Aronson. Marie Kaan just missed this distinction by having a birthday last month. Ola Murray, Caroline Potter, Helen Snyder and Isabelle Ward all saw day-light seventeen years ago.

Heaviest Boy

Ray Davis tipped the scales at 210 lbs., just two ahead of the weight necessary to balance Tom Woods. O'Hearn comes third with 185, but being so youthful, there is hope of his reaching the 200 mark ere long. Litchfield, Fennessy, and Townsend complete our list of heavy-weights.

Lightest Boy

The many hours that Alexander H. Mossman has spent over his Latin and Greek Lessons have brought his weight down to 118. Whitney is five lbs., heavier, and Grant, Roeder, John Julian Ryan, and Kelly are tied for third with 125 lbs.

Heaviest Girl

Most of our girls belong to the light-weight class. However, Mary Comerford, Mary Shea, Madelon Chandler, Margaret Ford and Muriel Wilson acknowledge more pounds to their credit than the majority.

Lightest Girl

Mary A. Hickey takes the prize with a weight of only 96½ lbs., while Thais Plaisted can boast of only half a pound more. Mary E. Hickey, Ruth Ames and Elsie Hughes weigh a bit over the 100 lb. mark.

Tallest Boy

Ted Fennessy towers head and shoulders above most of us, "topping the beam" at 6 ft. 2½ ins. Tom Woods comes next with 6 ft. 2 ins. Litchfield, Kendrick and Wenstrom all measure six feet or more.

Shortest Boy

Franklin Whitney follows the example of many of the world's most famous orators by refusing to grow more than 5 ft. 4½ inches. Elliot Brown can equal this mark by stretching a bit. Frank Sullivan goes them one-half an inch better, and Johnnie Ryan and Grant reach the 5 ft. 5½ ins. mark.

Tallest Girl

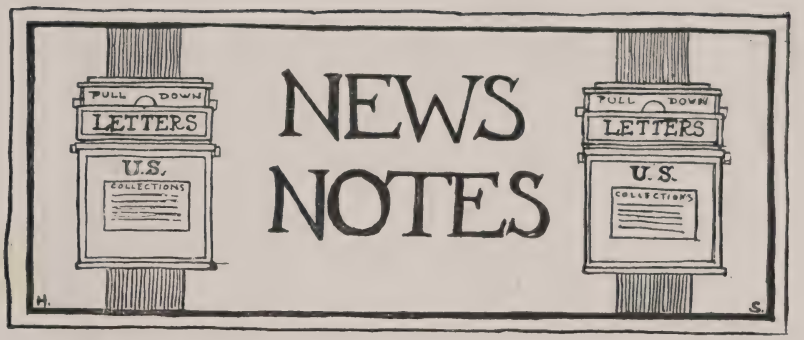
Mary Shea looks down upon her classmates from the height of 5 ft. 9 ins. Ermille Bass and Mary Ford, besides being born on the same day, acknowledge the same height,—5 feet, 8 inches.

Shortest Girl

Dorothy Isenbeck, Mary Hickey, and Beatrice Fishel are our littlest girls, just reaching 5 feet. Thais Plaisted, Irene Aronson, and Mary Meehan are just a wee bit over that mark.

Photo by Alfred Brown "THE MAN FROM HOME" DRAMATICS, 1916

Left to right: Back row—Alfred Leonardi '17, John Goodnow '19, Frank Vorenberg '17, Katherine Lynch '17, Barton Leach '18, Royal Beal '17, Philip Remington '16, Alfred Shapiro '18.
Front row—Wolcott Booth '17, Helene Kornfeld '16, Henry Horn '18, Mildred Price '16, George Rosenfield '19.



Prize Speaking

The finals in the J. Murray Kay prize speaking competition were held on May 26. Those who competed were Conrad Salinger '19, Page Williams '19, Leonard S. Saxe '17, Doris Neal '18, Lester Stevens '19, Virginia A. Grilley '17, and Katherine Lynch '17. The judges, Mr. Winthrop Crocker of Waltham, Miss Hila Small of Medford, and Mr. Reginald Simpson of Boston named as the winners of the contest Miss Virginia Grilley and Mr. Lester Stevens. The program itself was very interesting, and great credit is due to Mr. Snow of the faculty for the success of the contest.

At a meeting of the B.H. S. Debating Club held May 11, the following officers for 1916-17 were elected: Leonard Saxe '17, president; John Julian Ryan '16, (P. G.), vice-president; Archibald Ridley '18, secretary-treasurer; Eliot Hirschberg '17, chairman of the rhetorical committee; Barton Leach '18, and Herbert Darling '18, members of the rhetorical committee.

At a meeting of the Girls' Debating Club the following officers for 1916-17 were elected: Katherine Lynch, president; Doris Neal, vice-president; and Harriet Bridgman, secretary-treasurer.

On Wednesday May 10, the B. H. S. Mandolin Club held its last meeting this year. The following officers for 1917 were elected: Robert Wright '18, leader; Reginald Morse '17, manager; Russell Goodnow '17, treasurer; Carl McMackin '17, librarian.

With a large and enthusiastic audience attending the exercises on June 2, with each student outdoing himself in an effort to make the afternoon successful, and with the weather man favoring us with the best day of the season, it is quite reasonable to believe that this year's Class Day was the most interesting that has been held in the High School. Naturally it is to Dr. Roberts, Miss Barnes, Miss Ross and Mr. Delahanty of the faculty and to the committee-in-charge that the greatest credit is due, as it was largely through their efforts that the afternoon turned out to be so successful.

The out-door exercises on the Cypress Street playground started at the usual hour, 1.30, when the boys marched out of the High School building, being immediately followed by the girls. After several marching manoeuvers by both boys and girls, the tug-o'-war contests took place. The heavy Senior team had an easy time defeating their 1917 rivals, and, after the Sophomores had outpulled the Freshmen, the 1918 "huskies" showed that they were no match for the champion 1916 team. The tug-o'-war event was not the only contest in which the Seniors were victorious. Their relay team consisting of Amsden, Kendrick, Kelly, and Johnson had an easy time defeating the Freshmen, Juniors and Sophomores, who finished in the order named.

The parade of the classes came next on the program, and Alexander Mossman's ivy oration brought the out-door exercises to a close.

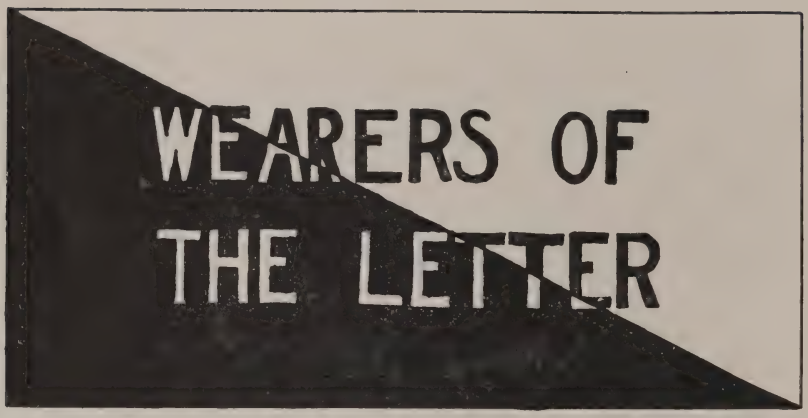
Kenneth Akers, president of the class of 1916 opened the indoor exercises with a very appropriate and dignified address of welcome, and was followed in order by Franklin Whitney, who delivered the class oration; Merrill Spalding, who recited the class poem and read the history; and Mildred Price and Ogden Porter, who foretold the future of their classmates in the prophecy. Then, to complete a very entertaining program, the Seniors sang their class song, the words for which were written by William Wenstrom, while Gerald Morse composed the music.

The Class Day Committee consisted of Thomas Woods, Jr., Chairman; John Litchfield, Anson Lyman, Jr., Katharine Gibbons, Mildred Price.

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE SWIMMING TEAM

Back row: Left to right—Carolan, Woods, Hennessy, Bird, Flynn.
Front row—McKinnon, D. Richardson, Prendergast, Handy, P. Richardson, Darling.



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PALMER

Track

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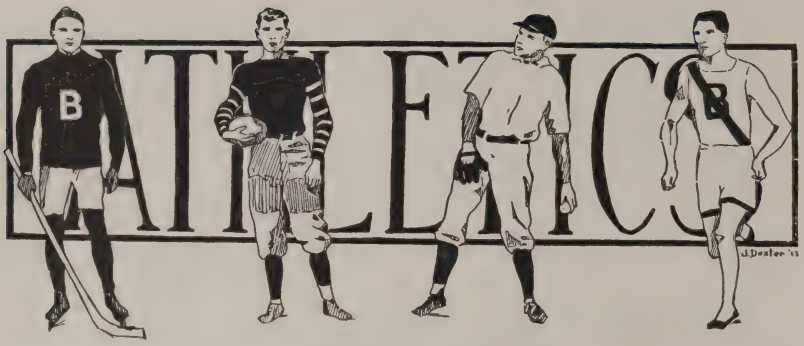
KENDRICK
AMSDEN

ATKINSON
JOHNSON
LITCHFIELD

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Left to right: Back row—Dunn, Johnson, Davis, Woods, O'Hearn, Johnson, Collier, Akers (Manager).
Front row—Thompson, Lally, Garrity, Mr. Delahanty (Coach), Cushman, Litchfield (Captain), Putnam.



Brookline 5; Everett 0

On Wednesday afternoon, May 10, we defeated the Suburban Leaguers at Tech Field, incidentally getting revenge for last year's defeat. Captain Arthur fanned seventeen batters, and held Everett to two hits, both of which were lucky ones. We played an errorless game. Prendergast's triple, O'Hearn's single, Arthur's double, and Threshie's single scored two runs in the seventh and ended the batting for the day.

Brookline 4; Lynn Classical 1

On Thursday afternoon, May 18, we defeated the Shoe City boys in a listless game. Ferguson held the opposing batters safe at all stages of the contest. The visitors' pitcher showed his all-around ability in the first inning when he gave a base on balls, hit a batter, made a balk and a wild pitch, not to mention a single and double, with a passed ball by the catcher to hold up his end of the struggle. Yet all this yielded but two runs!

Rindge Technical 6; Brookline 0

After eight straight victories, we were at last forced to accept defeat, or rather, we forced victory upon our opponents. None of the visitors' six runs were earned, but came as a result of listless playing on the part of our nine. Captain Arthur was not at his best, frequently being touched up when hits meant runs, although he allowed but five singles and fanned twelve. Metivier pitched a remarkable game, only Arthur and Kendrick connecting safely with his delivery.

Brookline 6; Newton 1 (League game)

The first league game at Newton on May 23 resulted in an easy victory for the Red and Blue. We banged Comick for fourteen hits, scoring all of our runs in the first four innings. Lally opened the game by walking and scored on Arthur's single. In the second, singles by Mahoney and Marshall, followed by Bryson's error, netted another run. Two more were added in the third on O'Hearn's double, and singles by Arthur, Mahoney and Threshie. Newton got their lone run on Dorney's double, a wild pitch and an error. O'Hearn played a fine game for Brookline.

Brookline 5; Stone School 4 (10 Innings)

In a very exciting game, we defeated the private school boys on Friday afternoon, May 26, at Tech Field. The score stood 2–2, in the first of the tenth. With the bases full, due to a double, base on balls and an error, Hawkridge hit a home run. However, "Bill" Hagan, who was on first, failed to touch third base, so that when Hawkridge, the batter, touched third he put himself out for tagging the base before the preceding base runner. The ball was then thrown to third and W. Hagan was declared out, scoring two runs instead of four. In our half, Mahoney was hit and Fisk was safe, when the sun got in Litchfield's eyes, Mahoney scoring. Fisk came home, while Marshall was being thrown out at first, after fanning. Lally singled, Kendrick walked, and "Pop" came home with the winning run, when O. Hagan let O'Hearn's grounder go through him.

Newton 7; Brookline 4 (11 Innings)

For ten long innings the Red and Blue looked like sure winners and then the blow-off! Dorney was passed and stole. Garrity singled, putting Dorney on third. Bryson fanned for the second out, but Turner singled, scoring Dorney and Garrity, and then MacNamara singled, scoring Turner. Fitzgerald ended it by flying to Threshie. In our half Lally walked; and when Fitzgerald tagged him too hard on the jaw, he resented it, a near-riot ensuing. Threshie was the hero with the bat, getting three hits out of four

Photo by Alfred Brown

THE BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right: Back row—Atkinson (Manager), Johnson, Schellenberg, Threshie, O'Hearn, Arthur (Captain), Ferguson, Dunn, Mahoney, Kendrick, Mr. Delahanty (Coach).
Front row—Lally, Moran, Leonardi (Mascot), Marshall, Fiske.

times up, one a double. Vachon, with six fine catches, turned in the fielding features.

Brookline 5; Cambridge 4 (League game)

The most exciting game of the year was played at Tech Field on Saturday afternoon, June 3. The Cantabs piled up four runs in the first four innings, mainly due to Furniss' triple with the bases full. We had struggled and pushed over three runs and then had but one more chance to win. O'Hearn walked, advanced on a wild pitch, and scored on Threshie's single. The latter went to second on the throw in. Mahoney won the game with a terrific bang through the first baseman, and we went into a tie with Newton for first place.

Crew

The trial races for the Boston interscholastic championships were held on May 29, with both B. H. S. crews coming out first in their respective heats. The final races were held on May 31. As was generally expected, the first race narrowed down to a contest between Brookline and Huntington, the Red and Blue finally winning by a quarter of a length. The time for the race was 5m. 50 1-5s. In the race for second crews Cambridge Latin got the jump on its rivals and maintained its advantage over the entire course, defeating Huntington, Brookline and Rindge Tech. The Brookline crews were composed of Captain Litchfield, stroke; Newton 3, Lyman 2, Houghton bow, and Baldwin coxswain for the first shell, and Johnson, stroke; Tyler 3, Palmer 2, Newman bow, and Green coxswain for the second shell.

Acknowledgments

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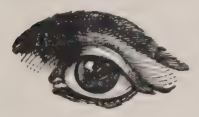

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